



Printed and Sold by James Watson & Co. Edinburgh.



Printed and Sold by James Watson & Co. Edinburgh.





1222. 622

K. Bohours

INGENIOUS
THOUGHTS
OF THE
FATHERS
OF THE
CHURCH.

Collected by *BOHOURS* in *French*.

Translated into *English*.

“ *BOHOURS*, whom I look upon to be the most
“ penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has ta-
“ ken Pains to shew that it is impossible for any
“ Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and
“ has not its Foundation in the Nature of Things:
“ That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that
“ no Thought can be valuable, of which good
“ Sense is not the Ground Work.

Addison, Spect. N^o 62.

LONDON, Printed by *R. PHILLIPS*:

And Sold by *F. FAYRAM*, at the *South-Entrance* of the *Royal-Exchange*; *J. CROKATT*, *T. WORRALL*, both against *St. Dunstan's-Church, Fleetstreet*; *T. COMBES*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*; *J. CLARK*, in *Duck-Lane*; and *O. PAYNE* in *Round-Court* in the *Strand*. 1727.

THOUGHTS OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH

Collected by BOWNE in 1757

Translating into English

“ NO WORK, when I look upon to be the most
“ performing of all things, I have
“ And I have to show that it is impossible for any
“ thing to be beautiful in its own right, and
“ has its foundation in the nature of things;
“ that the basis of all things is truth; and that
“ no thing can be of which good
“ sense is not the foundation.”

46
11 3
872



LONDON, Printed by R. B. 1757

And sold by F. & J. B. at the Sign
“ Entrance of the Royal Exchange, J. C. in
“ the Year 1757, both against
“ St. Dunstons Church, B. 1757, T. Com.
“ in the Year 1757, O. 1757, in the
“ Year 1757, O. 1757, in the
“ Year 1757, O. 1757, in the



TO THE READER.



PERHAPS this Translation may want several Apologies. I shall make but one for the *Translator*, and another for the *Original*.

A 2

W H E N

W H E N the Reader
sees some *Errors* in the Or-
thography, some *Passages*
omitted without Delign,
and some *transpos'd*; he is
desir'd to think the *Tran-*
slator, living at a Distance
from the *Press*, an Excuse.

A s for the *Original*,
That some of the Fathers
have severe and cynical
Invectives upon the S E X,
I can only say; They did
not know the *Virtues* of
the

READER. V

the *English* Women; if they had, they would, perhaps, have been more Complaisant; and had not recommended so much a solitary Life, but advis'd them to converse in the World, for the Example, or Reproach, of MEN.



NAMES

R E A D E R .

the English Women ; if
they had they would per-
haps have been more
Complaisant and had not
recommended so much
religiously Life but ad-
vised them to converse in
the World for the im-
provement of
Manners.



NAMUS

iv
NAMES
OF THE
FATHERS

Cited in this BOOK.



T. *Ambrose.*

Arnobius.

St. *Austin.*

St. *Basil.*

St. *Bernard.*

St. *Chrysologue.*

St. *Chrysostom.*

St.

R E A D E R.

the English Women; if
they had they would per-
haps have been more
Complaisant; and had not
recommended so much
religiously; but ad-
vised them to converse in
the World, for the Ex-
ample, or Reproach, of
Mankind.



NAMIS

iv NAMES



NAMES
OF THE
FATHERS

Cited in this BOOK.



T. *Ambrose.*

Arnobius.

St. *Austin.*

St. *Basil.*

St. *Bernard.*

St. *Chrysologue.*

St. *Chrysostom.*

St.

vii NAMES, &c.

St. Cyprian.

St. Eucher.

St. Fulgence.

St. Gregory the Great.

St. Gregory Nazianzen.

St. Hilary, A. Bp of Arles.

St. Jerom.

St. Lactantius.

St. Leon.

St. Maxim.

Minucius Felix.

Origen.

St. Paulin.

Salvian.

Synefius.

Tertullian.

St. Zenon of Verona.

INGENIOUS



Ingenious THOUGHTS,
OF THE
Fathers of the Church, &c.



THE finest Letter of the younger *Pliny*, does not excel, in my Opinion, the first Letter of *St. Cyprian*. That Letter is a Piece of admirable Wit: And *St. Austin* found it so Ingenious and Eloquent, that he hath said in his Book of the *Christian Doctrine*, that *St. Cyprian* by that shew'd his Talent for Eloquence, when he had a Mind to use it. The very Plan of this Letter is Ingenious; for after a florid Description

B

tion

tion of the Autumn, and of a very pleasant Country-House, after a short Discourse upon the Fruits of a sincere Conversion, upon the Virtue of Baptism, and the wonderful Operations of Grace, the Saint invites his Friend *Donatus* to go up in the Spirit to the Top of a high Mountain, and to take a View from thence of all that passes in the World.

SEE, says he to him, War kindled up on all Sides, the whole Earth is stain'd with hostile Blood; and Murder, which is a Crime, when committed by private Persons, passes for a Virtue, when it is committed by the Publick. The Greatness of the Cruelty, not the Innocency of it, makes Crimes go unpunish'd.

IF you turn your Eyes towards the Towns, you will see a Crowd of People that gives more Horror than any Solitude. There they are preparing a Shew of Gladiators to please the Eyes of the cruel Spectators with the Effusion of Blood. The Wrestlers are fed with the most strengthening Viands that
that

that being fatened for the Combat, in which they are to loose their Lives, their Death may cost the more.

M A N is Massacred for the Diversion of Man, and to know this Way of Murdering, is a Piece of Skill, a Practice, an Art. This Crime is not only done, but taught. Can any Thing be imagin'd more Cruel? To be able to Murder dextrously is a Science, and 'tis a Glory to destroy.

W E see some in the Flower of their Age, condemn themselves to fight with wild Beasts, and gayly Adorn themselves with rich Habits for their Death. Wretches as they are! they glory in their unhappy Destiny, and fight with Beasts, not like Criminals, but like mad Men.

F A T H E R S and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, come to see these wicked, barbarous, and fatal Shews, forgetting that they are Murderers with their Eyes.

S T. C T P R I A N then desires *Donatus* to cast his Eye upon the Theatres where the Comedies are play'd. There,

says he, they renew the antient Paracides and Incests by representing them in the most lively and natural Manner, lest what was formerly committed by length of Time should be forgot : They shew Persons of all Ages by their Verses and by Action, that what was formerly done, may now be done again. Crimes don't grow old, and die with Age. The most shameful and criminal Actions that were buried before, are in a Manner reviv'd, and made Examples. Adultery is learn'd by seeing it upon the Stage, and under the Cover of publick Authority, which encourages Vice : A Woman of Honour, who, perhaps, came Chaste to the House, comes from it Immodest.

THE Actors, adds the Saint, represent a debauch'd *Venus*, an adulterous *Mars*, their *Jupiter* as Vicious as he is Powerful, with his Thunder in his Hand, burning with the Love of Earthly Beauties. Can a Person now be Chaste and Virtuous that sees such Sights as these ? For they imitate the Gods that they worship, and the most infamous

infamous Crimes to these Wretches become even Exercises of Religion.

A N D if, pursues he, you could discover from the Place where you stand what is done within Doors, in their private Apartments, you might see Things that can't be even look'd upon without a Crime. Yet these wicked and abominable Men condemn in Publick what they do in Private; and being thus guilty themselves, when they censure others they censure themselves.

B U T look a little what is done at the Bar: The Law is violated in the midst of the Laws themselves. Innocency is not spar'd where they profess to defend it. He that sits to punish Crimes, commits them, and to make the Innocent die as Guilty, the Judge himself becomes a Criminal. The Laws are not dreaded, a Punishment is not fear'd that a Man can buy off. And in these Days, among such a guilty Crowd, it is a Crime only to be Innocent: He that don't imitate the Bad, provokes and offends them. In fine, the Laws are Friends with Crimes, and when a Thing is common it is permitted. ST.

ST. *Cyprian* then shews his Friend the Vanity of the Honours and Riches of the Age. By how many base Means hath the Man you see with such Titles, in such a fine Dress, and with such a Crowd making their court to him, rose to such a high Fortune?

THAT rich Man who hath such a great Estate, and heaps up so much Money, neither eats, or sleeps at Ease; he sighs over his Banquets, tho' he drinks in Plate: After he has fill'd himself with the most exquisite Viands, let him lie upon the softest Bed, he can't sleep a Wink: The Wretch don't see that his great Fortune is his Punishment, that his Gold has him in Chains, and he is more possess'd by his Riches than he possesses them.

EVEN Kings amidst the Magnificence of their Court and surrounding Guards, are in Fears and continual Alarms: That Sovereign Power which makes them so terrible, makes themselves first tremble. That Fortune which looks so smiling, is the Cruellest in the World: She only pleases to deceive,

ceive, raises to throw down, embraces to stab. The more Glory and Wealth these great Men receive, by a strange Sort of Usury, the more Interest is demanded of them in Cares and Trouble.

A L L these Thoughts have a peculiar Character that mightily raises their Value.

T W O Words of St. *Ambrose* in Honour of the Patriarch *Abraham*, are worth a whole Panegyrick.

A F T E R having said, *Abraham* is truly a great Man, and famous for all Sorts of Virtues, he adds; all that profane Wits have been able to wish, for the Perfection of their Heroes, have not equal'd the Merit of this Man; what they feign'd, is less than what he really did; and unadorn'd Truth hath something greater in it than all the Artifice, and all the Pomp of Eloquence.

H O W many Persons do we see, says St. *Austin*, who run after Shews,
B 4 after

after the Vanities and Follies of the World, and with what Grief do we see them neglect the Engagements of their Baptism, and the Duties of their Calling: Yet, if these Persons are seiz'd with any sudden Fear, they certainly cross themselves, even in the Theatre, and stay there with this Sign upon their Fore-head, but they would immediately go out, if they carry'd it in their Heart.

NOTHING shews better that *Christians*, if they have the Spirit of *Christianity*, ought to keep from Plays and profane Places.

TERTULLIAN wittily rallies the Idolaters about their Gods: After having told them that the Gods which they adore, and have plac'd in Heaven, are Wicked and Miserable, and Black with Crimes, he says, in a jeering Air, I grant your Gods have Probity and Virtue, but how many Persons have you left in Hell of greater Merit than they? Which of these Gods was Wiser, or Graver, than *Cato*; more Just and War-

Warlike than *Scipio*; more exalted in Merit above all Men than *Pompey*? The God who has the Disposal of Godship to whom he pleases, was certainly too hasty in the Distribution he has made; he shut up Heaven too soon, and now is asham'd to see more estimable Men in Hell than the Gods themselves are; Men, I say, who murmur that they were not Deify'd.

THE Rallery is strong, and nothing could better expose the Ridiculousness of the false Gods of *Paganism*.

ST. *Gregory Nazianzen*, seems to make a Satyr upon the Modern Ladies in the *Funeral Oration* upon his Sister *Gorgonia*, when he prais'd her for having been adorn'd only with a genteel and modest Air, only with pure and unblameable Manners, saying, there was no Gold, Jewels, nor fine transparent Robes seen about her, that are more fit to offend Modesty, than to cover the Body; nor Hair crisp'd and buckled, nor an extravagant Head-Dress, nor Paint, or false Colours upon

her Face: Nothing, in fine, of those Arts which disguise Nature, instead of embellishing it, which deform the Image of God, and make the Work of the Creator an Idol of the impure Devil.

THE Saint says, that *Gorgonia* lov'd only that Red which Modesty gave, and only that White which proceeded from Fasting and Abstinence; and as for Paint, Dress, and other artificial Graces, she left them to Comedians, Dancers, and all those Women who think it ill Breeding to blush, and glory in their Shame.

HE adds, that his Sister strip'd herself of all for the Poor, took all away from the Prince of this World, and only left her Body to the Earth; and instead of all her Riches, she left the Imitation of her Virtues to her Children.

ST. *Leon* says, 'tis a great Happiness not to be able to hurt our Neighbour, and not to have Wit enough to do Mischief. The Skill of the Men of
the

[II]

the World consists in knowing how to do an Injury, and to revenge one: But not to render Evil for Evil, is the Property of *Christian* Moderation, and of a Child of Christ.

THIS one Maxim is worth all the Sentences of *Seneca*.

WE do Violence to God by our Iniquities, says St. *Salvian*: We ourselves arm him, we provoke his Anger against us, so that we will not let him be pleas'd and pardon us, for he can't have any Appearance of Injustice in himself, yet we behave ourselves in such a Manner, that if he don't punish such enormous Crimes as ours, he will seem Unjust.

THIS Thought is equally fine and strong, but St. *Austin* shews it in a better Light, by giving it another turn, when he says to a Sinner, you was willing to sin, but unwilling to suffer; so that you was not contented to be Unjust yourself, but would have the Lord himself so Unjust as not to punish your Crimes.

THIS

T H I S is one of the beautiful Expressions of *St. Paulin*.

T H E humble in Heart is the Heart of Christ.

T H E same Father speaking of Humility, says in another Place, Nothing makes us more agreeable to God and Man, than to have great Merit and a little Opinion of ourselves.

S T. Gregory hath almost the same Thought, when he says, the more we value ourselves in our own Eyes, the less we are esteem'd in God's : The less Price we set upon ourselves thro' love of Him, he sets the greater upon us.

W H A T *St. Chrysologue* says upon the holy Innocents, which the Executioners massacred in their Mothers Arms is very Ingenious.

T H E harmless Infant smil'd upon him who stab'd him : He play'd with the Sword that pierc'd him, and instead of looking upon his Nurse, fix'd his Eyes upon the furious Visage of his Murderer. They who in so tender an Age

Age did not yet know what Life was, appear'd gay at the Point of Death. The Infant at the Breast, looks upon every Man, not as his Enemy, but as his Father: The Mothers only were sensible of the Grief and Sorrows of such an Execution, and therefore, they wept for their Infant Martyrs, without partaking of the Joy which these Martyrs shew'd in the midst of their Torments.

THAT is one of the beautiful Places of St. *Chrysostom*, where he lashes with heat the *Christians* which have no Mark of their Profession, and can't be distinguish'd from Infidels, or from Beasts.

IF I would know you by the Places you frequent, I see you in the Circus and Theatre, or wasting whole Days in publick Places, with vain and loose Company. If I judge of you by your Dress and Out-side, you have the Airs, Manners, and loose Gayety of a Woman of the Town: You are dress'd out like Comedians. How shall I know

know you, pursues he, to be *Christians*, whom I hardly know to be Men?

T H E N after having compar'd the Manners of *Christians* with the Wantonness of young Bulls, the Greediness of Bears and Wolves, the Cunning of Foxes, the Anger and Fury of Serpents, he crys, What is more dismal and deplorable! I was in hopes to find a Difference between a perfect Believer and a Learner, and I can find none between a Man and a Beast. What then shall I call you? Shall I reckon you among the Number of Beasts? Beasts have but one Vice, which is peculiar to them, but you unite all their Vices in your own Persons, and thus, far exceed the Brutality of Beasts themselves.

T H I S last Thought is strong and cutting: Nor is that less lively and beautiful about Anger in particular.

S A V A G E Beasts, tho' naturally Cruel, by the Care and Kindness of Men, sometimes grow tame; but you, who are all Anger and Fury, who don't endeavour to tame, or at least, to moderate

moderate the Passions that command you; what Excuse can you have? You that inspire Sweetness and Humanity into Beasts of the fiercest Nature, while you yourselves, tho' born with Kindness and Humanity, assume their Fierceness, contrary to your natural Temper? You tame the Lyon, and make him gentle, and at the same Time are yourselves more Furious than all the Sorts of Lyons.

S. T. Chrysostom carries this Thought farther, without weakening it.

T H E R E are two great Obstacles to the Taming of the Lyon; one, because he wants Reason; and another, because he greatly exceeds all Savage Beasts in Fierceness: Yet by that Industry which God hath given you, you force Nature itself: How then do you, who make yourselves Masters of Nature in Beasts, betray Nature and Reason in yourselves? What Excuse, I say again, can you have? You that have Skill enough to make a Lyon almost become a Man, and yet, for want of Care, make a Man a Lyon?

For

For, in fine, you give to the Beast what Nature denies him, and don't keep yourself what is most Natural to you.

T H U S this Father concludes; You who by communicating Humanity and Mildness to savage Beasts, raise them to the Dignity of Men; degrade, dethrone, and sink, yourselves down to the Condition of Beasts.

T H E Reasons which *St. Maximus* gives for *St. Paul's* being rapt up to the third Heaven, are both solid and beautiful. It was, says this Father, that he who was destinated to instruct all the Churches, should learn among Angels what he was to teach among Men. And who dares disbelieve a Man, who explaining the Mysteries of the Lord, not only speaks what he heard, but witnesses what he saw. How great was the Mercy of our God, who was pleased that the Apostleship of Him who was call'd by Heaven to it, should be authoriz'd and consecrated in Heaven?

MINU.

MINUCIUS FELIX in his Dialogue against the *Pagans*, entituled *Octavius*, agreeably ridicules the false Gods, and particularly *Jupiter*, who sometimes hath a Beard, and sometimes not ; who wears Horns when he is called *Hammon* ; who carries Thunder when he is called *Capitolinus* : Not to mention all these Sorts of *Jupiters*, there are as many Monsters of *Jupiter*, says *Octavius*, as there are Names of him.

T H E R E is as much Wit in what he says about the Mysteries of *Isis*, which the *Heathens* celebrated by Lamentations for the Loss of her Son. Is it not ridiculous to bemoan what one adores, or to adore what one bemoans?

S T. *Cyprian* found out somewhat else to laugh at in the false Divinities of *Paganism* ; that is, at the Manner how some of these Gods were made. *Esculapius*, says he, to become a God was Thunder-struck by *Jupiter* : *Hercules* to be no longer a Man, is burnt in the Flames of Mount *Aetna*.

NOTHING

NOTHING could better shew how vain and frivolous these pretended Divinities were. Men may become Great and Famous by Labours in War, by the Turns of Fortune, but Thunder-Bolts and Funeral-Piles have not the Virtue to consecrate Mortals, and raise them to be Gods ; such a Deification is a meer Chimera.

NOTHING is finer and brighter than what *St. Eucher* says to *Valerian* upon the Decay of the World, to make him despise it.

BELIEVE me, all those Things that appear'd once so beautiful, that formerly had Charms enough to dazzle us, have now lost their Beauty and Lustre. The World hath hardly any Thing now to cheat us with. That Face of the Age so deceitfully Beautiful, is now worn away and gone. Before it try'd to deceive us by a Lustre, that seem'd to have something real in it ; now it can hardly display any false Beauties to corrupt us : The Impostor always wanted real Good, now it
wants

shew
ended
ecome
War,
Thun-
ve not
s, and
eifica-
W 131
ghter
alerian
make
Things
, that
dazzle
y and
y any
That
Beauti-
. Be
Lustre,
real in
y false
postor
ow it
wants

wants even imaginary : If we don't
ceive ourselves, that can hardly de-
ceive us any more.

THE St. then shews his Thought in
better Light, after having said that
not only the Things of the World are
decay'd and out of Order, but that
the World itself draws to an End ; he
adds, the last Age of the World is full
of Ills, as old Age is full of Infirmities.
There have been seen, and are yet seen
in this aged World, Famines, Pesti-
lences, Wars, Horror, and Desolation
every where. These are its Weakness
and Decay in its last Years ; add to
these, the Appearance of Comets,
Earthquakes, Seasons out of Course,
and the Birth of Monsters : All these
Things are extraordinary Symptoms
That Time advances more and more,
and draws nigh to its End.

ST. Gregory hath almost the same
Thoughts in a Homily upon the holy
Martyrs, *Nercus* and *Achilleus*, on the
Day of their Feast.

SEE, the World that you so much
admir'd is fled and vanish'd. The
Saints

Saints upon whose Tombs we now pray, trod it under Foot. They despis'd it, flourishing as it was. Then the Life of Man was long, their Health was constant; Plenty and Fruitfulness, with Quietness and Peace reign'd in Families and States: Yet this World, so Flourishing and Beautiful, was then faded and deform'd in their Thoughts. But you think the World, tho' all decay'd and deform'd in itself, to be in its full Bloom and Beauty: There is nothing to be seen about us now but Death, Mourning, and Desolation. We from every Side are wounded with a thousand Scourges, we are fill'd with Bitterness; and yet for all this, blinded with our sensual Lusts, we love the World, and greedily swallow down the bitterest Potion that it gives: This flies, and we eagerly pursue; this is falling into Ruin, and we are passionately embracing it.

ACCORDING to St. *Eucher*, the more Virtuous we are, the less we ought to be Vain. And the Reason

he

he gives is very Beautiful; for, says he, other Vices increase by Vices, but Piety by Virtues themselves.

WHAT *St. Bernard* says to his Nephew *Robert*, in order to encourage him to go thro' all the Hardships of a Religious Life, seems to me Beautiful and just.

YOU fear Watchings, Fastings, and manual Labour; but all this will be nothing to one who thinks of eternal Fire. The Thought of the Dark-ness and Confinement of Hell will make a Man no more dread Solitude. If you think well of the exact Account that you must give of every idle Word, Silence will not be disagreeable to you: In fine, put a little before your eyes, those Tears, and that gnashing of Teeth mention'd in the Gospel, and they will make a Matress and a Feather-Bed the same Thing to you.

ACCORDING to *St. Cyprian*, we have an Idea worthy of God, when we say he is above all our Ideas.

THE

THE Epitaph of *Nepotian*, Nephew of the Bishop *Heliodorus*, compos'd by *St. Jerom*, and address'd to *Heliodorus* himself, is in the Character of the Life of *Agricola*, writ by *Tacitus*. These two Works resemble one another.

St. Jerom begins the Epitaph in a lively and pathetick Manner, after having said that a great Subject is too big for a small Genius, and that while he was going to make the Funeral Panegyrick of his dear *Nepotian*, his Mind was troubled, his Hand trembl'd, his Eyes were darkened, his Tongue falter'd; he adds, It was formerly a Custom for Sons to make publick Orations over the Bodies of their Fathers and to move the Auditors to weep for them; but here the Order of Things is chang'd, and to my Unhappiness Nature hath lost her Rights. The Duties which a young Man should pay to the Old, I that am an old Man, pay to a young One.

To comfort *Heliodorus*, he says to him, Don't afflict yourself for having

at such a Nephew, but rejoyce that
 you had one so accomplish'd.

NEPOTIAN so excell'd in every
 single Virtue as if he had not all
 others.

H E deserv'd the Priesthood by re-
 ceiving it, and he was so much worthier
 to be a Priest, as he declar'd himself
 mightily unworthy of it.

H E look'd upon holy Orders not as
 Honour, but as a Charge; and his
 chief Care was to put himself out of
 the Reach of Envy by Humility.

H E was the first among the Priests
 and Persons of his Age, to discharge
 glorious Offices, and the last to take
 places of Honour.

A L L the Good he did, he attribu-
 ed to his Uncle, and Obedience to his
 Orders. But if by Misfortune he did
 not succeed in any Thing, he said, it
 was his own Fault, and laid it upon
 himself.

H E temper'd all the grave, serious,
 sterner Part of Virtue, with a chear-
 ful Look and gay Humour: His Laugh-
 ter nothing Immodest in it, shew'd
 without Distraction. *H I S*

HIS Dress was not remarkable either for Nicety, or Negligence.

HOWEVER great his Affection was for the most retir'd Solitude, he always liv'd with *Heliodorus*, in whom he saw so many Examples of Virtue. He imitated the Hermit, and reverenc'd the Bishop in the same Man.

HE honour'd the Virgins and Widows of Christ as Mothers to him, and exhorted them as Sisters.

AT Table with *Heliodorus*, he tasted of every Thing that was serv'd up, in such a Manner that shew'd him to be neither a superstitious, or an intemperate Man.

AT Meals, his Custom was always to propose something upon Scripture to hear willingly, to answer modestly, to embrace what seem'd reasonable, and not to refuse with heat what seem'd absurd to him, to endeavour rather to instruct his Opponent than to vanquish him. In fine, openly to confess with an Ingenuity becoming his Age, what he learn'd from every Father of the Church. That is *Tertullian's*, said

ne; this *St. Cyprian's*; this *Lactantius's* Opinion; this *St. Hilary's*: *Minucius Felix* spoke thus; *Arnobius* explain'd himself after this Manner. Thus by shunning the Glory of Learning, he was thought very learn'd.

St. Jerom finishes the Panegyrick of *Nepotian*, with a very moving Description of his Death, to which he adds a Picture of all the Calamities of that Time, which was remarkable for the Death of several Princes, for the Massacre of whole Nations, for the Desolation of the most flourishing Countries: He then says, *Nepotian* is happy in not seeing those Miseries, happy in not hearing of them. As for us, we are miserable in suffering them ourselves, or in seeing our Brethren suffer them. Yet we are desirous of life, and far from thinking those happy who are freed from such Ills, we mourn for them.

THE Saint said before to *Heliodorus*, the People are allow'd to weep, but not Kings, and much less Bishops.

C

WEEP

WEEP no more, least Unbelievers
 take this great Affection for your Ne-
 phew, for want of Hope in God.
 You should regret him as absent, not
 as dead, that you may seem to expect
 him again, not to have lost him: But
 why do I go, adds he, to heal a Grief
 which Time and Reflexion have, I be-
 lieve, already cured? Why don't I
 rather lay before your Eyes, the sad
 Circumstances of neighbouring Prin-
 ces, and all the Miseries of our Age; so
 that instead of mourning for him who
 is dead, you should rejoyce with him
 for escaping so many Ills?

AFTER all this St. *Jerom* corrects
 himself, and ingeniously concludes.

WE have exceeded the Bounds of
 Consolation, and trying to stop your
 Tears for the Death of one Person
 we have mourn'd for the Dead of all
 the Earth.

TO shew how frivolous the Gods
 of the *Gentiles* were, *Tertullian* cites an
 antient Law, which enacted that no
 God should be consecrated by the Em-
 peror

peror, 'till after the Senate had approved of Him; and he then elegantly says, Divinity among you depends upon the Votes and Approbation of Men: If a God is not so happy as to please them, he shall be no God. A Man must be propitious to him whom he himself is to adore.

SAINT *Austin* agreeably expresses the Perplexity and Trouble of Sinners, when they sometimes enter into themselves, and find nothing pleasant in their own Heart. He compares them to Men who have vexatious and intolerable Wives. They are almost always Abroad, and when they are oblig'd to go Home, they are in Despair, because they must go thro' a thousand domestick Uneasinesses, and all that a thwarting Spirit, and ill Humour can lay upon them.

THE Reason which *St. Gregory Nazianzen* gives why *Julian* the Apostate was struck with Death in so terrible and remarkable a Manner, is beautiful and plausible. **C 2** **G O D,**

GOD, says this Father, who was wont to bear the most sacrilegious Impieties, and most barbarous Cruelties, forgot as it were here his Mildness and Patience, for fear, perhaps, that too much Indulgence might give offence to the Good, and even to the Bad also. And least Men by seeing so many Crimes unpunish'd, should believe that this World was all govern'd by Chance, and the Caprice of blind and senseless Fortune: That Providence took no Care of human Affairs, or rather that there was no Power in Heaven to punish Vice and reward Virtue.

THE Thought with which *St. Basil* begins the Elogium of the holy Martyr *Barlaam* is natural, and made agreeable by the Antithesis in it.

THE Death of Saints was formerly honour'd with Groans and Tears: *Joseph* wept bitterly for the Death of *Jacob*; the *Jews* as much for that of *Moses*: We rejoyce now when Saints die. The saddest Things have chang'd their Nature as it were, since the Son

f. God was crucify'd: Tears no more
 re shed for the Death of the Just;
 instead of groaning over their Tombs,
 we sing and leap for Joy there.

SALVIAN ingeniously draws in
Miniature the Picture of certain old
 Debauchees, who without any regard
 to their Weakness, or the Decorum of
 Age, give themselves up to all Sorts of
 Pleasures. They chat of Trifles, says
 he, they get Drunk, they carry them-
 selves at Entertainments like young
 Fools: And tho' they have hardly
 strength enough to move, shew extra-
 ordinary Strength in Drinking: Tho'
 they can hardly stand, or walk, they
 are very Nimble and Vigorous in
 Dancing: Except Years, there is no
 Difference between Children and them.
 There is the same Trifle, and the same
 Levity in one as the other.

THE same Father, who was the *Jere-*
miah of his Age, flies out with as much
 Wit as Zeal against those who raise
 and enrich themselves at the Expence
 of others.

AFTER having said of the Dignity and Power of some great Men, what is this, but the Desolation of Provinces, the Misery of several People? He adds in his Fire; Kingdoms are pillag'd, ravag'd, and overthrown, to raise a few Persons to a great Fortune: The Greatness of one Man, is the Ruin of a whole World.

SAINT Paulin ingeniously explains what Christ teaches in the Gospel, that Heaven is taken by Violence: Do Violence to God, says he, seize the Kingdom of Heaven; he that forbids us to touch another's Goods, rejoices to have his own invaded; he that condemns the Violence of Avarice, praises that of Faith.

TERTULLIAN says something like this of the Prayers that the primitive *Christians* made in common. We meet together, says he, as if we conspired to take by our Prayers what we ask of Him; this Violence is pleasing to Him.

THE Difference which St. Chrysostom makes between Herod and John Baptist is very remarkable. This poor Man wanting all Things, sets himself up against a Prince, and continually interrupts him in his Pleasures: The Prince, all powerful as he is, fears the Man of God, and even upon his Throne trembles before him: He dares not so much as look upon him after he has murder'd him. That dis-sever'd and bloody Head strikes his Mind yet with Horror: He is alarm'd at the bare Remembrance of the Prophet; hear what he says in the Gospel on occasion of the Miracles that he hear'd of Christ. *This is John whom I have slain.* He don't say this out of Haughtiness, or Pride, Fear drew these Words from him. He tries to comfort and fortify himself a little, by thinking that he saw him alive again, whom he was now sorry that he had kill'd. So much Power hath Virtue, that after Death it triumphs over the Living,

As there are honourable Retreats in War, so there are glorious Deaths that are better than Victory. *St. Ambrosius* places the Death of *Judas Maccabeus* among these, who after the Defeat of *Nicanor* King *Demetrius's* General, having attack'd an Army of twenty Thousand with a hundred Men, was unhappily wounded, while he was pursuing his Enemies, and died of his Wounds: He found a Death, says the Saint, more honourable and desirous than all Triumphs in the World.

THE same Father says, that *Eliazar* having perceiv'd in the Heat of the Battle an Elephant that carry'd the King's Arms, and thinking the King was upon him, threw himself into the Midst of the Enemy, hew'd his Passage through, 'till he came at last to the Elephant, pierc'd his Belly with his own Hand, 'till he himself was crush'd to death by the Weight of that monstrous Animal, and bury'd in the Midst of his own Triumph.

THIS last Expression hath something great in it. WHAT

W H A T great Advantage and Merit is there in Solitude, says St. *Eucher*, that conquers the Devil in the Desert, who conquer'd in the terrestrial Paradise.

H O W charming are those bye, solitary Places to those who breathe after God? How pleasant are those vast and horrid Deserts to Souls who seek Christ? Silence reigns there throughout, and 'tis this profound Silence that makes the Soul full of heavenly Joy awake, rise, and wholly employ itself about the Lord. No other Noise is heard there but that of Sighs and Groans, nothing is spoke there but in praise of God.

W H A T the Saint adds about the Happiness of the Solitary, makes Solitude more charming and delightful.

T H E Y have no Longing, no Desire but of him whom they ardently desire. In seeking after a happy Life, they live one, and enjoy already what they are pursuing.

THEY find even in Labour itself, the Recompence of it, because the Happiness which will be the Reward of their good Works, is almost found in this World in the Work itself.

S. T. Basil, whom *Erasmus* without any Ceremony puts above the most famous Orators of *Athens* and *Rome*, shews a great deal of Eloquence in his Homily on *St. Barlaam*; the Description of the Tyrant's Fury, and the Martyr's Resolution, hath many admirable Strokes; but the last has something that strikes me most; That is, upon the Executioner's putting Incense into his Hand, and forcing him to hold it over the Flames of the Idols Altars, to oblige him to do Sacrifice to them, for they hop'd that he being not able to bear the Force of the Flame upon his Hand, must have drop'd some of the Incense into the Fire; but they got nothing by this, and their Hopes were vain, as all their Efforts were ineffectual.

THE Fire indeed, says St. Basil, burnt his Hand, but all burnt as it was, it did not flinch: It stood out against all the Heat and Violence of the Flame; far from drawing back as Cowards who turn their Backs to fly from the Blows of their Enemies, it remain'd unmov'd, and bravely withstood the Fire, being animated by those Words of the Prophet, *Blessed be the Lord my Strength, who teacheth my Hands to fight, and my Fingers to war.* There was indeed a sort of War between the Fire and the Hand, but the Fire had no Advantage in the Combat. The Hand conquer'd the Flame, which tho' wounded in every Part, never left its Post. O invisible Hand! stronger than Stone, Iron, and Brass, for they yield to Fire. What then shall I call you, brave Martyr of Christ? Shall I say that you are a living Statue? But this would be to say too little: The flames soften and subdue Statues, shall I call you an animated Figure of brass? The Comparison would not be worthy of your Courage; You alone have

have forc'd the Fire to yield: You alone have made an Altar of your Hand in the Midst of Flames: You alone with a burning Hand have confounded the Powers of Darkness: You alone with a Hand almost consum'd to ashes, now again triumph over Devils.

BUT why do I talk like a Child, and diminish the Praises of the Conqueror? Let us give the Glory of justly praising him to the most eloquent Tongues and Pens. Come here, you that know how, perfectly to paint the Heroick Actions of Champions; place in its true Light, and adorn with the most beautiful Colours the Actions of our Martyr, which I have only attempted to give a rough and obscure Draught of. I shall be rejoyc'd to see your Painting excel mine: I shall be exceeding glad to see myself out-done by the great Masters of Art, so that more Honour is done to the Victorious; so that in your Piece the Devils weep and rage at the Sight of a Saint triumphing over them; so that this Hand flaming

he shew'd them, to insult them and increase their Pains. In fine, so that Christ himself be represented shining out with Glory, and himself crowning that Hand which has conquer'd the Fire, and Hell.

THE Praise which St. Bernard gives Count *Thibault* for his Sincerity and Fidelity, is fine.

IF we find other Princes let a Word fall contrary to Truth, we don't think it strange, or new; but 'tis otherwise in regard to Count *Thibault*. A bare Word from his Mouth is as an Oath, and the least Lye is thought by him a heinous Perjury.

UPON the Subject of St. *John Baptist* and *Herodias*, St. *Fulgence* says, that Women, especially those of the grand Mode, have always some Contests with the Saints. *Elias*, in whose Spirit *John Baptist* came, according to the Testimony of Christ himself, had Queen *Jezebel* for a mortal Enemy; to fly from her, he pass'd all his Days as

a Fugitive and Vagabond: He was so afraid of her Anger, that he fled alive to Heaven to avoid it: A Woman is to be fear'd in all her Dispositions: If she desires to please you, and does it, she kills you: Her Friendship and Sweetness is a subtile, mortal Poison: If she has a Spight against you, her Vengeance hath no Bounds.

HER Hatred is the cruelest of Torments; but 'tis better that her Fury should kill the Body, than her Love the Soul.

S T. *Cyprian* gives a lively Picture of the Cruelties that are practis'd in the Publick Shews. The Death of some Men, says he, is destin'd for Diversion, that a bloody Scene may inspire Notions of Inhumanity and Barbarity: As if it was not enough for a Man to be Furious and Cruel of himself in private, without learning publickly to be more so.

A B E A S T, continues this Father, is fed to kill a Man, and delicately fed, that he may appear more Cruel and
Mad

Mad to the People : Perhaps he had been more Gentle and Mild, if the Master that bred him up, had not taught him more Fierceness.

THE same Father passes from the Cruelties of the Theatre, to the infamous Indecencies that are represented and committed there. They run in Crowds to this Place of Prostitution ; they go there to learn Lessons of Immodesty ; they form themselves there not to be asham'd of practising in private, what they learn in publick. What is forbid by the Laws, is taught amidst the Laws themselves, adds he. Then he crys out in a Transport of Zeal ; How can he whose Religion will not let him harbour an immodest Thought, take pleasure in such Sights of Debauchery, to lay aside all Modesty in seeing them, and harden himself to do the most indecent Actions ?

THE Things that are represented upon the Stage are come to such a Degree of Infamy, that the loose Women belonging to it, are asham'd to be seen themselves.

THE

THE Passions and Pleasures are truly what the Poets feign of the *Sirens*, says *St. Paulin*, they seem to have somewhat charming and agreeable; but when they are tasted, are nothing but Poison and Bitterness: They flatter the Senses and impoison the Soul: They please the Flesh and corrupt the Heart: The Use of them is Criminal, and all their Fruits Mortal.

St. Jerom inviting a *Roman Lady* to retire to *Bethlehem*, compares *Bethlehem* to *Rome*, in a plain and noble Manner.

IN this little Corner of the Earth, says he, the Creator of the World was born: Here he was wrap'd up in Swaddling-Cloaths; own'd by Shepherds, discover'd by a Star, and worshipp'd by the Wise-Men. This Place seems to me more Holy than the Capitol, which was so often struck with Thunder, to shew the Abhorance that Heaven had of it. At *Rome*, indeed, the Trophies of the Apostles and Martyrs

ys are; there the Faith was preach'd, the Idols thrown down, and the *Christian* Name daily became more flourishing and glorious. But there also Ambition and Vanity reign; there they love to see and be seen; there is giving and taking vain Complements; there they flatter and lye; there they hear and spread News, are always in a Crowd and Hurry: All this is entirely opposite to a retir'd Spirit, and the Repose of Solitude.

THE Thoughts of *Tertullian* upon the Extravagance and Finery of Women are uncommon, but natural, and arising from the Bottom of Things.

HE says first, if Women had a lively Faith, and well knew their Condition, instead of thinking of Dress and Vanity, they would in some Measure affect to go in a very negligent and undorn'd Manner.

HE adds, That as they are Daughters of a guilty and unhappy Mother, they should only shew in their Person, *Eve* in Mourning and Penitence, to expiate by

by their penitential Dress what they derive from *Eve*.

'Tis you, says he then, addressing himself to Women, that have open'd a Way to the Devil, who first touch'd the forbidden Fruit, who first broke the divine Law; 'tis you who persuaded the Man, whom the Devil had not Strength enough to attack; 'tis you effac'd the Image of God in Man while it was yet fresh: And after all this you study to adorn yourselves: You have nothing on your Head but a fine Dress, as if you desir'd with these Ornaments to hide the Skins of Beasts with which God cloath'd the first Woman.

TERTULLIAN carries the Thought farther; Tell me I pray you continues he, if from the Beginning of the World, there have been Workers in Silk and Searlet, Embroiderers and Weavers; if Pearls began to shine, Gold itself came out of the Earth at that Time with Avarice? In fine, Looking-Glasses from that Time were in Use; those Glasses which Women confu

consult when they dress themselves, or shew themselves when they are dress'd; as if they would impose upon the flattering Mirror itself, by shewing themselves there quite otherwise than what they Naturally are. Did *Eve*, banish'd from *Paradise*, condemn'd to death, and as it were already dead, desire and look after all this?

THE same, calls all the Ornaments which Vanity and a Desire of pleasing have invented, the Equipage of a Woman condemn'd to punishment and already dead, the Decoration of her Tomb, and as an Ornament design'd for her Funeral.

SPEAKING of the precious stones which Women put to their Head, he says, That Pearls are taken out of the Head of Serpents; and he elegantly adapts it: This was only wanting to a *Christian* Woman, to be oblig'd to the Serpent for the Improvement of her Beauty: Thus she will bruise the Head of the Devil, while she borrows Ornaments of the Head of the Devil himself for her own.

THE

T H E Thought is ingenious, but 'tis one of those Thoughts, which carries the Mind from a natural to a metaphorical, and from a metaphorical to a natural Sense; from the true Serpent to the Devil, and from the Head of the Devil to that of the Woman.

T E R T U L L I A N don't stop there, after having spoke of the excessive Price of Silks and Laces, of Pearl Necklaces, of Pendants, of Gold Buckles, and Diamonds; he cries out, See the Power of Vanity! the Body of a little Woman can carry such a Load of Riches, such an Estate about her.

B U T our Author is the warmest upon the Arts which the Sex uses to embellish themselves: They, says he, who beautify their Skin with certain Ingredients, who put Red upon their Cheeks, Black upon their Eye-Brows, they affront God: For in short, God's Work displeases them; they find fault with it; they blame in their own Persons the Creator of all Things; they censure him, I say, when they correct,
when

When they add to his Work by taking
 from another Workman, and even
 from an Enemy of the Creator, all
 that they add to make themselves what
 Complexion and Face they please; for
 who taught them to make Alterations
 in their Body, but he who chang'd
 the Mind of Man by corrupting it, 'tis
 doubtless the same who invented all
 these Paints and Arts to affront God in
 our Persons: What we have Natural,
 is the Work of God; what is Artifi-
 cial, is the Work of the Devil.

BUT *Tertullian* goes on in harangu-
 ing *Christian Women*: To wear a false
 Face is a Thing wide from the Faith
 that you profess; and the Name you
 bear you to whom Dignity and Sim-
 plicity is recommended in all Things.
 You lye with your Looks who are not
 permitted to lye with your Tongue.

How ill it becomes you to commit
 Sort of Adultery by your Air and
 Shape, you, who ought to have apar-
 ticular Care of Modesty?

ALAS! How will you keep the Com-
 mandments of God, if you don't keep
 the Marks of his Likeness? H E

HE then exclaims against those Women who change the Colour of their Hair, who being born Brown, or grown Grey, try to make themselves Fair. They think, says he, that 'tis a beautiful Thing to stain themselves with Powders and Oyl, as if Beauty could accord with Slovenlieness and Nastiness.

THE Lord said, adds he, *thou canst not make one Hair White, or Black; they belie God himself; See, say they, instead of black, or grey Hairs, we make ourselves fair Locks, to be the more admir'd.*

THE Old Women especially, who are sorry that they have liv'd so long, try to change the Colour of their Hair. They are asham'd of their Age, after they have pray'd so much to come to it, desiring a long Life. They reckon themselves of as many Years as they can by the Arts which they use to appear Young: They sigh after the Flower of Age, the Age of Follies, they disguise, mend, and in a Manner efface old Age, the Time of Wisdom

and Gravity: But in vain, the more
the Matron tries to hide her Wrinkles,
the more they appear.

WHAT he says in the same Place
upon the Trouble that Women give
themselves to range their Hair, upon
their Head-Dress, and upon those
chimerical shewy Stories of it, hath as
much Strength and Beauty. But what
follows is yet more admirable.

IN vain you try to adorn yourselves,
in vain you look out for the most skill-
ful Dressers.

GOD commands you to be veil'd.
We shall see in the grand Day of the
general Resurrection, if you will come
out of your Graves all over Paint, with
false Hair, with that costly Head-
dress; and in Case you was dress'd
so, if the Angels would carry you
upon the Clouds to meet Christ.

LET God see you now, what you
will then appear in his Eyes.

ACCORDING to St. Bernard, no
Man is perfect who don't desire to be
more so; and every one shews himself
more

more perfect by aspiring after great Perfection.

THE Thought is true according to the Rules of *Christianity*, and of good Sense.

UPON this Principle likewise *Hilary*, Arch-Bishop of *Arles*, says in the Panegyrick of *Honoratus*,

THO' he was always at the Top of Virtue, he found Means always to climb higher.

ST. *Gregory Nazianzen* begins the Encomium of St *Athanasius* with one Expression worth a whole Panegyrick. In praising the great *Athanasius*, I praise Virtue itself.

HE then compares *Athanasius* to Prophets, to Apostles, to holy Hermits, to the most famous Doctors of the Church; and boldly says, that this great Man equal'd the one, and excell'd the other: That he shew'd in himself the Eloquence and Learning of these, the Piety and Zeal of those, the Sweetness and Goodness of some in

Con-

Conversation, the Activity and Severity of others in supporting Discipline; and imitating them all, he did as those skillful Painters, who by viewing several Beauties form one compleat.

THIS holy Panegyrist says also what follows; His Heart was humble, and his Carriage noble: His Virtue was so eminent that none could reach it, or aspire to it. His Temper was so easy and agreeable, his Behaviour so genteel and so polite, that all had easy access to him: Agreeable in his Discourse, but more so in his Actions. He had the Face, and much more the Soul of an Angel. His Rebukes were without Gall, and his Praises without Flattery. He reprimanded with the Temper of a loving Father, prais'd with the Gravity of a wise Judge. He temper'd both his Gravity and good Nature, in such a Manner, that they did not lessen one another.

SAINT *Leon* says upon the Birth of the Son of God, Let us be glad that we are not able to speak of a Mystery

D

big

big with such a great Mercy ; and as we are not able to discover the Bottom of our Salvation, let us own this to be an Advantage that we can't see how great it is. For, in fine, no Man is nearer the Knowledge of Truth than he who is sensible, that whatever Discoveries he makes in Things Divine, there yet remain more to be made.

THE Character which St Bernard says Cardinals should bear, and in their Person all Prelates, is one of the most beautiful Ideas that can be conceived.

IN the Choice that you make of the Ministers of the Church, says the St to Pope *Eugenius*, don't take those who aspire after Ecclesiastical Dignities, and push to come at them, but those who don't take one Step that Way, those that refuse them when offered, compel such Sort of Men, and force them to come in. Let them be Men who fear nothing but God ; who hope nothing but from God ; who regard

not

not the Presents, but the Wants of those who approach them. Let them generously take the Part of the Afflicted, and do Justice to the Poor: Let their Manners be pure and regular; let them be of a known Sanctity; a patience and Temper Proof against every Tryal; of an inviolable Attachment to Discipline and good Order; Zeal ardent and severe in censuring every Thing that deserves Censure; of a sound Doctrine, an orthodox Faith, of a sincere Love of Peace, Concord, and Unity.

LET them be equitable in their Judgments, wise in their Councils, discreet in their Ordinances, skilful in their Undertakings, active in Management, modest in their Discourse, easy under ill Fortune, devout in Good: cautious and moderate, even when their Zeal makes them act, and yet not weak and remiss when they shew indulgence and Favour. In their greatest Leisure not at all idle; sober at Feasts, not anxious about their

own Affairs, not covetous of others Goods, not profuse of their own, circumspect every where, and in all Things.

LET them refuse not to go on an Embassy for Christ, as often as there shall be occasion. Let them not seek what is not commanded them. Let them not obstinately refuse an Employ which their Modesty will not let them willingly accept. And when they are sent, let them not follow Gold, but Christ; and not think an Embassy a Business of Commerce and Traffick.

THAT, in fine, they shew themselves a *John Baptist* to Kings, a *Phineas* to Fornicators, an *Elias* to Idolaters, an *Elisbah* to Misers, a *Peter* to Lyars, a *Paul* to Blasphemers, and *Christ* himself to Profaners of the Temple.

ST. *Austin* has an agreeable Thought about the Pleasures of the World having always uneasy Consequences. After having related what the Wicked say in the Book of Wisdom, Let

rown ourselves with *Rose-Buds* before
 they be wither'd: He adds, What is
 more delicate, what is sweeter than a
 Crown of *Roses*? Would ye believe
 that from thence could grow *Crosses*
 and *Thorns*? Don't wonder at that,
 the Root of *Briars* is sweet and with-
 out *Prickles*, but from thence grow
Thorns.

SALVIAN in two Words gives
 an ingenious Picture of those repenting
 sinners, who far from Conversion,
 are always relapsing into Sin.

THEY act every Thing in such a
 Manner that one may say, they don't
 so much repent of their Sins, as they
 afterwards do of that Repentance.
 They seem by their Behaviour not to
 be so sorry for their ill Life, as that
 they have promis'd to live a good one.

ST. Chrisologue says upon the Sub-
 ject of the wicked Rich Man's Hard-
 ness towards *Lazarus*, that God seeing
 the Rich Man shut his Ears to the
 Voice of the Poor Man, and that the

Groans of one Mouth alone were not able to touch his Heart, cover'd all the Body of *Lazarus* with Wounds, that to teach the Rich Man the Duty of Charity, the Poor Man should have as many Mouths as Sores.

THE same Father has this Apostrophe to the wicked Rich Man in the Flames.

A L A S ! the fine Linnen don't hinder from the Flame, the Purple don't keep off the Fire of Hell ; these fine and dear Vestments are of no farther Use: You, who before defy'd the Heat of the Season, with fine and transparent Cloaths, which shew'd your Body in covering it, now quite naked, burn in Flames which nothing can abate, which will never be extinguish'd. You desire a little Refreshment: Where are those exquisite Liquors that you once had in abundance? Where are those Wines of several Years old, which Age had made so Mellow and Good? These are all lost to you, and you now have only to give an Account for all the ill Use of them: You that ask now
but

but for one Drop of Water to cool your Tongue, would not have been so thirsty as you are, if you had only given one Drop of Water to the Poor Man.

UPON Occasion of the Daughter of *Herodias* dancing before *Herod*, and by that obtaining the Head of *John Baptist*, *St. Ambrose* condemns dancing in young *Christian Virgins*; and nothing is stronger than the Expression he uses to shew that it don't become a Woman of Honour. Let her Dance who is the Daughter of an Adulteress.

St. Chrysostom makes a fine Reflection upon the *Publicans* going to find *John Baptist* in the Wilderness, and saying to him, *Master what shall we do?* You have every Thing in abundance, and you come to the School of a Hermit who has nothing, to learn to be Happy; you are full of Riches, and yet would learn of a poor Man the Way to come to true Happiness.

NOTHING is more natural, or more ingenious than St. *Austin's* Thought upon his first Studies.

I WAS oblig'd to remember the Voyages and Adventures of one *Aeneas*, while I forgot my own Wanderings, I was forc'd even to weep for the Death of one *Dido*, who kill'd herself in a Transport of Love, while far from you, my God, and my Life, I dy'd myself without mourning for my own Death, or being sensible of it, Wretch that I was! for what deserves Pity more than a Man who don't pity himself, than to weep for the Death of *Dido*, who dy'd for Love of *Aeneas*, and not to mourn for my own Death, which I suffer only by not loving Thee?

HE elegently adds, that when he was forbid to read these fabulous Histories, which took up too much of his Time, he then wept that nothing which he read could make him weep.

IF we believe St. *Gregory Nazianzen*, the Mother of the *Machabees* ran to the

the Fire with as much Chearfulness as if she went to a Place of Pleasure, and threw herself into the Flames without staying for the Executioner, for fear, says the Saint, that profane Hands should touch a Body so sacred.

THE Thought is beautiful, and these are not less so ; She gloried that she had seven Children, Martyrs, all of Heroick Virtue ; and that she did not die herself 'till she had offer'd to God, those that she had brought into the World, as so many Victims ; or rather 'till she had counted the Number and Order of their Births by the Number of their Conflicts, and Succession of their Martyrdoms : For they all fought, adds *St. Gregory Nazianzen*, from the first to the last, and succeeding one another, every one signaliz'd his Courage, being animated by his Example who went before him, and was more eager to suffer than the Tyrant was to torment.

THAT is a lively and just Thought
of St. *Jerom*, upon those Anchorets,
D 5 who

who in the Depth of their Solitude carry on a learned Correspondence, and don't observe as they ought the Decency of their Condition.

'TIS absurd for a Man to be hid in a Desert, and by writing to publish his Name to all the Earth.

WHAT another Father of the Church says, in some Measure comes to St. *Jerom's* Thought, What signifies the Solitude of the Body without that of the Heart.

THERE is Eloquence and Poignancy in what St. *Bernard* says to a Prelate of his own Time, who lov'd Extravagance, even in the Harness of his Horses.

THE Poor, who want every Thing and are press'd with Hunger, cry, lament themselves, and say aloud, *Tell us Prelates, what does Gold upon a Bridle?*

THIS satyrical Stroke falls upon all the Ecclesiasticks who live like great Lords, who have fine Houses, rich Furniture, a delicate Table, magnificent Equipage, while the Members of Christ are starving. WHAT

WHAT would this Father have said at the Sight of a Coach, which one would think at first, did belong to a young Princess newly Married, or to an Embassador Extraordinary, who by his Shew would dazle the Eyes of the People? Would not he have cry'd, What mean theſe Giddings and Paintings, theſe Gold Fringes upon a Miniſter of the Goſpel's Chariot, and a Paſtor's of the Church, what do theſe ſhining and rich Harneſſes there?

THE ſame Father ſays in the ſame Strain to Pope *Eugenius*, Either renounce the Quality of common Paſtor of the Faithful, or ſhew even by your outward Appearance what you are; take Care, leſt he whoſe Place you ſay you hold, diſowns you for his Succeſſor: 'Tis *Peter*, who was never ſeen in *Rome*, adorn'd with Pearls and Diamonds, nor dreſs'd in Gold and Silk, nor mounted on a White Horſe, nor follow'd with a great Number of Soldiers and Domeſticks: Theſe Ornaments, this Retinue, don't at all become a Vicar of Jeſus Chriſt: 'Tis
not

not *Peter*, but *Constantine* that you succeed in this Sort of vain and perfectly profane Pomp.

'TIS permitted a Priest, says *St. Jerom*, to live upon the Altar, but 'tis not permitted him to support his Ambition and Luxury at the Expence of the Altar.

THERE is a great deal more greatness of Soul, says *St. Paulin*, in not using Things that are in our Possession, than there is in passing over those Things that we have lost: And *Christian* Virtue appears more in despising what you have, than in having nothing that you can despise.

THE Thoughts of *St. Chrysologue* upon the Massacre of the holy Innocents are very agreeable.

THEY who knew not yet what it was to live, receiv'd the Stroke of Death; their tender Age was no Excuse to *Herod*; their Inability of Speaking did not protect them from the Fury of the Tyrant; all their Crime was that they were born.

U. N.

U N H A P P Y Prince, who did all that could be done 'to be condemn'd, without leaving any room to be justify'd. Who will excuse him whom Innocency charges, whom Infancy prosecutes, whom Milk accuses as much as Blood.

H A P P Y Infants, who are born not for the World, but for Martyrdom. Who at first pass from a State of Trouble and Grief to a State of Ease and Joy. This is to live, truly to live, to die for Christ.

H A P P Y the Tears, which shed for these little Martyrs, confer'd the Grace of Baptism upon those who shed them; for by the same Effect of Mercy, but in a different Manner, the Mothers were Baptiz'd in their Tears, and the Infants in their Blood.

S T. *Austin* gives in two Words, a beautiful Character of *Christianity*; *Christians*, says he, are in the World only to triumph over Things present, to hope for Things to come. He says in another Place, the Property of *Christians*

stians is to bear the Ills of Time, and to hope for the good Things of Eternity.

S T. Cyprian gives an Idea as beautiful, when he says, We, who are Philosophers, not in Words, but Actions; who profess Wisdom, not in our Habit, but by the Truth of our Doctrine, and the Purity of our Manners: Who study more to be Virtuous than to make a Shew of Virtue; who don't say, but do great Things.

MINUCIUS FELIX, says almost the same, Word for Word; and *St. Cyprian* seems only to have copy'd him; to whom *St. Eucher* may be added, who likewise says, That others take the Name of Philosophers, but *Christians* take the Life and Manners.

JUDAS being sensible of the Heinousness of his Crime, was not contented to loose the Price of his Sacrilege, but flung away himself. But in revenging God on his own Person, he confess'd Him whom he had deny'd in betraying Him.

S T.

S T. Maximus has these two beautiful Thoughts.

T H E Reflection of *St. Chrysologue*, upon these Words of the Gospel, *Take the young Child and his Mother, and flee into Ægypt*, is fine and reasonable.

W H A T does the Evangelist mean, and how came he to write this to preserve the Memory of it for ever? A Soldier devoted to his Prince is not us'd to relate his Flights, his Defeats, his Weakness, his Misfortunes, far from discovering them, from publishing them; he conceals them, he buries them in eternal Silence; he celebrates only his valiant Actions, his heroick Virtues, the happy Successes of his Arms, his Victories, and his Triumphs.

T H E Father then answers the Objection that he makes, and with Wit: The Flight of a great Captain is not so much a Flight as a Retreat; 'tis not always Cowardice to avoid Fighting; 'tis Skill, and a Piece of Finesse in the Art of War. When God seems to fly Man, 'tis a Mystery, and not a Weakness; when

when the Stronger retires from Enemies that pursue him, he don't fear them, weak as they are, he would only draw them into an open Field: As he aims to make his Triumph famous thro' all Ages, he can't bear an obscure Battle; secret Victories, hidden Virtues leave no Example to Posterity: See the Cause of the Flight of Christ, he yielded to the Time, and not to *Herod*.

W H A T *St. Ambrose* says upon the Goodness of *Theodosius*, is elegantly turn'd, and well shews the Character of that Prince.

THEODOSIUS, says he, thinks he receives a Favour when he is desir'd to pardon: When he was most angry he was readiest to forgive: His Passion was a Title for obtaining Pardon, and what would be terrible in others, was wish'd to be in him, that he should be very angry.

T H E Panegyrick of *St. Honoratus*, made by *St. Hilary*, the Bishop of *Arles*, is not inferior in Wit, or Politeness, to
the

the antient Panegyricks: 'Tis full of ingenious Strokes, and four, or five of the most Beautiful may serve to pass a Judgment upon all the Piece.

I N the Subject before us, Joy and Sorrow contend with one another, the Remembrance of such a Man is pleasant, the Loss of him is afflicting and cruel.

N O B I E N E S S of Blood can't enhance Merit, nor make Men more illustrious, unless they despise it.

H O N O R A T U S and his Companions receiv'd so many Honours and Favours from his Country-men, that they could not possibly come to Contempt, or Poverty.

T H E more they try'd to live in Obscurity, the more their Reputation shone out.

T H E Y fear'd their own Glory, and the Report which such a *Christian* and Exemplary Conduct made in all Ages, while all their View was only the Glory of God.

A F T E R having suffer'd the Persecution, as it were, of Honours, they
went

went to seek out a foreign Retirement, to avoid the Praises and Favour of the World.

A L L the Country thought they had lost their Fathers in these young Men, who had all the Ripeness of old Age without the Infirmary of it, and who were venerable for the greatest Sanctity of Manners.

S E E I N G that whatever Place they went to, their Name became Famous, and Glory every where follow'd them, they sought desert Lands, and unknown Shores, where the Roman Eloquence, which they were the greatest Masters of, was a barbarous Language.

T H E rest of the Panegyrick is almost of this Character, and all St. *Honoratus's* Virtues are painted there in the most lively Colours of an elegant and florid Style.

W H A T the Panegyrist says at the End, upon the last Words of the Saint, which were full of Sweetness and Charm, seems to me more beautiful and strong than what *Tacitus* says of *Tiberius*,

Tiberius, about the Infirmities that seiz'd him a little before his Death, which he endeavour'd to dissemble in a very artful Manner. *Jam Tiberium corpus, nondum Dissimulatio deserebat.* His Dissimulation did not leave him, even when his Body and Strength did. For *St. Hilary* says of *St. Honoratus*, that he shew'd somewhat easy and pleasant in the Answer that he made in his last Moments. His Life was almost sooner ended than his Sweetness and Chearfulness.

SALVIAN's Thought upon Repentance being defer'd 'till Death, hath something beautiful in it. After having said that the *Christian* Faith condemns the Guilty without Pity to corporal Punishment, to expiate his Sins, and make him deserve Pardon for them: But when the Body is going to fall, what severe Judgment can the Soul pass upon it? For, in fine, a Judge can't sentence to a severe Punishment, when a Criminal is not in a Condition to be severely punish'd.

ST.

S T. *Jerom* gives in two Words the Picture of a Hypocrite.

H E is a *Nero* within, a *Cato* without, an equivocal Man, a true Monster, compos'd of different and contrary Natures.

S T. *Bernard* seems to copy a little after St. *Jerom* in drawing the Portrait of *Abelard*.

H E is a Man unlike himself, *Herod* within, *John Baptist* without, all equivocal.

B U T the Copy is somewhat more just than the Original; for, in short, *Cato* and *Nero*, who were not Contemporaries together, and had no Difference with one another, have less Relation than *John Baptist* and *Herod*.

T H E Strokes which St. *Bernard* adds to the first are his own.

H-E has nothing of the Monk but the Name and Habit. He is a Man that don't stick to his Character, that exceeds the Bounds of his Condition. He knows every Thing that is in Heaven and Earth, but himself.

S T.

S T. *Gregory Nazianzen* makes a beautiful Elogium of *Mark Prester*, who was venerable for his Age and Sanctity of Life, and one of the most illustrious Martyrs of Christ. He suffer'd from *Julian* the Apostate all that the most ingenious Cruelty could lay upon him; but his Constancy was Proof against all Torments. Notwithstanding his old Age, he kept the Vigor and Air of a young Man in the midst of his Torments. Grief did not lessen his Chearfulness: Even his Sufferings gave him Pleasure. He saw his Blood shed, his Members lop'd off, and part of his Body cut in Pieces, as if he had been a Spectator at a publick Shew: His Punishment was a pleasing Shew to him, and not a bloody Execution.

TERTULLIAN's Apologestick abounds with ingenious Raillery upon the false Gods of the *Heathen*. This Defender of the *Christian* Religion, always sublime and bold in his Thoughts, says in one Place, that the
Images

Images of the Gods are made of the same Materials as their common Vessels, or rather their Gods are made out of their ordinary Vessels by changing the Condition of these Vessels by Consecration and the Help of Art, which can't change again this Material into a new Form, without outraging the Divinity, and committing a Sort of Sacrilege.

WHAT he adds, has yet more Delicacy and Pleasantry in it. This gives us great Comfort in our Punishments, that these Gods for whom we are punish'd, suffer themselves the same Torments, that are lay'd upon us to be made Gods. You fix the *Christians* to Crosses and Pieces of Wood; what Image have you that hath not been fasten'd to the like Machines? The Body of your God was consecrated at first upon a Gibbet. You pierce our Sides with Iron, but you use the Saw and Chissel in a rougher Manner, upon all the Members of your Gods. You behead some of us, but your Gods have never a Head, unless you fix one to their Body with Lead, Ciment, and Nails. We are expos'd to wild

wild Beasts, but you put these same Beasts to attend upon *Bacchus*, *Cybele*, and *Ceres*. We are burnt, but you serve your Gods so, when they are only uncarv'd Wood. We are condemn'd to the Mines, but your Gods derive their Original and Value from these Mines. If there is any Sort of Divinity in all this, then those who are punish'd are in a Manner consecrated, and Torments may be call'd Deifications.

ST. *Austin* speaking of the Plays and Amusements of his Infancy, says a witty Thing upon the Men of the World. The Follies of Men grown up are call'd Business.

MEANING, that Conversation, Intrigues, Negotiations, and even the greatest and most serious Enterprizes, are in the Bottom nothing but Trifles and Fooleries.

THE Fathers say beautiful Things upon St. *Peter's* Tears ; St. *Leon* says, happy are thy Tears, holy Apostle, which

which to wash out the Sin you was guilty of, in denying your Master, had the Virtue of sacred Baptism.

ST. *Maximus* says, that *Peter* melts into Tears after his Sin without speaking one Word for Pardon. I find that he wept, adds this Father, but I don't find that he said any Thing: I read of his Tears, but not of his Prayer. *Peter* had Reason to shed Tears and say nothing, for what we weep for, we generally don't go to excuse, and that which can't be justify'd by Words, may be wash'd out with Tears.

TEARS, pursues St. *Maximus*, wash away Sin which we are asham'd to confess with the Mouth: They spare Modesty and procure Salvation at the same Time: They ask without Blushing, and obtain all they ask for. Tears, I say, are silent Prayers; or rather, properly speaking, they don't ask Pardon, but they deserve it; they don't plead the Cause of Sinners, but they procure their Pardon. The Prayer of Tears is more useful and powerful than that of Words; because that Words

in

in Prayer may deceive, but Tears never do : In Speaking we sometimes don't say all we think, nor all that affects us : In Weeping we express all the Mind and all the Heart : And, therefore, *St. Peter* no more makes use of Words, by which he deceiv'd, he sinn'd, he lost his Fidelity ; for fear that in confessing Jesus Christ, he should not be believ'd by the same Way that he made use of to deny him. I find yet another Reason why *St. Peter* did not speak, he was afraid that if he ask'd pardon so soon for his Crime, his Request would look impudent, which might rather more offend his Master than appease him.

THE same Thoughts are in *St. Ambrose*, with the same Turn, and very nigh almost in the same Terms, that is to say, that *St. Maximus* has copied *St. Ambrose*, and that Sacred Authors sometimes make no more Scruple than Profane to steal from one another.

E

T H A T

T H A T Expression which we read in *Genesis*, *And God said let there be Light and there was Light*, gives occasion to *St. Basil* to say, The first Word that God pronounc'd, dispell'd the Darkness, enlighten'd the World, embellish'd and rejoyc'd all Nature.

T H I S Thought is very agreeable, and is almost as beautiful as the Light itself.

W H A T the same Father says against the rich Misers that bury their Money in the Ground, is ingenious and natural. 'Tis really a very great Folly to dig Gold with so much Trouble out of the Bosom of the Earth, and then to place it there again: Don't you know, who serves it thus, adds the Saint, that you seem to bury your Heart with your Money? According to the Word of the holy Spirit, *Where your Treasure is there will your Heart be also.*

T H E first Happiness of a Man, says *St. Chrysostom*, is not to sin at all; the

the second is to be sensible and sorry for his Sin.

THE Infensibility of a Sinner, he adds, the Want of Regret and Penitence after having sinn'd, provokes God more than the Sin itself.

THESE two Thoughts imply very much, and deserve a great deal of Reflection as well as this.

WHEN God is angry with us, 'tis not thro' a Principle of Hatred that he shews his Anger, 'tis to draw us to him even in the Time of his Anger.

THE Reflections that St. *Maximus* makes upon the Son of God's Silence in his Passion, are equally fine and strong.

'Tis wonderful, that the Saviour should be accus'd by Judges and say nothing, for Silence is sometimes taken for Consent; and saying nothing to the Questions put to us, looks like confirming the Things that we are accus'd of. Does the Lord then by his Silence confirm what his Enemies reproach him with? No certainly, he

Does not confirm the Accusation by Silence, but destroys and despises it by not refuting it. For he rightly says nothing who wants no Apology. Let those who are afraid of their Cause try to defend themselves, and be ready to speak : As for Christ, he overcomes when he is condemn'd, he triumphs when he is judg'd, according to what the Prophet says, *That thou mightest be justify'd in thy Sayings, and thou mightest overcome when thou art judg'd.* What occasion was there to speak before Judgment was pass'd, since even his Judgment was to Him a compleat Victory. For, in short, Christ triumph'd when he was judg'd, because by that his Innocence was own'd and confirm'd : Therefore *Pilate* said, *I am clear from the Blood of this just Man.* The Cause then that is not defended, and yet gain'd is the better : The most perfect Justice is that which is not supported by Words, but Truth : The Tongue ought to be silent where Equity herself maintains her own Rights : Let the Tongue be silent in a just Cause,

Cause, which is us'd to gain even bad ones. I would not have Equity defended after the same Manner that Iniquity generally is. The Saint adds,

W H A T should make the Son of God speak, since his Silence alone was enough to make him overcome.

H E then brings the Example of *Susannah* in this Manner, *Susannah* by her Silence triumph'd over her Enemies, for she was not justify'd by Words before her Judge, who did not speak one Word in her own Defence; her Chastity itself spoke in her Favour, and pleaded her Cause: Yea, the Chastity which defended *Susannah* in the Garden, sav'd her at the Tribunal of Justice.

A L L these Thoughts are Noble, Lively, Just, and Natural.

T H E R E is nothing perhaps more ingenious, or finer in all the Writers of the *Augustan* Age, than what we read in *St. Ambrose*, concerning that young Woman of *Antioch*, who because she would not sacrifice to Idols, was dragg'd to a Bawdy-House, from whence she happily

pily escap'd, without any Blemish on her Modesty, by changing Cloaths with a young *Christian* Soldier.

THIS Father says at the Beginning, to give the first Idea of his Heroine; she avoided the World, and the Conversation of the Publick; but the less she appear'd, the more she was desir'd to be seen; because that Beauty is more sought after when it is conceal'd.

HE then says, or rather makes the Soldier say, who came into the Brothel, as soon as the young Woman was there, *Virgin of Christ*, pray don't be afraid, I come here as your Brother to save my Soul, not to destroy it; save me that you may be in Safety yourself. I come in here as an Adulterer, but, if you please, shall go out as a Martyr: Let us change Habits, yours is fit for me, and mine also for you, both becoming Christ: Your Garment will make me a true Soldier of the Lord; mine will keep you a Virgin: Take the Vestment that will conceal the Woman, and give me that which will consecrate the Martyr.

S T.

ST. *Ambrose* then makes another Man speak very elegantly, who came into the Place where the young Woman had just gone out, and came there with bad Intentions, but was strangely surpriz'd not to find what he look'd after, and presently chang'd his Mind.

WHAT is the Meaning of this, a young Woman came in here, and a Man appears instead of her. This is not as the Fable, a Hind instead of a Virgin, here is really a Soldier instead of a Virgin. I have heard say, but did not all believe it, that Christ chang'd Water into Wine; see here he changes the very Sexes. Let us withdraw from hence, while we yet are what we were. But am not I myself already chang'd? I came into this Place with an immodest Soul, but shall go out with a pure Heart.

CAN any Thing be said more beautiful, or lively upon the Subject? But what follows, in my Opinion, exceeds this, As he who was taken for the young Woman was likewise condemn'd for her, as soon as she knew it, 'tis said, that she ran to the Place of

Punishment, and that they both warmly disputed who should have the Glory of Martyrdom.

'TIS I, said the Soldier, who was judg'd worthy of Death, the Sentence that condemns me absolves you.

THE young Woman cry'd out on her Side, I did not take you to bail my Life, but my Modesty; if my Modesty is in question, the Bail stands bound; if my Life is requir'd, I have no need of a Surety, I can pay it myself: The Sentence was given upon me being given upon my Account; if I am return'd presently, who dares hinder me from dying? If I have stay'd too long, who dares absolve me? I am only more subject to the Law, being guilty not only of running away, but also of causing the Death of another. A Virgin's Body may be deliver'd to Punishment, and Death itself, tho' not to Infamy. I have avoided the Dishonour, but have not renounc'd the Martyrdom: I have chang'd the Habit, but not the Profession: If you rob me of the Death that I long for, you have not sav'd me, you have deceiv'd me. Don't then, I beseech you, undo the Favour that you have done me.

AFTER

AFTER all, we may both obey the Sentence, if you will let me die first, our Persecutors can only make you suffer death. A young Virgin has something more to fear; it will be more glorious for you to have made a Martyr of a young Lady, who expected to have lost her Honour, than to expose her again to Dishonour, who was upon the Point of Martyrdom.

S T. Ambrose finishes this beautiful Contest, in saying that they both conquer'd, because they both dy'd.

T H E Comparison he makes of the Soldier and the young Woman with Damon and Pithyas, is very ingenious; and if I may presume to say so, he plays, perhaps, too much with his Wit, for observe what he says to give the Preference of the two Martyrs of Christ to the two Disciples of Pithagoras, one of which offer'd to die in the Room of his Friend, making himself his Pledge.

T H E S E Philosophers were both Men; here was a young Woman, which must have first conquer'd her Sex: They were Friends, these did

not know one another : They only offer'd themselves to one Tyrant, these presented themselves to a great many ; and they the most inhuman, who far from sparing them, made them die the most cruel Death. One of the two Philosophers was engag'd and bound in some Manner by his Word ; the two Martyrs were free, and under no Engagement : The View of those was to do justice to their Friendship, the Design of these to gain the Crown of Martyrdom. In short, they had only Men in their View, these had nothing but God.

T H E Fathers have as happy Thoughts upon *St. Magdalen's* Tears, as they have upon *St. Peter's*.

I N the midst of a Feast, says *St. Gregory*, she appear'd all in Tears. Learn what Grief she was seiz'd with, who was not asham'd to weep over the Dainties of the Table.

S H E found out the Secret of pleasing according to *St. Paulinus*, not so much by the Value of her Presents, as
by

by the Affections with which she tender'd her Services to the Saviour ; for it was not the excellent Perfumes that he lik'd in her, it was that fervent Love that made her go into a strange House without being invited, and without fearing either Affront, or Repulse, there ; I say, to go in with a holy Confidence, and pious Boldness, using even that Violence that takes the Kingdom of Heaven by force.

THE same St. adds, she made, to say, the Saviour's Feet a Sanctuary and Altar, where she offer'd in sacrifice her Tears, her Perfumes, and the tenderest Affections of her Heart.

St. *Jerom* speaking of that holy Penitent who wash'd the Feet of Christ with her Tears, and wip'd them with her Hair, elegantly says, that she had nothing then of the Gay-Ladies of the World, who paint and dress out to appear at Assemblies : Her Grief was all her Beauty, and the less agreeable she was in the Eyes of Men, the more she was so in the Eyes of God.

S T. *Jerom* has a Thought a little bold, but yet beautiful, upon a *Heathen* Father whose Children were *Christians*, and illustriously pious; after having said that a holy and believing Family sanctifies an unbelieving Master, and 'tis to be a Candidate for the Faith, to have about him a number of Sons and Grand-Sons that are Baptiz'd, he adds, for me, I am perswaded that, if *Jupiter* himself had such Relations, he might have possibly believ'd in Christ.

S T. *Cyprian* runs out with as much Wit as Zeal against the Art that Women use to appear Handsome.

G O D says, *Let us make Man after our own Image*, and they have the Presumption to alter the Works of God. These Women, Idolaters of their own Beauty, set themselves up against God, and affront Him, by reforming and changing the Works of his own Hands. If a skillful Painter should employ all his Art to make the Portrait of a Per-
son,

son, and another should come after the Piece was done, and go to retouch and begin again what was finish'd, would not this be to affront the first and to give him Room to be justly angry?

WHAT do you think your Audaciousness will go unpunish'd, and that the divine Workman will not revenge the Affront that you do him? For tho' with all your Paint and Dress, you may not appear Immodest and Loose to Men, yet you are so to God, for altering and violating his Work. Those Adjustments, those Curlings, all those borrow'd artificial Beauties, are so many Revolts and Attempts against the Wisdom of the Creator, and the Truth itself.

TELL me, I beg you, pursues St. Cyprian, are you not afraid while you are in that Condition, that God should not know you at the Day of the Resurrection, and that he should say with the Warmth of an angry Judge, *This is not my Work, this Face is not after my Likeness.* You have made you a new Skin

Skin with Pomatums and Washes; you have chang'd the Colour of your Hair, you have us'd Art to make yourselves of a Size and Shape not natural to you; your whole Person is Foreign and False; you can't see God, for you have not the Eyes that God made, but those that the Devil has marr'd with Paint.

THE Saint alludes to the Paint that gay Women use about their Eyes to set themselves off, and there is a Turn in the *Latin* Words which can't be preserv'd in our Language, *Oculi tibi non sunt quos Deus fecit, sed quos Diabolus infecit.*

BUT these Thoughts are almost all *Tertullian's*, whom *St. Cyprian* professes that he copies in several Places.

THE *Libertines* that would pass for strong Heads, because they oppose the most solid Truths of Faith, are according to *St. Austin* nothing but Mad-Men: This Strength don't proceed from sound Health, but from Folly and Madneis; for there is nothing

thing stronger than Mad-Men ; they have more Strength than Persons in sound Health, but the Stronger they are, the Nigher they are to Death.

S T. *Basil*, to give us an Idea of an insatiable Miser, said, that the Sea has Bounds which it does not pass ; that he alone keeps no Measure, does not stop in any Part, or in any Time : He then compares him to a Fire that sets all in Flames, that devours all, which nothing can satisfy : The Comparison is lively and just, but that which follows is as happy.

S P E A K I N G of those Men of Fortune who being born but to a little, enrich themselves at the Expence of the People, and raise themselves by Degrees upon the Ruin of the Miserable of their own making : As, says he, Rivers that are small in their Source, insensibly increase in their Course, 'till they overflow the Fields, and violently bear down all in their way : So those of a small Fortune, and sometimes of a mean Birth, that
come

come to the Top of Wealth and Honours, generally begin in little Employments, and raising themselves by Degrees, become so rich in Time, that they seem to engross all Grandeur in themselves: To see the Magnificence of their House, the Luxury of their Table, the Beauty of their Equipage and Retinue, one would say, they are Lords of Quality, Ministers of Princes, or Princes themselves: But they have amass'd such Heaps by plundering on all Sides; such monstrous Fortune is nothing but the Fruit of Violence and Injustice.

UPON Nero being the first of all the *Cæsars* that persecuted the *Christian* Religion in its Birth, *Tertullian* finely says: 'Tis our Glory that such a Man began to condemn us, for he that knows any Thing of *Nero*, will easily judge, that he could only condemn what was excellent and infinitely valuable.

S T. *Paulin's* Thought upon the Love that God requires of us, is perfectly beautiful.

WHAT Thanks do we owe to God, says he, who, tho' we are so much indebted to him, demands only our Love to pay off all our Debts, or rather forgives us all our Debts upon this Consideration? Don't he shew us by placing the Precept of Love above all others; how, poor and insolvent as we are, we may clear ourselves of all that we owe him.

LET no Man excuse himself upon the Difficulty of paying him, because no Man can say that he has not a Heart. No Sacrifices, no Presents, nor any painful Labour, is requir'd of us: We have in ourselves enough to satisfy him, for we are Masters of our own Love; give that to the Lord and we are quit.

I SAY more, in paying thus for Favours that he hath done us, we oblige him to do us more, and of our Creditor make him our Debtor.

THE

THE Philosophers, says *St. Jerom*, set a great Value upon that Thought of *Plato*; That all the Life of Wise-Men is a Meditation of Death. But *St. Paul's* Saying is much stronger, *I die daily*. For to act is a different Thing from endeavouring to act; and there is a great Difference between living to die, and dying to live.

THE Discourse that the holy Bishop *Flavian* made to the Emperor *Theodosius*, to pacify him upon occasion of his Statues being thrown down; which *St. Chrysostom* relates in his Homily to the People of *Antioch*, is very eloquent: To give some Strokes and some Thoughts of it.

THE greatest Trouble that we could suffer, is to have been guilty of such black Ingratitude to our Benefactor. Bring upon us, Lord, Fire and Sword; burn, ruin, and destroy all, our Punishment will yet be less than our Crime. It would have been better for *Antioch* to have been sack'd by

by *Barbarians*; and that all her Inhabitants had been in Chains; for at least we should have found in you a Repairer of our Ruins and a Restorer of our Liberties! But since we have provok'd the best Father, and the best Master that ever was: Since we have lost your Favour, to whom shall we fly? Where shall we find a Refuge and Help in our Ills?

YET, great Prince, there is one Remedy for these Ills that seem incurable; Great Injuries serve for Objects of Heroick Clemency.

I OWN, they have thrown down your Statues, but, if you please, they will erect you nobler than they: Love and Gratitude will raise you immortal Statues in all Hearts.

CLEMENCY contributes as much to the Glory of Sovereigns as the Strength of their Arms, and the Greatness of their States.

'TIS said that some insolent Men having thrown Stones upon the Statue of *Constantine*, when several of his Court ask'd him to put the Offenders
to

to death, and said they wickedly had disfigur'd his Face ; the Emperor putting his Hand upon his Forehead, answer'd with a Smile, *You may say what you please, but I assure you that I am not hurt.*

THIS wise Answer is engrav'd in the Memory of Men, Time can never efface it. Don't this too do more Honour to *Constantine* than all his Victories, and all his Trophies? We hardly know the Names of the Towns that this Prince built, and the Enemies that he vanquish'd ; whereas every one knows so beautiful an Answer, and it will reach even to the latest Posterity.

BUT why do we cite foreign Examples? Why have we recourse to *Constantine*? You need only to look upon yourself, illustrious Emperor, to do Actions worthy of the Praise and Admiration of all Ages.

REMEMBER the Order that you sent some Years since, through all the Land, at *Easter-Time*, this commanded that all the Prisoners, even the most Crimi-

Criminal, should be set at Liberty ;
 This shew'd that you desir'd to give
 Life to those unhappy Persons which
 Death had depriv'd of your Clemency.

REMEMBER your own Words
 now in this present Juncture : See the
 Time when you may restore all the
 Inhabitants of *Antioch* to life ; for since
 they have lost your Favour, they may
 be reckon'd among the Dead. Don't
 listen to those evil Councillors who
 would persuade you, that, if you do a
 Favour to *Antioch*, your Authority will
 be lessen'd by it : What should you be
 afraid of from a Company of Wretches
 who have Fear painted on their Faces,
 who every Day expect the Stroke of
 Death, who have lost all Hopes of
 Safety. The Men, the Children, the
 Women, even the Women of Quality
 pass the Night in Dens to avoid your
 Anger. Several by trying to save
 themselves have been devour'd by wild
 Beasts ; all tremble at the uncertainty
 of their Fate. *Antioch*, tho' yet stand-
 ing, envies the Happiness of those
 Towns that are reduc'd to Ashes.

CON-

CONSIDER, invincible Monarch, that not only your own Glory is here concern'd, but that of *Christianity*. The *Jews*, the *Greeks*, all the foreign Nations wait for your Judgment. If you incline to Clemency, they will glorify our Lord, and say, How powerful is the Faith of Christ! that stopp'd the Anger of a Prince, who saw nothing upon Earth equal to his own Greatness, that inspir'd him with more Moderation than a Man is naturally prone to? How powerful is the God of *Christians*, who removes all human Weaknesses, and changes Men into Angels?

IT is easy for a Sovereign to punish his Subjects Crimes, but few Princes have the Virtue to pardon an Injury that don't deserve pardon.

AMBASSADORS generally join Presents with their Requests, but I present the divine Laws to you, and conjure you to follow the Example of your Master, who notwithstanding our continual Offences, don't cease to pour down his Benefits upon us.

IF

IF you forget the Crime of *Antioch* and restore it to your Protection, I shall return thither with Joy ; but, if you don't pardon it, I will see it no more, I will banish myself from thence for ever ; for God forbid that I should live in a Place that lies under the Indignation and Hatred of the most Merciful of Men.

ACCORDING to St. *Cyprian*, the Woman who affects to please, and studies to wound Hearts, is not Chaste, tho' she preserves her Body Chaste at the same Time.

HE then advises *Christian* Women to retrench their Dress, which don't so much adorn Beauty as prostitute it.

SHE who is not pleas'd with herself as God has made her, is very miserable. Why is the Colour of the Hair chang'd ? Why do they make themselves an artificial Face ? Why is the Glass so often consulted but because they are afraid to be always the same Person, and to appear in a natural Form ? The Dress of a chaste Woman ought

ought to be Chaste. Let not a *Christian* Woman confess Adultery even in the Colour of her Cloaths.

ALL this is thought with Wit. What the Saint adds about those rich Cloaths that are all loaded with Gold and precious Stones, is yet more ingenious; What a Wonder is this! says he, Women that are so delicate in all Things, are stronger than Men to carry Loads of Extravagance?

ST. Bernard gives a good Picture of a wicked Age, when he says, That the Lord provok'd by our Crimes seems in a Manner to have judg'd the World in all the Rigour of Justice before its Time, but as if He had forgot his Mercy.

THERE is a good deal of Vivacity, and yet more Sense and Reason in what St. *Eucher* says when he cries aloud upon the Subject of Riches and Estates which Men prefer to their Soul and Salvation.

HUMAN Love, how great are thy Wanderings and Excess? Thou knowest how to love the Goods that are in thy Possession, or that thou art Heir to, and dost not know how to love thyself: What thou art so fond of, what thou so eagerly desirest, are Things without thee: Enter into thyself, that thou mayst love thyself more than what belongs to thee.

IF a wise Man should address himself to you, and desire to be one of your Friends, you would love him the better for loving you more than the Things about you. And, if you was to choose, would you not have him be more devoted to your Person than Fortune? You would have your Friend to have Affection and Fidelity for the Man, not for his Riches: What you would have another Man be to you, be you to yourself, who mayest be more faithful to yourself than another can be.

S T. *Fulgence* after having related that Passage of holy Scripture, 'Tis better to dwell in the *Wildernejs* than with

a contentious and angry Woman ; says of *Herodias*, she despis'd the Crown that was offer'd to her, and desir'd only the Head of *John* ; hating the Prophet more, who declar'd himself against the Incest, than she lov'd the Prince who offer'd her a Kingdom. How far does the Wickedness of some Women go ? She had no regard to the Dignity of a Crown, while she was in hopes of shedding human Blood ; because an immodest Woman don't much trouble herself about great Honours, provided she can satisfy her infamous Lust.

I F we believe *St. Paulin*, the Pride which hides itself under a modest and humble Outside is a great deal Uglier than that which appears without any Disguise ; for I don't know how it happens, but Vices are more horrid when they cover themselves with the Shew of Virtues, as with a Veil.

A L L that *Salvian* says against the Shews of his Time, is lively and ingenious.

T H O S E

THOSE vile Representations of the Adulteries of *Jupiter* and *Venus* make all the People Adulterous, at least in their Thoughts.

CAN'T we divert ourselves without making a Crime of our Joy? What, do we think that unmix'd and pure Joy has no Pleasure in it? And that Diversions are insipid unless they cost a Sin?

INGENIOUS Men are generally good natur'd; and St. *Ambrose* as well as St. *Austin* in this equal'd, or surpass'd *Cicero*, or the younger *Pliny*.

THE Thoughts of that great Doctor of the Church, Arch-Bishop of *Milan*, upon the Death of his Brother *Satyrus*, are the finest and tenderest in the World.

I OUGHT to rejoyce, says he, at first, that I had such a Brother, rather than to be troubled that I have lost a Brother.

THIS is St. *Jerom*'s Thought upon *Nepotian*, in what he wrote to *Heliodorus*,

dorus, to comfort him for the Death of his Nephew.

· T H O' this Funeral Pomp is only for a private Man, adds *St. Ambrose*, 'tis a publick Concern, the Tears are universal. But that Mourning which is accompany'd with the Tears of all the World, and consecrated by a general Sorrow, ought not to last long.

T H E Poor especially mourn'd for him, and 'tis their Tears which have obtain'd remission of his Sins; 'tis their Groans which hide all the Horror and Grief of his Death.

T H E N affectionately turning his Discourse to his Brother, he says; You was always with me, with the Affection of a Brother, and the Care of a Father. You had all the Concern for me that an old Man has for a Favourite Young-one, and all the Respect that a young Man has for an Old one, whom he honours. So that tho' you was related to me but in one Degree of Blood, you pay'd me all the Duties and all the Offices, that several Ties of Blood and Affection could oblige to;

so

so that I regret and loose in you not only one dear Friend, but a great many at once, whose Loss infinitely affects me.

WHAT shall I do, I that succeed my own Heir? St. *Ambrose* goes on; What shall I do, that survive what was dearer to me than my own Life? What thanks can I pay you? What can I do for you? I have nothing but Tears to give you; and, perhaps, sure of your Happiness, you don't require Tears of me, which is all that is left me now you are gone: For before you dy'd, you forbid me weeping, and let me know that my Trouble was more afflicting than Death to you. My Tears will not let me go any farther upon this Subject, the Regard which I have for you forbids me, lest that Mourning for my Loss, I seem to despair of your Salvation; and then I confess it, you yourself alleviate my Grief: I have nothing to fear now whose Fears were all for you. I have nothing now that the World can take from me.

LOVE of you made Life a Pleasure to me, and the same Love makes Death no Trouble to me ; I can't find in my Heart to survive you one Moment.

ALL these Thoughts plainly shew that the holy Fathers were neither cruel, nor insensible, and that they join'd Tenderness of Heart with strength of Wit.

AFTER the Saint had thank'd Heaven that his Brother was return'd from *Sicily* and *Africa*, he comforts himself thus for the Death of so dear and amiable a Brother, at the Sight of his Coffin.

I AT length possess what I love, and what no Voyage can snatch from me any more. I have at least the precious Remains of Him which I can hourly embrace: I have a Tomb which I can cover with my Body, and lay myself down upon.

WOULD to God I could have oppos'd my Body to Death to have kept off his Strokes from you. Ah! if any one should have went to stab you with
a Sword

a Sword, I would have presented my Body to have receiv'd the Wound myself. If I could have stopp'd your Soul when it was leaving her Body, I wou'd freely have parted with my own.

W H A T he says after is exquisitely delicate. It was no Advantage to me, that I caught your last Sighs, and breath'd mine into your dying Mouth: Alas! I thought I should have made an Exchange, have brought your Death upon me, and communicated my Life to you. How dear, tho' sad, were those Kisses! How sorrowful were those Embraces in which you expir'd! I tenderly embrac'd you, but presently lost what I had in my Arms: I gather'd your last Breath off your Lips with a Design to die with you, but I can't tell how, this last Breath is become a Breath of Life to me, even to make me find a new Pleasure and Delight in Death itself; that since I could not stop your flying Soul with my Sighs, and prolong your Life, I wish'd that your last Breath would have animated my Body, and communicated the Pu-

urity and Innocency of your Soul to me: This, my dearest Brother, was all the Heritage that I desir'd.

FRATERNAL Love can hardly go any farther. The Profane Orators, and even the Poets, know nothing of it in Comparison to St. *Ambrose*; and yet he improves upon these Thoughts with others of more Life and Delicacy.

CAN I ever cease to think of you, or think of you without Tears? Can I ever forget a Brother of so much Merit, or remember him without weeping, with a sort of Pleasure in my Grief? For what Pleasure have I ever saw in Life which did not proceed from you? What, I say, was ever agreeable to me without you, or to you without me?

HE then speaks of his Sister, who was extremely afflicted for the Death of her dear Brother, and would not leave the Grave of the Deceas'd; he says then, What must I do with myself, who must not die because I shall leave a desolate Sister behind me, nor live to be separated from you? THEN

T H E N he says, in a Transport of
 Grief, How cruel were my Eyes, which
 could see a Brother dying? How cruel
 were my Hands, which clos'd the
 Eyes that illumin'd me more than my
 own? How alter'd from what you
 was do I see you, my dear Brother?
 You give me no Answer, you give me
 no Sign of your Affection: Yet I believe
 you Happy in dying so *apropos* in
 the Flower of your Age. You was
 not taken away from us, but from
 Dangers. You have not lost Life, but
 you have the Advantage of not fear-
 ing the Misfortunes that hang over
 our Heads. Once more, you are Hap-
 py in dying in so favourable a Juncture,
 in not being reserv'd for the Ills that
 we suffer.

T H E S E last Thoughts are bor-
 row'd, or imitated, the one from *Cicero*,
 and the other from *Virgil*. The First
 is like what the *Roman* Orator says of
Crassus, who dy'd before the Misfor-
 tunes of the Republick; and that Life
 did not seem so much to be taken away
 from him by the Immortal Gods, as

Death given him as a Favour. The other Thought, as *Nannius* remarks in his Notes upon St. *Ambrose*, is altogether like that in the *Æneid* upon a Trojan Lady that dy'd before her Son, who was slain in his Youth.

THE Saint's Tenderneſs don't ſtop there, after having ſaid that his Brother was always in his Thoughts, that his Image was always preſent with him; that he was continually ſpeaking to him, and affectionately embracing him in his Mind; he adds, Sleep, which while you was alive, interrupted our Converſation, and depriv'd us of the Pleaſure of ſeeing and entertaining ourſelves, is become ſweet to me, becauſe in ſome Manner it brings you back to me.

HE ſays farther, The Nights would be intolerable, and the moſt cruel to him, if his Dreams did not bring before his Eyes the Friend that he could now waking ſee no more.

IN fine, to conclude this Funeral Diſcourſe, he comes to deſire to die that he might not be parted from his Brother.

Brother. Expect me, I beg you, who passionately desire to follow you ; and if you find that I stay too long, call me, for we never were absent so long from one another. And you was us'd to rejoin me ; since then you can't now come again, I will go to you, as it is fair, that I should return the Favour and revisit you in my Turn. We made no Distinction in what relates to Life, every Thing was common between us, Health and Sicknes ; so that when one was Sick, the other was ; and when one began to recover, the other recover'd at the same Time : How have we lost our Right ; and how comes it that when Sickness was common to us, Death was not ?

NOTHING finite according to St. *Jerom* continues long. Every Thing passes away, every Thing vanishes in a little Time. Who could believe that *Rome*, born in Victories, and become the Mistress of the World by her Conquests, should fall so soon to decay, and serve herself as a Sepulchre to her own People, to whom she had been as a Mother.

S T.

S T. *Austin's* Reasoning upon what the Guards of our Lord's Sepulchre said, is the Strongest and Plainest in the World.

H I S Disciples, say they, came by Night and stole Him away while we slept. The Saint says upon this.

W H O is this that gives this Evidence? A Man that was asleep: How foolish is this! If you was awake, why did you let this be done? If you was asleep, how did you know it?

S T. *Eucher's* Epistle to *Valerian* upon the Contempt of the World is full of Beauties; see one of them worthy of our Attention.

W H A T Value can we have for the Honours of the Age, when we see the Wicked obtain them indifferently with the Virtuous; and an eminent Dignity confounds the Good and the Wicked instead of distinguishing them? While, I say that great Post, which the most Virtuous ought to possess in preference to the most Vitious, makes
them,

them, in a Manner, equal : And, by a Method altogether new, we now see in nothing so little Difference between a good and a bad Man, as in Posts of Honour. Is it not more Honourable to choose to live in Obscurity and Contempt, than to be honour'd after this Manner ? And is it not better to be Valuable for our own Merit, than for Honours that are equally bestow'd on Vice and Virtue ?

T H E R E is a fine Encomium and an exquisite Satyr join'd together, in what *St. Bernard* says in Honour of a Cardinal who went in Quality of Apostolick Legate into a Country abounding with Gold and Silver Mines, and came back so poor from his Legateship that he could hardly reach *Italy* for want of Conveyance.

To do justice to the Disinterestedness of the Cardinal, and at the same Time condemn the Avarice that then reign'd at the Court of *Rome*, the Saint cries thus.

I s

Is not this the Practice of another Age, that a Legate should return from a Gold Country without bringing any with him? That he should have pass'd through Lands rich with Silver Mines, and not have known that any Silver was to be found there?

ONE of the beautiful Places in *Salvian* is where he reproaches the People of *Treves* for asking the Emperors to give them the Plays of the *Circus* after their Town was taken.

YOU desire then, says he to them, Shews? And this all Miserable, Captive, and Ruin'd as you are, after so much Blood, and so many Tears, after all the Disasters, and all the Horrors of a sack'd Town. What is more Deplorable, or more worthy of Pity than such Folly, and such Extravagance? I own, I thought you unhappy when you were to suffer the worst of Ills, but I find you are more so when you come from them to ask Publick Diversions; for I thought in your greatest Disgrace you had only lost
your

[III]

your Goods, I did not know that you had lost your Sense and Understanding.

Y o u look then after Shews, adds he? You ask Princes to give you the Plays of the *Circus*? But, by your Favour, for what People, for what Town do you ask this? For a Town burnt down and destroy'd, for a desolate People, the greatest Part of which is perish'd, and the Remaining is in Sorrow, is wasted by Grief and Sadness; so that one hardly knows which has the hardest Fortune, those that are dead, or those that are alive: For the Miseries of the Living are so great that they surpass the Misfortunes of the Dead.

Y o u ask then Publick Plays, but tell me, where would you have them exhibited? Shall it be upon the Ashes, upon the Blood and Bones of the Slain?

F O R, indeed, what Place of the Town is without the dismal Marks of War? Where don't we see Bodies yet all bloody, Members mangled and torn into Pieces? Terror reigns thro' all, the Image of Death appears on
all

all Sides ; the Remains of an unfortunate Town sigh over the Graves of their unhappy Friends, who could not escape the Fury of the Sword, and yet you desire Shews. The Town yet smokes with the Fire that has consum'd all the Houses of it, and you assume Airs of Gaiety ; all is in mourning, and you give yourselves up to joy. You even provoke the Anger of Heaven by shameful Softnesses and sacrilegious Superstitions. In truth, I am not surpriz'd that so many Ills are come upon you ; for, in short, since three Sackings of your Town don't correct you, you have deserv'd to perish in the Fourth.

ALL this is ingeniously thought, and we can't find greater Strokes of Eloquence in *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*.

ST. *Cyprian* ingeniously defines the Virginity which the holy Martyrs consecrate to God, and which they keep even to the Grave ; a glorious Representation of the Life to come, an innocent Infancy always lasting.

HE

HE says in another Place, speaking to the Virgins; What we shall one Day be, you are already: You possess before-hand in this World the Glory of the Resurrection.

SAINT *Bernard* hath all the same Thoughts otherwise conceiv'd, and express'd in other Terms.

CHASTITY is, according to him, the only Virtue that in this mortal Time of sojourning here represents, in a Manner, the State of Happiness and immortal Glory.

TERTULLIAN gives a great Idea of it, when he says, To live in Chastity is a greater Thing than to die for it.

WHAT St. *Ambrose* adds is an Improvement upon all this; Virginity is not precisely laudable because it is found in Martyrs, but because this itself makes Martyrs.

UPON God raising up young *Daniel* to confound the infamous Elders that accus'd *Susannah*, St. *Maximus* elegantly says,

CHASTITY

CHASTLY obtains a Favour from God whenever she is so happy as to meet with a Virgin Judge; for she is sure of Victory at the Tribunal of Virginitie. A wise and modest Man should only hear the Cause of a wise and modest Woman: Chastity deserves to have a Judge before whom Modesty runs no Risque.

S T. *Gregory Nazianzen's Christian* Philosopher seems to me much above *Seneca's* Wise Man, and *Aristotle's* Magnanimous One.

T H A T is a superior Genius, and an extraordinary Temper, which looks upon the Misfortunes and Crosses of Life as the Seed of the most heroick Virtues. This Man exults in Adversity, he glories in ill Fortune: Torments don't discompose the Serenity of his Face, much less change the Stedfastness of his Heart. Nothing is able to pull him down, or weaken him: Every Thing yields to the Magnanimity and Wisdom of this Philosopher. If he is spoil'd of the Goods and Conveniencies of Earth, he hath Wings ready to raise

raise him up even to Heaven. He flies into the Bosom of God, who makes him amends for all, and is instead of all Things to him.

T H O, he is compos'd of Matter, he lives as if he was not Material. He is in the World with a Body as if he was a pure Spirit. In the midst of so many Passions and Sufferings which Life is full of, he seems to be impassible: He lets himself be vanquish'd in every Thing except in Courage, and even where he submits, he triumphs over those who seem to be above him.

G O D is angry with us, says Saint *Austin* to a Sinner, where shall we fly to escape his Anger? Wherever I go, says the Saint speaking to himself, I shall find you, Lord; and if I find you when you are angry, I find in you a Judge and Avenger of my Crimes; there is but one Thing then for me to do not to fly from you, but to fly to you. To avoid the Anger of a Man that is your Master, you run to Places where your Master don't come; to avoid the Anger of God, go to God, fling yourself into the Arms of the Lord. **T H I S**

THIS Thought is beautiful and moving, the Heart is as much concern'd in it as the Mind.

WHAT *Salust* and *Florus* say of a certain Air of Valour and Fierceness that was seen in *Catiline's* Face after his Death, has not more Strength than what *St. Bernard* says of *St. Malachy*.

TO see him in his Coffin, he seem'd to be a dead Man alive, or a living Man dead. His Countenance had the same Life, the same Serenity as before: It may be said that Death was so far from taking away his Colour, his Air, and Features, that it added more Life to them: He did not appear himself chang'd, but he chang'd all that saw him; such holy Impressions did the Sight of him make upon their Minds and Hearts.

How vain it is in you to boast of your Nobility, says *St. Ambrose*; you are us'd to observe the Breed of Dogs as well as that of Grandees; you boast as much of the Race of Horses as of Consuls;

Consuls ; but this signifies nothing in a Race-Horse, 'tis not Nobleness of Blood, but speed that wins the Plate. Take care that your Ancestors Virtues don't loose their Lustre in you, and that they be not asham'd to see you bear their Name. The Merit of an Heir don't consist in gilt Cielings adorn'd with Lawrels, nor in *Porphyry* Vessels ; this don't make Men illustrious ; this only makes the Metals more considerable and more precious : Those Metals that are taken out of Mines, to which Men are condemn'd for their Punishment.

THE Elogium which the same Saint makes of St. *Agnes* is full of ingenious Strokes. After having said that she had Piety beyond her Age, and Virtue beyond Nature, he says, her Name was as an Oracle that foretold her Martyrdom : And he adds, If I only call her Martyr, I praise her enough. Let the Wits withdraw, let Eloquence be silent, one Word alone is a Panegyrick for her : As many
Men

Men as call her a Martyr are so many Panegyrist's that celebrate her Praise.

THE St. goes on thus; To what Excess does Cruelty go? Not to spare the tenderest Age? Or rather, how great is the Force of Faith to make even Infancy an Evidence for it.

WAS so small a Body capable of receiving such Wounds? She who seem'd not to have room enough for the Executioner's Sword to enter, triumph'd over it. Young Girls of that Age can't bear the Chagrin, or even the Looks of a Mother that is never so little angry. They cry as much for the Prick of a Pin as if it was a mortal Wound. She has no Fears amidst the cruelest Executioners; far from sinking under the Weight of her Chains and Irons, she goes herself to present all her Body to the Sword of a barbarous and cruel Soldier, not knowing yet what it is to die: She is prepar'd, if She should be dragg'd to the Temples of the False Gods, she is prepar'd, I say, to confess Christ, and to stretch out her Hands to him amidst the

the Fires, where the Incense offer'd to Idols is burnt. What new Sort of Martyrdom is this! She that is not capable yet to suffer, is able to overcome? She that yet hath no Strength to combat, almost without fighting carries the Prize. She is but a Child, but notwithstanding the Weakness of her Age, in Virtue she is a compleat Mistress.

A L L the World wept with seeing her, she alone ne'er shed a Tear. The greatest Part wonder'd that she should be so prodigal of Life, that hardly yet enjoy'd it, and yet laid it down as if she had her Fill of it. All wonder that a Girl twelve Years old, who could not dispose of her own Person, should be a Testimony to the Divinity: In fine, she behav'd herself so, that her Evidence which would not have been receiv'd by Man, was receiv'd by God.

W H A T Menaces did the Executioners not use to frighten her? What Caresses to perswade her? How many Lovers cast their Eyes upon her? I shall
injure

injure my Spouse, says she, If I try to please any other Eyes but his. He that first made choice of me shall alone have me. Why do you that are to kill me delay to give me the mortal Stroke. Destroy this Body, least it pleases those that I would not please.

C O U L D any Thing be imagin'd finer, or more eloquent? What Saint *Ambrose* adds for the Conclusion, is yet more beautiful. You might have seen the Executioner tremble, as if he was going to be punish'd himself; you might have seen him pale and chill'd with Fear at the sad Fate of the young Lady, while she was in no Fear at all for herself. You have a double Martyrdom in the same Victim, the Martyrdom of Modesty, and that of Religion. She kept the Flower of her Virginity, and gain'd the Crown of Martyrdom.

S T. *Chrysologue* diverts himself, if I dare say so, with the Martyrdom of the holy Innocents and in some Manner imitates those Painters who when they

they please, out of the most frightful and horrid Objects, make pleasant Pictures. A Company of young Soldiers of the same Age with the Prince for whom they were born, choose rather to die before him than with him: These faithful Soldiers of Christ begin to fight before they begin to live; to go through the Perils of War before the Plays of Infancy; to shed their Blood under the Executioner's Sword before they have suck'd all their Mother's Milk. Their Zeal for the Glory of their King will not let them stay 'till their Body is full grown and ripe. They fly from their Mother's Bosom to Death, as to dwell in Heaven before they dwelt on Earth.

THESE happy Infants, adds the Saint, are truly Martyrs of Grace, they confess Christ without speaking, they fight, they triumph, they die for him without knowing him.

BUT what shall we say of the King himself, who ought to keep his Ground, and yet flies alone? This Flight is not the Effects of a base Fear but of a tender Love. G I r

IF Christ had stood unmov'd, the Synagogue might have own'd them for their Children, but the Church had not own'd them for her Martyrs.

S^T. *Paulinus* does Justice to the Merit of *Melania*, a Roman Lady, very famous in the first Ages of *Christianity*, when he says, What a Woman is this, if she may be call'd a Woman, that hath such a masculine and strong Piety, that tho' she is illustrious by the Blood of Consuls, her Ancestors, makes herself yet more noble by despising this Nobility.

THERE can't be a more beautiful Thought than what St. *Cyprian* says in two Words upon Martyrdom. Its Virtue is such, that it obliges you to believe the Truths of Faith, tho' it makes you die in the Support of them.

S^T. *Fulgence* gives a beautiful Picture of the Circumstances of the Death of the Forerunner of Christ.

T H E

THE Hall for the Feast is ready, says he, this is the Theatre where an immodest Woman is to slay the Prophet, not with her Hands but her Feet. The Daughter of *Herodias* steps in Time and Measure to please *Herod*, and to ask the Death of *Jahn Baptist*. She dances so, in order to please, and knows how to please so well that she Murders.

THE Blood of the Head just cut off, adds this Father, run yet in the Basen; this was the only Dish that was wanting to so sumptuous a Feast: The Heads of Fishes, and of the most exquisite Animals had without doubt been already upon the Table; but what was this to the Magnificence and Pleasure of a cruel King? These Sorts of Dishes might have been seen at a private Man's Table. At a Royal Feast the Entertainment would not have been grand without a Human Head. And what made the Thing less common was, that the Prophet's Head was brought all bloody out of the Prison. Kings are us'd upon Festi-
 G 2 val

val Days to search the Earth and the Sea for Things to make their Feasts more Magnificent and Delicious ; the Dungeons furnish *Herod* with a Rarity for his.

S T. *Jerom* taking occasion from the Saviour of Men being born in a Stable, finely reproves the Luxury of the rich Men of the Age. Where are those vast Portico's, those gilt Cielings, those grand Houses lin'd with Marble and Porphyry, all shining with Gold and Azure, or rather adorn'd by the Sweat and Toil of miserable Wretches condemn'd to the Mines ? Where are the Palaces not of Monarchs and Princes, but of private Men, who have built themselves sumptuous Dwellings that they may walk the Body that is made of Clay in magnificent Apartments, adorn'd with rich Furniture, and have Objects in their Houses which they may view with more pleasure than the Heaven itself, as if there could be any Thing there more beautiful than this Universe.

W H A T

WHAT *Salvian* says of the Obligation that every one owes to the Saviour of the World is very well thought.

As Christ suffer'd for all Men in general, he suffer'd for every Man in particular ; he gave himself wholly to all, and wholly to every one ; and by that, as we owe to our Saviour all that he did in his Passion, every one owes the same to him ; unless, perhaps, every one owes more to him than all together do, because that every Man in particular has receiv'd as much as all Men together have.

THE Martyrdom of the *Machabees* furnishes St. *Ambrose* with beautiful Strokes : I don't know which ought to be admir'd most, the Form, or the Matter.

THESE holy Martyrs fell one upon another full of Wounds ; their bleeding Bodies were heap'd together at the Place where the Execution was just done. At such a tragical Sight their Mother did not shed one Tear, did

not breathe one Sigh: She did not close the Mouths, nor the Eyes of her dying Sons; she did not wash their Wounds, being perswaded that it would be more glorious for them to appear cover'd with Blood and Dust, as Conquerors us'd who come from Battle: She thought that she ought not to bury them, and that the only Funeral Honour she had to pay them was to die with them.

WHAT shall I say of you, generous Children of a holy Mother? You have stood out against the Fury of a Tyrant whose Arms have subdu'd the whole Universe; whose Yoke *India* itself at the Extremity of the most distant Seas, has gone under. You alone without any Preparation of War, and almost without fighting, have triumph'd over so proud a Monarch.

UPON *Antiochus* ordering the Tongue of one of the seven Martyrs to be cut out, *St. Ambrose* makes the young Martyr, before the Order was executed, speak thus,

YOU

TOU are vanquish'd Antiochus, when you go to take away the Use of the Instrument of Speech. This is to confess yourself that you are not able to answer our Reasons, and that you are more afraid of the Reproaches that our Tongues can give you, than we are of the Torments that you can make us suffer.

TOU think, perhaps, to defend yourself by hindering us from speaking, but God hears the Silent, and sooner hears them than those who speak. In vain you tear out my Tongue, you can't take away my Courage, nor my Faith; you can't hinder me from witnessing the Truth, you can't hinder me from making my Heart understood. If my Tongue is cut out, my Blood will cry aloud, and these Words will reach your Ears, The Voice of your Brother's Blood cries against you. What signify Words, Wounds speak louder. And don't flatter yourself, that by taking away the Instrument of Speech, you take away the Means of confessing and praising the Lord: We have already prais'd Him with our Words, and 'tis Time for us to praise Him with our Martyrdom.

ST. *Gregory Nazianzen's* Thought upon the Courage of the Martyrs is noble.

THEY fought, says he, with Tyrants and with wild Beasts, with Fire and Sword ; they brav'd the Torments with Intrepidity and wonderful Chearfulness, as if they suffer'd in other Bodies, and not in their own, or rather as if they had no Bodies at all.

THE Portrait which the same Father makes of *Julian* the Apostate in four or five Words, is very horrid, and very like.

THIS unhappy Prince unites in himself the Crimes and the Vices of the most wicked Princes in Scripture ; the Apostacy of *Jeroboam*, the Cruelty of *Ahab*, the Implety of *Nebuchadonassor*, the Hardness of *Pharouh*.

THE Saint adds, that *Julian* was a publick Enemy, and that all Ages past had not produc'd such a Monster, tho' there had been Deluges, Fires, Earthquakes, Men and Beasts of a monstrous Shape.

A L L

ALL this is strong and terribly eloquent.

THE Reason that *St. Bernard* gives for the eternal Punishment of a Sin, that sometimes lasts but for a Moment, is equally ingenious and solid.

THE temporal Sin of an inflexible and obstinate Will is doubtless eternally punish'd, because tho' it is short in regard to the Time, or the Action, 'tis of a long duration in regard to an obstinate Will; so that the guilty Person would never have ceas'd to have desir'd to sin, if he had never dy'd, or rather he would have desir'd always to have liv'd, that he might have had always the Power of sinning.

THEREFORE one may say of him, adds the Saint, that in a little space he fill'd up the Measure of endless Time; so that as he never desir'd to change his Design in any Time, he deserv'd to suffer the Punishment of his Sin through all Time.

THE bitterest Tears, and even Tears shed out of Grief, have their Sweetness and Pleasure: There is, according to St. *Ambrose*, a certain Pleasure in weeping, and 'tis sometimes a sort of Consolation to an afflicted Man to be thoroughly sensible of his Affliction.

AL L the Sublime of *Longinus* don't come near the sacred Enthusiasm of St. *Chrysostom* upon occasion of the Chains of the Apostle of the *Gentiles*.

IF any one would give me the Choice of all Heaven, or the Chain of St. *Paul*. I would instantly prefer St. *Paul's* Chain to all Heaven. If any one would give me a Place among the Angels above the Heavens, or put me in the Bottom of an obscure Dungeon Prisoner with St. *Paul*, I would choose the Prison and the Chains. For, in fine, nothing is better than to suffer for Christ. I think St. *Paul* was not so happy in being rapt up to the third Heaven as in being loaded with Chains. I had rather a thousand Times be persecuted

secuted for Christ than to be honour'd
for Him. Persecution is an Honour
that surpasses and eclipses all other.

S T. Jerom, to shew that Self-Love
is found in every Thing, and when
we renounce Luxury, we indulge
Pride, elegantly says, We are con-
ceited and proud of our Meanness and
Rags; we make a Shew of our Pover-
ty, and display it to the Eyes of the
World to be valu'd for it.

TERTULLIAN's Thought
to raise the Merit of the Flesh, that
is so vile and abject in itself, is equally
noble and fine.

'Tis this which loaded with Iron in
dark Dungeons, torn upon the Wooden
Horses and Wheels, endeavours to
make itself like Christ in dying for
Him: Oftentimes by the Punishment
of the Cross itself, and sometimes by
other Sorts of Deaths more cruel; by
all the exquisite Punishments that in-
genious Cruelty can make it suffer:
What Happiness, what Glory is it for
this

this Flesh to be able to pay so great a Debt to our Lord Jesus Christ; so that if it owes any Thing more to Him, 'tis for being acquitted for what it ow'd, being so much the more indebted for seeming to be intirely acquitted.

THE Fathers say beautiful Things upon the Excellence and Value of the Soul.

TERTULLIAN calls the Soul of Man the Resemblance of the divine Intelligence, and the Breath of the Spirit of God.

THE Saviour of the World, says St. *Austin*, has pay'd upon the Cross the Price of our Ransom, he hath shed even the last Drop of his Blood. O *Christian* Soul, set a high Value on thyself, and have Thoughts worthy of thyself; see what you cost!

IF we believe *Salvian*, there is not even a Devil who don't agree but that our Souls are infinitely precious, and that they deserve to be very dear to us. What Madness is it in you, says this Father

Father in his Zeal, to look upon your Souls as so vile and abject Things, which the Devil himself thinks so noble and valuable ; to despise and set them at nought, which the Enemy himself of your Salvation judges that they ought to be dear to you, while he tries to make you despise them ; to neglect the Soul in this Manner, is to love it less than the Devil thinks that it deserves.

T H E Elogium that St. *Cyprian* makes of Modesty, is worthy of it : He calls it the Honour of the Body, the Ornament of Manners, the Holiness of Sexes, the Peace of Families, the Source of Unity and Concord. And he then says, She don't trouble herself to please any but herself, she is adorn'd only with Modesty, she is very sure that she is beautiful if she displeases the Wicked : In fine, she seeks after no foreign Ornaments, she is to herself her own Ornament, and all her Glory.

A M O N G

A M O N G Women, if we believe *St. Jerom*, the Reputation of an honest Person is a very tender Thing. 'Tis like a beautiful Flower, which the least Wind, a little Breath fades and decays; especially when a Woman is Young, in the Age most prone to Pleasure, and while she is not engag'd in Marriage, for then that is a Cover which shelters a Woman's Reputation.

T H E R E was not, perhaps, a more ingenious Man than *St. Austin*, and, perhaps, there was never one seen of more good Nature, and of a more affectionate friendly Soul; we may believe this upon his own Word, and what is more affecting and charming in him is, that the Beauty of his Wit serv'd him upon a thousand Occasions to express the Tenderness of his Heart.

A F T E R having declar'd from the Beginning of his Confessions, that in his Youth he only delighted to love, and to be belov'd, he then paints to
the

the Life the miserable Condition that he was in for the Death of one of his intimate Friends.

A L L that I look'd upon had the Air of Death, and seem'd Death itself to me. My own Country was a Place of Exile and Punishment to me ; my Father's House an unhappy Abode : The most delightful Conversations that I had with my Friend cruelly martyr'd me while I wanted him ; my Eyes sought after him in all Places and found him in none ; all Things in the World became odious to me, because they did not restore him to me whom I lost, and nothing in his Absence said to me as before, he will shortly come. I had no Pleasure in Life but in Weeping, and my Tears were in a Manner instead of that dear Friend who was all my Delight.

A L L this is fine and natural, but the rest is a little too refin'd, as I have remark'd in another Place. And I am certain, if St. Austin had wrote his Thoughts in the Depth of his Affliction he would not have made all these nice Reflections, which he might have made when Time had allay'd so violent Grief as his was.

H E

HE doubtless would not have said
in the first Moments of his Sorrow,

I WAS so miserable that I was more
in love with my miserable Life than with
that dear Friend who was the Cause of my
Misery. For tho' I would have chang'd a
Life so unhappy, yet I no more lik'd to part
with it, than with the Person whom I
mourn'd the Loss of. I don't know, if I
was not ne'ertheless willing to die for him,
as it is related, if not feign'd, of Orestes
and Pilades, who would have dy'd one for
the other, or at least, together, because
that for one to live without the other was
worse than Death to them. But I har-
bour'd some strange Opinion intirely dif-
ferent. I had an extreme Disgust for
Life, and at the same Time was afraid of
dying. I thought that even the more I
lov'd my Friend, the more I hated Death
that took him away from me. I thought
that merciless Death went to cut off all
Men because it did not spare him. I was
surpriz'd to see other Men alive, seeing
him, whom I lov'd as immortal, dead.
And I was yet more surpriz'd to see myself
alive after his Death who was another self.

to him. To speak truly, a certain Poet justly call'd his Friend half his Soul. Thus I found by Experience, that my Soul and his were but one Soul in two Bodies, therefore Life was a Horror to me because I was not willing to be but half alive. And, perhaps, I fear'd to die, lest he whom I so dearly lov'd should be wholly dead.

WE can hardly see any where more Wit than there is in all these Reflections, and 'tis a Disadvantage that there is too much of it. Nature is not so ingenious, and true Grief speaks in a more simple Language, as St. *Austin* owns himself in the second Book of his *Recantations*.

AFTER he has play'd thus, if I may say so, with a mournful Subject, he comes to the Life and Nature again, and has that Wit only which is proper to Affliction.

WHAT Folly is it not to know how to love Men as Men! how senseless is Man to grieve without Measure for the Loss of human and perishable Things! I was in a continual Agitation, Sighing, Weeping, Restless, not knowing what Council to take,
finding

finding on no Side Consolation, or Repose. The Beauty of the Woods, Plays, Musick, the most excellent Perfumes, the most sumptuous Feasts, Sleep, Reading, all the Charms of Poetry were not able to assuage my Grief. Every Thing was terrible to me, even the Light. Or rather every Thing which was not what I lov'd was odious and insupportable to me, except Sighs and Tears, which alone gave me some little Comfort.

THE Death of John Baptist furnishes St. Ambrose with beautiful Thoughts, and the antient profane Orators could not have handled this Subject more ingeniously, or more eloquently than he.

AFTER having said, upon Herod's sending to cut off John Baptist's Head, to keep the Oath that he had just made. What a new Sort of Religion is this! he would have done less Evil if he had forswore himself? I don't know which ought to give me most Horror, the Oath, or the faithful Performance of it. The Perjuries of wicked Princes are more Innocent than their most religious Oath.

Oath. After having said too, who that saw him run from the Room where the Entertainment was to the Prison, would not have thought that it was to release the Prisoner? He then cries out, *What has Cruelty to do with Pleasure? Death with Dainties? This Dish was fit for a cruel Heart which all the Dainties of a Feast could not satisfy.*

HE then addresses himself to Herod, *See, cruel Prince, Sights worthy of a Feast like yours, and since the Wines of your Table can't quench your Thirst, drink the Blood that yet gushes out from the Veins of that sever'd Head. See those Eyes, even in Death, Witnesses of your Crimes, which can't bear the Sight of Debaucheries; 'tis the Horror of your Crimes that shuts them more than the fatal Necessity of Nature. That sacred Mouth, whose Rebukes you could not bear is silent, and tho' mute makes you yet afraid.*

ST. Ambrose adds, *The Tongue which generally after Death keeps some Remains and Marks of Life, by its Palpitation condemn'd the Incest.*

HERODIAS

HERODIAS to whom the Head of *John Baptist* was brought, triumphs and leaps for Joy, as if she was not guilty, because she had massacred her Judge.

A L L these Thoughts are exquisite.

T H E Reflection which *St. Austin* makes upon those Words of the Wicked, *Let us eat and drink, for to Morrow we die*, is full of Sense and Wit.

W H A T do you say? repeat what you just said, *Let us eat and drink*; say you; but what did you say after, for to Morrow we die? You have frighten'd me, you have not seduc'd me. *Tea*, by these last Words you are so far from making me be of your Opinion that you make me against you; you only terrify me. You said, for to Morrow we die, and you said before, *Let us eat and drink*. This is not just Reasoning, but I will tell you what you ought to say, according to the Rules of good Sense, *Let us fast and pray, for to Morrow we die*.

S A L.

SALVIAN gives a Loose to his Zeal, and to his Wit at the same Time, upon Occasion of the little Faith and Religion that is in the World.

O MISFORTUNE! O Perverseness! says he, *One Man believes another upon his Word, and yet a Man don't believe God upon his. We hope for what a Man promises, and not for what God does. All human Affairs are carry'd on by the Hope of what is to come; even this Temporal Life is subsisted and supported only by Hope: God only is not trusted.*

UPON Ahab desiring to have *Naboth's Vineyard*, *St. Ambrose* cries aloud, *O rich Men, where do your foolish Passions carry you? How far do you extend your Possessions, would you engross all the Earth to yourselves alone? How comes it that you drive out those whom Nature hath given you for Companions; and appropriate to yourselves a Command of what Nature has made common. The Earth was made indifferently for the Rich and Poor; why then do*

do you attribute it to yourselves, as your own Patrimony? Nature knows no Rich, who brought us all Poor into the World. For, in fine, we are not born with fine Cloaths, nor with Silver and Gold. She who brought us into the World without Cloaths and Food, will receive us again quite naked into her Bosom. She don't know how to contain our Possessions and Estates in the Grave. A little Space of Ground after Death is enough both for the Rich and Poor. Nature then produces us all alike, and makes us all die without any Difference. Who can find out the different Conditions of the Dead? Open the Sepulchres, view the dead Bodies, move the Ashes, and distinguish, if you can, the Rich from the Poor: Perhaps you will know him by the Magnificence of his Tomb, which will only shew you that he possess'd more Goods, or rather that he hath lost more than the Poor Man has.

THE Saint then resumes his first Thought, and shews it in a better Light, against those ambitious rich Men, who having large Estates, always desire to increase them without any Bounds to their Desires. They are
not

not willing to have any Neighbours to dwell with their Fellow-Creatures, as if all belong'd to them: Birds join themselves with Birds, Beasts with Beasts, Fishes with Fishes; and far from disliking to live together they are pleas'd with it; and the greater their Company is the better they are able to defend themselves, You alone, O Man, less sociable than Beasts, can't bear Companions: You bring the Sea into your Land, you extend it as far as possible, to be remote from any Neighbours.

ALL these Thoughts of St. Ambrose are strong and just. He concludes them all with a Stroke of Wit, and with such a Strain of Eloquence that can't be too much admir'd.

AFTER having related what *Abab* says to *Naboth*, Give me thy Vineyard that I may make it for a Garden of Herbs. He adds, Was this then all his foolish Pretence to have a Place fit for simple Potherbs to grow in? Unjust and covetous Man, your Thoughts are more intent upon spoiling the Poor, than upon enriching yourselves. You think yourselves injur'd if the Poor possesses any Thing that may be convenient for the Rich.

Rich. Every Thing that another has is thought your Loss and Disadvantage.

'T **I**s a great Happiness, according to St. Cyprian, not to know the Baits and Charms of Pleasure: But 'tis a great Virtue to resist them when once we have known them.

H **E** says then in the same Place, the greatest of all Pleasures is to conquer Pleasure; and there is no Victory more glorious than that over the Passions; because he that triumphs over an Enemy has the Advantage only over another, whereas he that resists his Passions, has the Advantage over himself.

A **T** last he concludes with a beautiful Sentence; 'Tis easier to conquer all Evil than Pleasure, because that one is all horrible, the other is pleasing and agreeable.

T **H**E Definition that St. Jerom gives of an Anchorit is exact, and points out his essential Character.

A N Anchoret, says he, is not a Man design'd to instruct and teach others, but to mourn for his own Sins, or the Sins of the World.

W H A T he adds upon avoiding the least Opportunities that may lead to Evil, is strong and finely turn'd.

T H E Anchoret forgives himself nothing, and keeps such a Watch upon himself, that he even fears where there is no occasion for Fear.

T H E Answer that St. *Jerom* makes at the same Time to a Man of the World, has as much Wit and Life in it.

Y O U ask me why I go to a Desert; I go thither because I would not see, nor hear you. I go thither, pursues he, for fear that dangerous Objects should make an Impression upon me, and soften my Heart. Perhaps you will say to me, this is not fighting but flying: Keep your Post in the Field of Battle, bravely withstand the Enemy, that you may obtain the Crown when you have gain'd the Victory.

H

I

I O W N my Weakness, answers St. *Jerom* ; I am unwilling to fight with the Hope of Victory, for fear of one Day loosing it : If I fly, I avoid Death: If I stay in the Field, I must either conquer, or die. Why should I not take the surest Part? Why should I expose myself to loose all, when I may hazard nothing? Indeed, you that fight may conquer, but you may likewise be conquer'd. In fine, I don't pretend that my Flight is precisely a Conquest, but I fly only that I may not be conquer'd myself.

T H E present Life abounds with so many Ills, St. *Maximus* ingeniously says, that Death when compar'd to Life, seems a Remedy, and not a Punishment. Thus God was willing that Life should be short, that since the Troubles inseperable from it can't end with Prosperity, they at least should end by the short Duration of Life itself.

NOTHING is more reasonable than what St. *Chrysostom* says upon Prayer,

WE have not recourse to God with the Mind and Thoughts that we ought. It looks as if we expected nothing from Him when we pray to Him: Or rather, to see our Remissness and Indolence, it may be said that we don't desire to obtain, that we don't value the Things that we seem to ask. Yet God would have what is ask'd of him to be ask'd with Earnestness; and far from taking our Importunity ill, He is in some Manner well pleas'd with it. For, in fine, He is the only Debtor who thinks himself oblig'd for the Demands that are made upon Him: He is the only One that pays what we never lent Him: The more He sees us press Him, the more liberal He is. He even gives what He don't owe. If we coldly ask, He differs His Liberalities; not because He don't love to give, but because He would be press'd, and because Violence is agreeable to Him.

LET us approach Him, pursues the Father, in Season and out of Season : But what do I say ? It can never be out of Season in this respect : We are importunate to Him when we are not continually addressing Him ; our Prayers are always in Season to Him, who always desires to grant Favours.

THE Council that *St. Bernard* gives to a Man of the World, is very wise.

IF you are Wise, if you have Reason, don't busy yourself in the Pursuit of Goods, which 'tis a Misfortune to obtain. Happy is he who has not run after Things, the Possession of which embarrasses, the Love Stains, and the Loss afflicts him. Is it not more reasonable for you to give these Things up to the Love of Christ than to Death ? The Thief lies in ambush, and you can neither save your Person, or Goods, from his Hands.

St. Jerom's Thought upon the Ministers of the Word is not the less beautiful because it is common.

W H E N

W H E N you Preach, don't let us hear the Acclamations, but the Groans of the People; let the Tears of the Auditors be your Applause.

T H I S is not altogether what some young Preachers propose to themselves, who study more to please the Ear than to move the Heart; who love to be prais'd, and are mightily pleas'd with themselves, if in the Time of Sermon some Body cries out at the bright Places, or after, the gay and easy Auditors say one to another, how beautiful is that! I am charm'd, I never heard any Thing like it! A Preacher of this Character would be much mortify'd if one should come from his Sermon without speaking a Word, or only explaining one's self by Sighs. Such Praises would not please him, and I don't know whether some old Preachers would be contented with them.

S T. *Chrysostom* has a Thought almost like this of *St. Jerom*.

W H A T Service to me are your Praises, says he, if you profit nothing by my Discourse? And what does it

H 3 concern

concern me that after you have heard me, you say nothing upon my Subject, if I don't see that you are more fervent and holy than you were before? For, in fine, 'tis not the Applause of the Hearers, which is the Praise of a Preacher, 'tis their Zeal for Piety, and their Improvement in Virtue. Applause is only a Sound that is lost in Air; but the Reformation of Life is something solid, that does as much Honour to a Minister of the Gospel, as Good to those who hear it.

PROFANE Authors have said very pretty Things upon the Likeness of two Brothers, but St. *Ambrose* seems to me to improve upon them, speaking of the Likeness between his Brother *Satyrus* and himself.

OUR Minds and our Faces had a certain Likeness so noted and sensible, that one of us might be seen in the other. Who saw you without believing at the same Time that he saw me? How often has it happen'd that I have saluted certain Persons, who said I had done it before, because

because that you yourself had saluted them ? How many Persons have spoke to you of Business, thinking that I was talking to them ? What Pleasure was it to me to see them thus mistaken ? How agreeable was their Error to me ! How pleasant was it to be charg'd myself upon your Account ! For I had nothing to fear either from your Actions, or Words ; they did me a Favour by laying what was Personal to you upon me. People in vain were earnest with me that they had trusted their Secret with me ; I answer'd them, smiling with Joy, Take Care that 'tis not my Brother whom you have put this Confidence in. For tho' we had the same Mind, the same Air, and the same Features, and all was common between us, the Secrets of our Friends alone were not ; not that there was any Danger in communicating them, but we thought ourselves inviolably oblig'd to conceal them.

WE may put among the Characters of the Manners of the Age that which

St. *Ambrose* gives of certain Women, great Comedians, who having lost Husbands, which they did not love; and overjoy'd to be at their Liberty, act the desolate Widows, cry aloud, as if they were afraid the World should not know their Loss. Affect Negligence in their Cloaths, to make it thought that they renounce Dress and Extravagance; appear sometimes with their Hair unty'd, and almost naked, even a little beyond Modesty, as if Affliction had made them forget Decency. The St. says upon this Subject, that a Mourning-Habit often hides a loose Heart, and that sometimes a sorrowful Behaviour, mournful Airs, and sad Cloaths, are put on to hide the gayest, wantonest Passions within.

THE Men of the World, who are very Rich, and seem to enjoy such happy Fortune, are as Vessels loaden with rich Goods and well fitted out, sailing upon the Sea with a fair Wind; but at the same Time are always in danger of Shipwreck, and the same Wind

Wind that fills their Sails carries them upon Rocks, and into Deeps; miserable to perish.

THIS is St. *Cyprian's* Thought, speaking of the wicked rich Man. The Comparison is just on whatsoever Side 'tis taken.

WHAT does not St. *Jerom* say to *Heliodorus* to perswade him to embrace a solitary Life?

HAPPY *Désart*, cries he, where those choice Stones grow which serve to build the heavenly *Jerusalem*! sacred Retirement, where the Soul enjoys God more familiarly than in another Place.

WHAT do you do, my Brother, in the World, you that are greater than the World? How long will you stay confin'd, and press'd as it were, in small and obscure Houses? How long will you breathe the Smoak and corrupted Air of Towns, which are so many Prisons? Believe me, the Day here is more beautiful, the Air more serene and pure.

H 5 .

I F

IF you are frighted at the View of such a vast Solitude, carry your Thoughts to Heaven; you will no more be sensible of the Horror of a Defart, you will be there as if you was not there.

ANOTHER Father says something more than all this, saying that Solitude makes a Man a God.

THE Discourse that St. Gregory Nazianzen puts into the Mouth of some Christian Soldiers who serv'd Julian the Apostate, is very great and noble.

THESE Soldiers, whom the Emperor by his Artifice and Gifts, had engag'd to burn a little Incense before his Statues, at the Bottom of which some false Gods were painted; being come to themselves, and abhorring their Weakness, came all out transported with a holy Zeal, and cry'd in the publick Places; *We are Christians, we are Christians from our Hearts. Let all Men hear us, and may God especially hear us, to whom we live, for whom we are ready to die. We have not violated, adorable Saviour, the Faith that we have promis'd*

promis'd you; we have not abjur'd the Religion that we profess. If our Hands have done a Fault, our Hearts are free: The Emperor's Artifice hath surpriz'd us, but his Gold hath not corrupted us; we detest the Impiety that we are reproach'd with; and, if it has stain'd us, we are ready to wipe it out with our Blood.

THEN when they were come to the Emperor, they boldly threw down the Gold that he himself gave them, and said to him aloud, Mighty Prince, this is not a Present that you have made us, 'tis a Sentence of Death that you have pronounc'd against us, we were not call'd to receive a Mark of Honour, but a Note of Infamy; confer such Favours on your Idolatrous Soldiers, we only ask Death from your Hands, that you would sacrifice us to Christ, whom we acknowledge to be alone our God and Master. Instead of Fire, where we have cast Incense, light up one of us, where we may be reduc'd to Ashes. Cut off these Hands that we have reach'd out to receive your Gold, wretched and wicked as we are: Cut off these Feet with which we have run to worship your Statues: Give
your

your Gold to others that can't repent that they have receiv'd it. 'Tis enough, and too much for us to have Christ, which to us is instead of all Things.

NOTHING, in short, is more beautiful than what St. Gregory Nazianzen adds ; that the Emperor would not put them to Death for fear of making them Martyrs, as if they were not so in their Hearts ; that he only banish'd them, to revenge himself, at least by that, for the Contempt they had shewn him ; but that in thinking to punish them he did them a Favour, by removing them from the Sight of such a wicked and dangerous Man.

THOSE rich Misers that give nothing away, and that deny themselves every Thing, are excellently painted by one Stroke of St. Cyprian. They call that *their* Silver, says he, which they keep under Lock and Key, which they so carefully preserve, without making any Use of it, as if it was a Stranger's Silver, and did not belong to them ; they only possess it that another may not

not have the Right of enjoying it.

ST. *Austin* gives us a good Idea of the Greatness of God, when he says to Him,

THOU art all intirely in all Things of the World, and yet; nothing contains Thee all entirely.

ACCORDING to *Tertullian*, God is His own World to Himself, His Place, and all Things.

WHAT is God, says St *Bernard*? 'Tis He without whom nothing does subsist. Nothing is without Him, as He can't be without Himself. He exists to Himself, He exists to all Things, and by that He is in some Manner alone, as he is His own Being, and the Being of all the rest.

THE Comparison that St. *Ambrose* makes between the False Gods of Idolaters, and the True God of the Faithful is very just.

THIS Father relates at first what *Dionysus* the Tyrant did to ridicule his Gods :

Gods : That being in a Temple of *Jupiter*, he robb'd the Statue of the God of a Golden Robe that was upon it, and put on a Woollen one, saying, Gold was cold in Winter, and heavy in Summer. Likewise seeing, *Æsculapius* have a Beard of Gold, he caus'd it to be taken off, because it was not decent for the Son to have a Beard while his Father *Apollo* was without one. Upon that St. *Ambrose* says, Can we adore those who can't defend themselves as Gods, nor hide themselves as Men ?

HE then marks the Difference that there is between God and Idols, by the Example of *Jeroboam* that wicked King, who saw his Hand dry'd up when he took the Treasures from the Temple of God that his Father had put there, and offer'd Incense to Idols upon the holy Altar ; but was heal'd that Moment that he turn'd his Heart towards God, and ask'd Pardon for his Crime.

RELIGION, says the holy Doctor, immediately heal'd the Hand which
Sacrilege

Sacrilege wither'd. The divine Anger and Mercy shone out in the same Person at the same Time ; so that the wicked Man looses the Use of his Hand, and the Penitent obtains Pardon.

WHAT is more irregular, or more absurd, says St. *Maximus*, than for a Man whom his Mother has brought quite naked into the World, whom the Church hath receiv'd quite naked into her sacred Baptismal Font, to desire to enter rich into the Kingdom of God.

THE same Father says in the same Place, and upon the same Subject, that whosoever is loaden with Treasures, and puff'd up with Honours, can't enter by the strait Gate into the Kingdom of God, no more than a Beast of Burden that is heavily loaden and hard set with his Burden, can pass in a very narrow and crooked Way.

WHAT *Tertullian* says of the Patience of God, in respect to the enormous

mous Crimes that are committed in the World, has a good deal of Delicacy in it. God bears, says he, with the most perverse and most ungrateful Nations; he don't punish the Immorality, Avarice, Injustice, and Wickedness which grow every Day more insolent; so that in some Manner he does himself an Injury by his Patience, for this is the Cause why a great many don't believe there is a God.

S T. *Cyprian*, who continually read *Tertullian*, who study'd him as his Master, and who made him his Model, has plainly copy'd him, when he said; The extreme Patience of God has turn'd to the Contempt of his divine Majesty.

TERTULLIAN's Apolegetick is a wonderful Work, and, perhaps, there is not a Piece among all the Antients of greater Strength and Value than that.

As the *Christians* were cited before Tribunals, and treated as Criminals, this learned *African* well marks the Difference

Difference that was seen between them and other Criminals. After having said that Nature hath fix'd either Fear, or Shame to all Evil ; that the Wicked love to hide themselves, and tremble when they are surpriz'd ; that they deny all when they are accus'd ; that they are unwilling to confess any Thing, even amidst Tortures ; and that at last, when they are condemn'd, they deplore their unhappy Fate : See how he expresses himself.

Do the *Christians* behave themselves thus ? Not one is asham'd to be discover'd what he is ; not one repents, unless for not being more a *Christian* : If they are brought to Tryal, they greatly glory in it ; if they are accus'd, they make no Defence. They freely confess the Truth when they are examin'd : When they are condemn'd, they thank their Judges. What Sort of Crime is this ? Those that are guilty of it rejoyce even in Torments ; they wish to be accus'd, and their consequent Punishment is real Happiness.

ST. *Bernard* gives a noble Idea of *Christian Humility*, when he says, 'Tis doubtless a great and rare Virtue to do the greatest Things, and yet not to know our own Greatness; to have a Sanctity shining out to the Eyes of all the World, and only hid to ourselves.

To shew ourselves wonderful Men, and to despise and reckon ourselves nothing, is something, in my Opinion, more wonderful than the Virtues themselves.

THE Reflection that *St. Austin* makes upon the Effects that Death, or the Thought of Death produces, is very ingenious.

EVEN the Punishment of Vices, says this Father, becomes the Instrument of Virtues: Those Men are dead, because they have sinn'd, these don't sin, because they are Mortal.

ST. *Chrysostom* says the same Thing, but in a plainer Manner; for Eloquent as he is, his Turns are not generally so fine; he thinks with Reason, but there
is

is more Solidity in his Thoughts than Elegancy. He says then, Sin has introduc'd Grief and Death into the World; yet, by a wonderful Conduct of Providence, even Sin, which is as the Father of Death and Grief, is destroy'd by Grief and Death.

CICERO, who hath writ so well upon Friendship, has not painted it so well as St. *Austin* has in a few Words. See, says he, what affects me most in the Society of Friends; to entertain ourselves and laugh together, freely to give and receive good Offices, to read agreeable Books together; sometimes to trifle with one another, sometimes to treat with Respect, sometimes to contradict without Animosity, as if a Man contradicted himself, and by little Quarrels that seldom happen, to animate and season the Union of Hearts; to teach our Friend something, and likewise to learn something of him; when he is absent to wish for him with Uneasiness, to expect him with Impatience, to embrace him with
Joy

Joy when he returns. In fine, by all these Demonstrations of Affection, and by other sensible Marks to melt Souls in some Manner together, and of several to make but one.

THIS Picture is beautiful and correct; yet there is one material Stroke wanting, in which *St. Gregory Nazianzen* makes the Nature of Friendship to consist, that is, to have every Thing in Common, Good and Ill, Joy and Grief.

ST. *Jerom*, to stop the Mouth of those who found fault with him for having a Correspondence of Learning with *Eustochium* who was but a young Lady, ingeniously says, that *Ann* and *Deborah* prophesy'd while Men were silent, and that in the Service of Christ; 'tis not the Sex but Virtue that makes a Distinction.

UPON the Devil shewing in a Moment all the Kingdoms of the Earth to our Lord, *St. Ambrose* makes an ingenious Reflection. This don't shew
fo

so much, says this Father, the Shortness of Time that the Enemy of Mankind took to shew our Saviour all mortal Grandeur, as the Shortness of the Duration of it. For all the greatest Splendor and Pomp of the World passes in a Moment, and often the Honours of the Age fly away, even before a Man comes to them.

BELIEVE me upon my Experience, says St. Bernard, you will find more in the Woods than in Books: The Woods and Rocks will teach you what you can't learn of the greatest Masters.

MEANING by this, that to learn the Secrets of Heaven, and the Science of Saints, Solitude is the best School.

SALVIAN, speaking of the ancient Consuls of Rome, which were taken from the Plough, and liv'd in so frugal and plain a Manner; excellently says, The Poverty of the Magistrates then made the Publick very Rich, now their Wealth makes the Publick very Poor. DON'T

DON'T let us deceive ourselves, says *St. Paulin*, upon the Subject of Almsgiving; we are Trafficking with God while we think we are giving to him: Don't let us flatter ourselves that we are Liberal, we are more covetous than the greediest Usurers; and we are so much the more so than they, that instead of acquiring one terrestrial and perishable Thing for another of the same Nature, we part with frail Goods to gain Eternal.

IT belongs only to the Grace of the Gospel, adds the Saint, to change Vices into Virtues, and to make a bad Action become a good Work. The Law of *Moses* forbid Usury, the Law of Christ teaches us how to sanctify it. One declares the Practice of it Unjust, the other teaches the Means to make it Lawful. Put your Money to Usury, but put it out to Christ, and your Usury will be Innocent.

THE strongest and sharpest Strokes of Eloquence in the *Philippicks* of *Cicero* against

against *Anthony*, in my Opinion, are not worth four, or five Words of St. *Gregory Nazianzen* against *Julian* the Apostate. He is, says this Father, most cruel Persecuter next to *Herod*, the most perfidious Traytor next to *Judas*, the most unjust Murderer of *Christ* next to *Pilate*, and the most mortal Enemy of God next to the *Jews*.

'T is said of *Origen*, to give an Idea of his great Learning, that he was a living Library : And St. *Jerom* says of *Nepotian*, that by much Reading and Meditating he made a Library in himself, which might be call'd the Library of Jesus Christ, because that all his Reading, and all his Meditations related to the Eternal Truths that Jesus Christ taught Men.

THE Expression is a little bold, but well shews the Thought.

THE Reason that St. *Austin* gives to engage the *Christians* to make a bold Profession of *Christianity*, is plain and natural.

natural, but not less strong and elegant.

SEE that you are not ashamed of your Religion; let it be in your Mouth what it is in your Heart; for it was not without Reason that Christ was pleas'd to have his Sign imprinted on the Forehead, as upon the Seat of Modesty; this was, that a *Christian* should not be ashamed of Ignominy, and of the Cross of Christ.

UPON Occasion of the Blasphemers, which were not punish'd at *Antioch*, and upon the Outrage that the People did to the Statues of *Theodosius*, *St. Chrysostom* has a just and sublime Thought.

WE have neglected the Affronts done to the Master of Heaven, and He has permitted us to affront the Master of the Earth, who will revenge his own Injuries, and God's at the same Time.

ST. *Jerom* finishes the Life of *St. Paul* the Hermit, by addressing himself to the Rich Men of the Age. You

ele-
l of
uth
was
was
on
Mo-
uld
of
ne-
/n-
he
fi-
ne
ts
nd
a-
ge
e
r.
a-
u

ele-
l of
uth
was
was
on
Mo-
uld
of
ne-
/n-
he
fi-
ne
ts
nd
a-
ge
e
r.
a-
u

Rich, having been delicately fed, stink the more.

THE Advice that *St. Paulin* gives to a Wit of his Time, is turn'd in a very agreeable and ingenious Manner.

YOU know, he writes to him, all the Beauties of the Poets, and you, it seems, have collected all their Flowers. You are a perfect Master of the Eloquence of the most famous Orators. You have drawn the Knowledge of Philosophy, even from the Source. You have added to so rich a Foundation, by the Study of foreign Languages; joining the Softness of the *Greek* to the Majesty of your own. Tell me, I pray you, where is your Business while you are over *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*? You have always Leisure for these sorts of Amusements, but none when you should study Jesus Christ; that is to say, the Wisdom of God. You have even Time to be a Philosopher, but not to be a *Christian*. Change the System, be a *Peripatetick* to God, and a *Pythagorean* to the World. By

By these last Words the Saint exhorts him, to whom he writes, to do for Eternal Salvation, what the Disciples of *Aristotle* and *Pythagoras* do for worldly Wisdom; as if he had said, Go to God, walk in the Ways of Heaven, love Silence, and have no more Conversation with the World.

THE Reason that St. *Chrysostome* gives why the Son of God took all the Weaknesses of human Nature, even those of Infancy, is beautiful and moving.

NATURE teaches, says he, what Infancy can do, and what it deserves. What Man is so barbarous as to resist the simple and lovely Ways of a little Child? It softens the fiercest Nature, it inspires the hardest Hearts with Tenderness. Fathers and Mothers know what it is, all the World tries it: The Yernings that are caus'd only at the Sight of it, prove it. He then that desir'd to be lov'd, and not to be fear'd, was pleas'd to be born with all the Charms of Infancy.

To prove that 'tis the Intention that makes an Action good, *St. Austin* wisely says, *Don't mind much what a Man does, but what View he has in the Action.* Suppose a Pilot steers his Ship well, but don't know where he is going, what will it profit him to hold the Helm, dextrously to steer, to avoid the most dangerous Billows of the Sea? The more Skill and Strength he has to govern the Vessel, the more Danger he runs by not following any certain Road, he goes out of his Course, he hastens to be Shipwreck'd the faster he sails: 'Tis the same in him who goes towards Perfection, and that to with great Speed, but goes out of the Way.

WE shew as much Ingratitude as Pride, says *St. Paulin*, when we resist the Will of Him, whose Command is even a Favour.

THIS is to express, in a Word, the Difference that there is between God and the Great Men of the World, who hardly command any Thing but what is painful and difficult.

THE

THE Lord your God, says St. Cyprian, puts you to Tryals both difficult and affecting to see if you love him with all your Heart and Soul. Thus Abraham made himself agreeable to God, because that in order to please Him, he was not afraid to kill his Son, did not refuse to commit a Parricide.

IF the Skill of a Pilot is seen in a Storm, and the Courage of a Soldier in a Battle, a Man can't boast of much when there is no Danger to be gone through.

ST. Jerom makes the Monk Malchus speak with Wit, who was the Slave of a Saracen, and fled from his Master's House, and being pursu'd by the Barbarian, enter'd into a deep Cave full of Vipers and Scorpions, along with her who was his Companion, and in appearance his Wife.

WE went no farther, says Malchus, relating his History to St. Jerom, for fear of meeting Death by flying from it; and we said to ourselves, if the Lord assists the Unhappy we have here a Refuge, if he forsakes Sinners we have a Tomb.

THIS Thought is imitated from *Seneca*, the Tragedian, and express'd in Terms like those that the Poet makes *Adromache* use when she hides her Son *Astyanax* in *Hector's Tomb*. If the *Fates take Care of the Unhappy*, says she, you have here a Refuge; if they have resolv'd your Death, you have here a Sepulchre.

UPON the Barbarians who sought *Malchus* to kill him coming to the Cave's Mouth, the Monk in the greatest Fear cry'd out; Oh! how more cruel is the Expectation of Death, than Death himself.

UPON a Lyons coming from the Bottom of the Cave, which not only devour'd a Servant that the cruel Master oblig'd to enter there, but afterwards devour'd the Master himself. Who could believe, says *Malchus*, that a Savage Beast should fight for us before our Eyes? He adds, Fearing nothing from the Barbarians, we were afraid of dying as they did, unless we were not so much afraid of the Rage of a Lyon as of the Fury of a Man.

ALL

ALL these Thoughts are exquisite, and, perhaps, too much so for a simple Soldier: So that St. *Jerom* may have given *Malchus* Wit, according to the Custom of the best Historians, who make even *Barbarians* speak politely.

THE Narration of *Malchus* seems at least to be in St. *Jerom*'s Stile, as the Harangue of *Galgacus* is in that of *Tacitus*, and the End alone of the Hermit's Life proves it. See, says St. *Jerom*, the History that *Malchus* told me in his old Age, when I was young. I have told it you, now I am old, do you tell it those that shall come after you, that they may know that in the midst of Arms, in the most desert Places, among wild Beasts, Virtue is never taken Captive; and that a Man devoted to Christ may die, but he can never be conquer'd.

UPON the Martyrdom of St. *Thecle*, who was expos'd to Lyons by her Husband himself, St. *Ambrose* speaks in these Terms; There was a Thing worth seeing, a Savage Beast licking the Feet of *Thecle*, and by a pleasing murmur shewing that it

had not the Cruelty to wound the sacred Body of a Virgin. The Savage becoming mild and pitiful ador'd its Prey, as if it forgot its own Nature, and took up that which Man had left. What Spectacle, what strange Change is this! Men turn'd Savage Beasts, compel the very Beasts to be cruel; the Beasts kindly kiss the Feet of a young Lady, to teach Men Humanity.

VIRGINITY is so admirable, that even the Lyons admire it. By reverencing the Martyr they teach Religion, they teach even Chastity, in not daring hardly to look upon the Virgin, and kissing only her Feet.

TERTULLIAN makes an ingenious Reflection upon the Proceeding of the Judges of his Time against the Christians.

WHEN the Criminals that are accus'd before the Tribunal of Justice deny the Crime that they are accus'd of, you order that they shall be put to the Rack, that Torture may force them to confess something. You Torture only *Christians* to compel them to deny. A Man cries out in the midst of

of his Torments, I am a *Christian* ; he says what he is ; you on the contrary, desire to hear what he is not. 'Tis strange that, to you who are establish'd to draw the Truth out of the Mouth of Criminals, we are the only Persons out of whose Mouth you would draw a Lye.

TERTULLIAN adds, to shew that the Name of *Christian* was all the Crime of those who bore it. We are tormented when we confess what we are, and acquitted when we deny it. Because that all the Fault is upon the Name, and their Quarrel is properly only with that.

BUT, continues he, what have Names criminal in them, to make the Persons odious who bear them ? How can simple Terms be accus'd, unless a Word be Barbarous, or of ill Omen, because it don't offend Charity, or Modesty. The Word *Christian* is deriv'd from *Unction* : This is the Name, which the Son of God, our Master chose, to shew that He was the King of the Faithful, and the Chief Priest of the New Covenant. I 5 ALL

had not the Cruelty to wound the sacred Body of a Virgin. The Savage becoming mild and pitiful ador'd its Prey, as if it forgot its own Nature, and took up that which Man had left. What Spectacle, what strange Change is this! Men turn'd Savage Beasts, compel the very Beasts to be cruel; the Beasts kindly kiss the Feet of a young Lady, to teach Men Humanity.

VIRGINITY is so admirable, that even the Lyons admire it. By reverencing the Martyr they teach Religion, they teach even Chastity, in not daring hardly to look upon the Virgin, and kissing only her Feet.

TERTULLIAN makes an ingenious Reflection upon the Proceeding of the Judges of his Time against the *Christians*.

WHEN the Criminals that are accus'd before the Tribunal of Justice deny the Crime that they are accus'd of, you order that they shall be put to the Rack, that Torture may force them to confess something. You Torture only *Christians* to compel them to deny. A Man cries out in the midst of

of his Torments, I am a *Christian*; he says what he is; you on the contrary, desire to hear what he is not. 'Tis strange that, to you who are establish'd to draw the Truth out of the Mouth of Criminals, we are the only Persons out of whose Mouth you would draw a Lye.

TERTULLIAN adds, to shew that the Name of *Christian* was all the Crime of those who bore it. We are tormented when we confess what we are, and acquitted when we deny it. Because that all the Fault is upon the Name, and their Quarrel is properly only with that.

BUT, continues he, what have Names criminal in them, to make the Persons odious who bear them? How can simple Terms be accus'd, unless a Word be Barbarous, or of ill Omen, because it don't offend Charity, or Modesty. The Word *Christian* is deriv'd from *Uction*: This is the Name which the Son of God, our Master chose, to shew that He was the King of the Faithful, and the Chief Priest of the New Covenant. I 5 ALL

ALL these Thoughts are equally fine and strong.

UPON the Head of *John Baptist* being brought in a Charger yet bleeding, *St. Chrysologue* says; That the divine Forerunner appear'd upon *Herod's* Table, as a Judge on his Tribunal, to condemn, tho' dead, the Homicide just committed on his Person, who before had condemn'd the Adultery of his Murderer.

THIS Father adds against this wicked Prince; What Pardon does that Man deserve, who in the Person of *John* cruelly murder'd Repentance itself. Ah! *Herod*, whom *Herodias* resembles more in Crime than Name, you foolishly thought to stop the Mouth of the holy Prophet by cutting off his Head. *I am the Voice*, says he, *of one crying in the Wilderness*. Death can do nothing to the Voice, this being freed from the Prison of the Body that confin'd it cries the louder; like the Voice of *Abel*, which was heard the more, and went even to Heaven, after the Earth was

was stain'd with his Blood. Thus *John Baptist* makes himself heard by all the Universe, and tells and publishes your Crime to all Ages, and to all People.

WHAT *St. Jerom* says to engage the *Pagans* of his Time to leave *Paganism*, is very reasonable. A *Christian* is not born, but made. The Capitol with all its Gildings is desolate and nasty: All the Temples of *Rome*, built in Honour of the False Gods, are full of Cobwebs. The Town is shaken even to the Foundation, and the People seeing the Altars almost ruin'd, run in Crowds to the Martyr's Sepulchres.

IF Prudence don't oblige you to embrace the Faith, let shame at least do it.

ST. *Jerom's* Thought is; if a Man will not become a *Christian*, as he ought to be according to the Rules of good Sense, and the Light of clear Reason, after all that is done in Favour of *Christianity*, and for the Establishment

ment of the True Religion ; it would be a Shame not to renounce a Worship which all the World forsakes. He likewise adds, to confirm what he said.

I N the very midst of *Rome*, Solitude is in the Idol's Temples : The Gods, which the Nations formerly ador'd, now dwell there with Owls and Cats. The Standards of the *Roman* Armies now bear the Sign of the Cross : That sacred Sign of our Salvation adorns the Purple and the Crown of Kings.

T H E Thought of *St. Ambrose* upon those Words of *Isaiah*, *Be thou asham'd, O Sidon, for the Sea hath spoken*, shews well the Character of Avarice, and how far the insatiable Love of Riches goes.

B E *thou asham'd*, O Sidon, this is the Language and Complaint of an Element tir'd out by Avarice ; as if it had said, O Merchants, greedy of Gain, you lay the Fault upon my Waves when your Voyages are not successful ; you that are more restless
and

and more disturb'd than the Waves themselves, be aſham'd that Dangers and Shipwrecks don't diſcourage you : The Winds are more Modeſt, and leſs Stormy than you are, they have Intervals of Repoſe ; but the Deſire of heaping up, and enriching yourſelves more and more gives you no Relaxation. There are Calms when the Air is ſtill, when the Waves are ſmooth and united, but your Veſſels are always in Motion, when the Wind don't ſerve, you take up your Oars.

T H I S Reflection is ingenious, there can be nothing finer ſaid upon the Subject.

H E ſaid before, Fiſhes and not Men, ſhould traverse the Seas. The Sea was given to ſerve for your Nouriſhment and not to make you endanger your Lives. Why do you penetrate the Depths of an Element ſo profound and diſtant from you ? How come you to think to divide the Waves with your Ships, perpetually to torment the innocent Seas, to provoke and irritate the Tempeſts with your long Voyages ?

ages? Strange is the Avarice of Merchants which nothing can allay!

THE Description that St. *Austin* gives of *Homer*, seems to me a Master-Piece.

HOMER, who has invented all the Fables of Gods and Demi-Gods, and so well made use of them, is the most agreeable Liar that ever was; his Writings are full of most exquisite Follies, while he talks of Trifles and Fancies, he charms, he enchants.

THE Saint says in another Place, upon the Fable of *Jupiter* being both a Thunderer and Adulterer; To speak truly, one is incompatible with the other, but the False Thunder that he is arm'd with, gives him Power to imitate a true Adulterer. 'Tis *Homer's* Fiction, adds he, that attributed Human Weaknesses to the Gods; I had rather the Poet would have attributed divine Virtues to Men.

THE Truth is, Divinity is given to the most wicked Men, lest Crimes should

should appear what they are ; and that, he who should be guilty of them might not seem to have imitated corrupt Men, but the Gods of Heaven themselves.

T H E R E is nothing truer, or more ingeniously imagin'd than all this.

S T. *Bernard* writing to the Prior of the *Great Chartreuse*, and excusing himself for not having wrote to him. After having said that he was afraid of disturbing the holy Repose and sacred Silence of his Solitude, he obligingly and ingeniously adds ; *I was afraid that I should be troublesome, either to Moses upon the Mountain, or to Elias in the Desert, or at least, to Samuel in the Temple.*

Y O U ought so much the more to be afraid, says *St. Paulin*, to offend a godly Man, as he is the more ready to pardon, because 'tis the greatest Impiety to abuse a Man who is provok'd at no Affront, and the Lord more severely revenges him, who don't desire to be reveng'd.

T H I S

T H I S Reflection is just and ingenious.

S T. *Gregory Nazianzen* excellently praises a solitary Life, when he says in his *Apologetick*; *Nothing seems more agreeable to me than to live out of the Flesh and the World, collected in a Man's Self, almost without any Use of the Senses, having no Concern in human Affairs, but what Necessity obliges to; conversing only with God and Himself, while the Mind is rais'd above all visible Objects, and fill'd with pure and divine Images, which have nothing gross, or terrestrial in them.*

W H A T *St Chrysostom* says upon the young Man who fell from the Window while *St. Paul* was Preaching, and interrupted his Sermon by his Death, is lively and strong.

T H I S sad Accident was instead of a Sermon, Death did the Office of the Preacher.

T H E Picture that *St Bernard* gives of Charity appears to me very beautiful. S H E

SHE would have you sensible of your Affliction that you may have nothing more to afflict you. She would have you know your Misery that you may begin to be Happy.

WHEN she reproves you, she is good natur'd, when she would please you she is sincere: She has a certain Tendernefs and Mercy, even amidst the Severities that she sometimes uses. Her Careffes are without Artifice and Deceit, her Anger is always accompanied with Patience, her Indignation with Humility.

MINUCIUS FELIX says of *Zenophon* and another ingenious Man among the Antients, that they both perceiv'd the Majesty of God in despairing to conceive it.

HE adds, that in this respect, the *Heathens* have spoken of God as the Believers have, so that there is Room to believe, either that the *Christians* are now Philosophers, or that the Philosophers at that Time were *Christians*.

HE

HE said before upon the same Subject; *I am going to declare to you what I think of it; he who thinks to know the Greatness of God, lessens it; and he who thinks not to lessen it in trying to know it, don't know it.*

THESE Thoughts are noble, and very well shew that God is incomprehensible.

ST. *Chrysologue* draws Hypocrisy with one Stroke, saying; that it is the Paint of Virtues: That is, as if he would say, it corrupts and destroys them, as Paint does the Face, which spoils the Beauties and natural Graces of it.

HE says also, that Hypocrisy by a cruel Invention employs the Arms of Virtues to destroy the Virtues themselves; and thus he concludes, That Evil, or rather, that Plague, ought well to be guarded against, which makes a Remedy become a Poison, which changes the holiest Practices into Defects and Crimes, which makes Men criminal before God by Things that ought to
appease

appease him, such as Prayers, Alms, and Fastings.

UPON *Valentinian* leaving the *Gauls* to go to relieve *Italy*, that was wasted by *Barbarians*, and dying in such an honourable Expedition in the Flower of his Age at *Vienna*. *St. Ambrose* says; that this Prince chose rather to risque his Life than to be wanting to save his Subjects from the Danger that was threatn'd them. The great Crime that we own the Emperor guilty of, adds this Father, was, that he was willing to succour the *Roman* Empire; this was the Cause of his Death, and the most glorious Cause that ever was.

LET us pay the Tribute of Tears to so good a Prince. since he pay'd us even the Tribute of his Death.

BUT *St. Ambrose* goes on, 'Tis not necessary to excite Men to weep, all the World is in Tears, even those who did not know him weep: There is not a *Barbarian*, nor even an Enemy who don't shed Tears almost against his Will.

All

All seiz'd and pierc'd with Grief mourn;
 not only for the Death of an august Em-
 peror, but for that of a common Father;
 every one mourns himself, and thinks
 he has lost all in loosing a Prince, who
 join'd Ripeness of Mind, the Wisdom
 of Grey-Hairs to the Flower of Age, a
 Prince that can't be too much regretted.

THESE Thoughts have all the
 Air of those in the Panegyrick on Tra-
 jan.

THE Exclamation of the same
 Father upon the Death of *Valentinian*
 and *Gratian*, is not less ingenious and
 affecting.

HOW are the Mighty fallen! How
 much swifter was the Course of their Life
 than that of the Rhone itself! *Gratian*
 and *Valentinian*, the most amiable of
 Men, and the dearer to me the shorter their
 Life was! How close did the Days of their
 Death follow one another!

CHARMING Princes! who were
 the Love and Delight of all the World,
 you were inseperable in your Lives, and in
 your Deaths you were not divided. The
 Grave

Grave did not divide those whom Friendship united. Tho' you both had different Virtues and Qualities, yet you resembled one another in being both animated with the same Spirit of Religion, and having the same Sentiments of Piety.

THERE is not a wicked Man, says St. *Austin*, who don't do himself an Injury before he does it to another ; as Fire, which don't consume any Thing without burning itself first.

ST. *Eucher* well represents the Vanity of Human Greatness, by saying, *We saw not long ago Men respected for the great Posts that they held, we saw them extend their Revenues to all the Lands of the Empire. Every Thing succeeded according to their Hope ; the Success exceeded even the greatest Designs of their Ambition. What are these happy Men of the Age come to, and where are they now ?*

BUT this don't only regard the Fortune of private Men. The most powerful Kings have not a more happy Destiny, they once liv'd in superb Palaces,
where

where all the Magnificence of the World seem'd collected. They were seen upon Thrones shining with Gold and precious Stones; their Wills decided the Right of Nations; their Words pass'd for sacred and inviolable Laws; they were at the Height of Happiness and Glory; but they were Mortals; their Grandeur is vanish'd, and they are vanish'd themselves. Those Empires so flourishing, so near our Age seem as Fabulous; all that was most Magnificent there, is now nothing.

IN St. Bernard's Opinion, the Confession of our Sins is equally vain and dangerous, when we discover what is shameful in us, not because we are humble, but because we would be thought so. For, in short, to raise Glory from Humility is not the Mark of Humility, 'tis the Ruin of it. The truly humble would be really judg'd vile and abject, and not be imagin'd to be humble. He rejoyces to see himself despis'd, is only proud of contemning Praise. What is more unreasonable, or more base than to make that support Vanity and

and Pride, which ought to preserve Humility and Modesty in you; to desire to appear a Virtuous Man by that which you appear to be the most Wicked! A strange Sort of Pride, not to be able to pass for a holy Man without being a wicked One.

ST. *Jerom* writes in an ingenious Manner the History of an innocent Woman, who being accus'd of Adultery was cruelly tortur'd, and broke seven Times without dying. To give some shining witty Strokes of it.

THE Horror of the Prison, and Violence of the Torments having forc'd the young Man that was accus'd with her, to accuse her, she courageously bore the Rack: In Sex weaker than a Man, stronger than a Man in Courage.

As she had her Hands ty'd behind her, and could not lift them up to Heaven, she lifted up her Eyes thither, which the Executioner could not bind, and said, with her Face all bath'd in Tears, *You are my Witness, my Lord Jesus, you to whom nothing is hid, who*
soundest

soundest the Bottom of the Heart, that 'tis not to save my Life that I deny the Crime that I am charg'd with, but not to sin by telling a Lye.

THEN addressing herself to the young Man, who not being able to withstand the Tortures, charg'd her with the Crime ; *As for you, unhappy Man, if you are in haste to die, why would you do it by the Life of two innocent Persons? In truth, I am willing to die, but not as an Adulteress. I give my Neck to the Executioner, I see the Sword glitter that is to slay me without turning pale. At least I will carry my Innocency with me.*

'TIS not to die, to be kill'd thus to live. The Woman remain'd unmov'd and resolute in the midst of the Punishments which they made her suffer. The Tranquility of her Conscience seem'd to take away all the Cruelty of the Torments.

THE Executioner sigh'd for Weariness, and there was no more Place for new Wounds. Cruelty itself was vanquish'd, and look'd with Horror upon the

the Body which it had just mangled.

UPON the Executioner trying in vain to cut off the Head of the innocent Woman, and lifting up his Arm with all his Force, a Golden-Buckle that fasten'd his Coat of Arms over his Shoulder, dropt down, which the Woman reminded him to take up: *St. Jerom* says, what Boldness, what Intrepidity is this! She was not afraid of Death which hung over her Head; the Stroke which she receiv'd gave her Joy, and as if it was not enough to be fearless of Death, she did a Favour to her Executioner.

WHEN the Executioner apply'd the Point of his Sword to the Woman's Throat; a strange Thing! says the Saint, and which no Age of the World ever heard the like! the Sword bent towards the Handle; and being conquer'd itself, seem'd to look upon its Master, as much as to say, it could not strike.

THE Comparison that *St. Jerom* makes than between the Chaste *Susannah*

K

and

and this *Christian* Woman is very ingenious.

G O D's Mercy shone out as much upon one as the other. That was deliver'd by the Judge from perishing under the Sword of Justice ; This, condemn'd by the Judge, was sav'd by the Sword itself.

THESE TWO Expressions, of *Tertallian*, God is Good in his own Account, and Just in ours, leave a great deal to the Thoughts, and present at first the Idea of the Sun, who of itself gives beneficent Light, and only forms Thunder when the Earth supplies it with Matter.

S T. *Austin* gives a beautiful Light to *David's* Thought upon the Decay of a great Fortune.

I M T S E L F have seen the ungodly in great Power, and flourishing like a green Bay-Tree ; I went by and lo he was gone, I sought him, but his Place could no where be found.

Y E A,

Y E A, this great Lord so swell'd
 with Pride, disappear'd of a sudden,
 nothing remains of him, or his For-
 tune; 'tis as if you pass'd by a thick
 Smoke; for the Prophet says, *Great*
Men of the World are like Smoke which
magnifies itself as it rises, and presently
disperses without leaving any Trace in the
Air; but when you have pass'd by, look
back, if you have God before you, you will
see nothing but Smoke behind you.

T H E Picture that St. Bernard gives
 of *Arnauld of Bresse* don't flatter him :
 The Strokes of it are strong, and the
 Colours lively. Would to God, says
 the Saint, his Doctrine was as holy as
 his Life is strict. Would you know
 what Sort of Man this is? *Arnauld of*
Bresse is a Man that neither eats, nor
 drinks; who, like the Devil, is only
 hungry and thirsty after the Blood of
 Souls; who goes too and fro upon the
 Earth, and is always doing among
 Strangers what he can't do amongst
 his own Countrymen, *who ranges like a*
roaring Lyon, always seeking whom he may
 K 2 devour :

devour : An Enemy to the Cross of Christ, an Author of Discords, an Inventer of Schisms, a Disturber of the publick Peace.

HE is a Man, adds he in another Place, whose Conversation has nothing but Sweetness, and his Doctrine nothing but Poison in it. A Man who has the Head of a Dove, and the Tail of a Scorpion. Whom *Bresse* has produc'd, or rather spew'd up, whom *Rome* has abhorr'd, whom *France* has rejected, *Germany* detests, and *Italy* will not receive.

SALVIAN's Thought upon the Contempt that is shewn of Virtue among *Christians*, is capable of making Impression.

WHAT Honour is done to Christ in *Christianity* where Piety itself is dishonourable? For when any one labours to be more Virtuous, and more Religious, he becomes the Object of the Contempt and Redicule of the Wicked; so that every one is compell'd, in some Manner, to be Wicked not to be despis'd.

ST.

ST. *Gregory Nazianzen* begins the Commendation of the *Maccabees* with a very reasonable Thought. Those who so bravely suffer'd Martyrdom before the Passion of Christ, what would they not have done, and how great would their Constancy have been, if they had been persecuted after Christ, and had the Example of a Human Deity to animate them!

THE other Thoughts are as just and beautiful.

ELEAZAR was the First Fruits of the Martyrs who suffer'd before Christ, as St. *Stephen* was of those who suffer'd since Christ.

THE Father of the *Maccabees*, venerable for his Priesthood, for his Prudence, for his white Hairs; not contented to offer Prayers and Sacrifices for the People, he offer'd himself in Sacrifice to God as a perfect Victim capable to expiate all the Sins of the People: He also offer'd his seven Sons as a living Sacrifice holy and well pleasing to God, and of a better Savour than all the Sacrifices of the Law. His

HIS whole Person was an Exhortation to them, whether he spoke, or whether he was silent.

THESE brave Children, these generous Defenders of the Faith, these Disciples of the Law of *Moses*, these exact Observers of the Customs of their Ancestors, these illustrious Brethren, more Brethren in Mind than Blood, these holy Rivals in Martyrdom, knew no other Way to Life than by suffering a cruel Death for the Law of God.

ALL that they fear'd was that the Executioners should be tir'd, and that some of the Seven might go without a Crown, separated from their Brothers against their Will for want of an Executioner. Such unfortunate Success gave them Horror, and it was a sort of Punishment to be in Danger of having nothing to suffer.

THEIR Discourse to *Antiochus*, according to *St. Gregory Nazianzen* is full of Courage and Eloquence.

HEAR, *Antiochus*, and all you that are present: God, who has created us,
and

and to whom we must return, is the sole Master of the World. Moses is the only Lawgiver, and we would not betray the Law, should we be expos'd to all the Perils that he went through: Should another Antiochus yet more Barbarous than you threaten us with greater Punishment; our only Support is to keep the Law of God, and not let it be violated: Our only Glory is to despise all worldly Glory, to maintain the Honour of Altars: We have no other Riches but what we hope for hereafter, and we are afraid of nothing but lest we should fear any Thing more than God.

S E E the Arms with which we enter the Lists: 'Tis with such young Persons as we are that you declare War, and with whom you have to do. This World, indeed, is full of pleasant Things: Our Country, Parents, Friends, this Temple whose Name is so Famous; these Feasts and sacred Mysteries which distinguish us from all other Nations have their Charms; but all is not so pleasant as God; all this is not so desirable as the Torments that are endur'd for his Sake.

THERE is another World for us, more Rich, more Noble, and of a longer Duration than all these visible Things. Our true Country is the Heavenly Jerusalem, that no Antiochus can ever besiege, or reduce to his Power. Our Neighbours, our Friends, are the Prophets and Patriarchs, whose Examples we follow, and from whom we have learnt Lessons and Rules of Piety. As to this Temple, Heaven is much of different Magnificence; the Choir of Angels with their Songs and Consorts will bring our Solemnities and Feasts to us again. In short, the only great Mystery conceal'd and unknown to so many Men, God himself will be reveal'd to us, He, to whom all the Mysteries of the present Life are referr'd.

THEREFORE no more let us promise ourselves base and cheap Things, or rather Things of no Value at all: We have nothing to do either with vain Honours, or with canker'd Riches; we are not so foolish as to traffick at this Rate. Threaten us thus no more, but know that we for our Part, are in a Condition to make you fear. Do you think that you are only to
fight

fight with cowardly Princes, which you can easily conquer? 'Tis the Law of God that you attack; 'tis the Tables writ and ingrav'd with the Finger of God Himself; the holy Customs of the Fathers, seven Brothers, who have but one Soul and one Heart, and who design to raise seven Trophies to the Glory of their Name, to make your Infamy eternal.

WE are the Children and Disciples of that People who had a Pillar of Fire and a Cloud of Smoke for Guides, for whom the Waves of the Sea open'd themselves, Jordan and the Sun stood still, Heaven rain'd down Manna; to whom Savage Beasts, and burning fiery Furnaces shew'd respect; who by the Power of their Prayers have put numerous Armies to flight, and vanquish'd potent Monarchs. But to mention something in your own Knowledge, we are the Sons of Eleazar, whose Courage and Greatness of Soul, you are not ignorant of. The Father fought first, the Sons will fight after: The High Priest is dead, the Victims will follow him. You threaten us, indeed, with a great many Torments, but we are ready to suffer yet more. Execu-

tioners, who stops you, why do you delay to torment us? Why do you wait for an Order, which can't but be agreeable to us? Where are the Chains, where are the Swords, there can't be too much haste? Let a bigger Fire be lighted up, let them bring out Beasts more furious, let them prepare more exquisite Torments, let every Thing shew Royal Magnificence, even our Punishment. I am the Oldest, said the first of the Machabees, I consecrate myself first. I am the last, said the younger Brother, but let the order of Nature be chang'd in my Favour. Why do you spare us, said they altogether: You stay, perhaps, that we may change our Language, but you expect that in vain. Either invent new Sorts of Punishments, or assure yourselves that we shall despise all the Torments that you threaten us with.

THIS is the Discourse that St. Gregory Nazianzen makes them hold with Antiochus: See what he makes them have among themselves, which has as much Spirit and Eloquence as the other.

AFTER

AFTER kissing and embracing one another with as much Chearfulness as if they were at the End of their Combats: Let us go, my Brethren, cry'd they, let us make haste while the Tyrant is in a Rage, lest he be pacify'd, and we loose the Opportunity of Salvation. 'Tis a beautiful Thing to see Brethren dwell and eat together in perfect Union, but 'tis something yet more beautiful, when they run the same Danger together for the Interest of God. Let never a one of us be too fond of Life, let never a one want Courage; let us act in that Manner that if the Tyrant should apply himself most to any one of the Seven, he may despair to gain the rest: Let us be Brothers in Death as well as in Birth: Let us all go as one alone to the Combat, and every one as all. Do you receive us, Eleazar, of whom we have receiv'd Life; let us follow you, courageous Mother, who brought us into the World; and you Jerusalem, our dear Country, honour your Dead with a glorious Burial, if there should remain any Thing of us to be bury'd.

W O M E N

W O M E N, says St. *Jerom*, naturally love Dress ; and we know several that are Patterns of Modesty, yet take Pleasure in Dressing, not to please any Man, but themselves.

S T. *Chrysologue* gives a fine and natural Turn to those Words of the Prodigal Son, *I will arise and go to my Father*. He who said, *I will arise*, was down, he own'd his Fall, and was sensible of his bad Condition. *I will arise and go to my Father*. What Reason have you to hope that you shall be well receiv'd ? What Right have you to expect a kind Reception ? I have no other Reason, and no other Right but because he is my Father. I have lost all the Pretences, and all the Privileges of a Son ; but he, he has lost nothing of the Goodness and Tenderness of a Father.

W H A T St. *Austin* says to those who make a bad Use of their Heart, truly shews the Beauty of his Imagination, and the Tenderness of his Soul. P u.

PURIFY your Love, says he, turn the Water that runs in the Sink into the Garden; have as much Affection for the Creator of the World as you have for the World. 'Tis not said to you, don't love at all, God don't require this; you would be heavy and lifeless, you would be unworthy of Life, you would, in short, be unhappy if you lov'd nothing. Love, but take Care what you love.

ALL this signifies, that as *Mary Magdalen*, and *St. Austin* himself are Examples, a Man need only turn his Affection towards God, need only change the Object to be converted and become holy.

THAT is a beautiful Expression of *St. Jerom's*; Vices never deceive but under the Mask and Appearance of Virtues.

HE means, if Vices were to appear what they are, a Man would not let himself be surpriz'd by them; for to look near them, they are as ugly in their proper Shape, as they are agreeable in a borrow'd one. WE

W E can't better conceive the Merit of little Things in the Service of God than by those Words of *Salvian*,

THE Lord hath assur'd us that That which has no Value in this present Life, shall one Day be recompenc'd in the Life to come; for he sets such a Value upon the Things that relate to his Worship, that the vilest Things, and those which in their Nature are nothing here below, will become considerable on high, when they have the Character, and as it were, the Seal of Faith.

SALVIAN seems to mean, that the smallest Works, and the less estimable in themselves, are like Money, which derives its Value from the Image of the Prince that is upon it, and by that becomes of worth, however vile the Matter of it is.

WHAT have we to do with the good Graces of the World which are so odious to Christ, says *St. Paulin*: Let us study then to displease Persons who are not pleas'd with God himself, and let us be glad not to please them. H

HE says in another Place in the same Strain ; Happy the Affront which we share with God : Believe me, nothing is more to be fear'd than the Love of such Persons that we please without Christ.

S T. *Zenon* of *Verona's* Thought when he speaks of the three Children that were shut in the Furnace, shews well the Courage and Constancy of the Martyrs.

NOT to be afraid of the Punishments before suffering them, is in a Manner a Part of Martyrdom.

THE same Father after having said, that Faith changes the Nature of the Elements, and forces them to submit to the Faithful, ingeniously adds, Let not the View of the most cruel Punishments terrify us, for we need not fear any Pain, since Martyrs live in Flames, and their Life seems to insult the Fire that was design'd to consume them.

Y o u

YOu admire the great Men of the World in the Condition they are in during their Life, says St. *Anstin*; look upon them on the Bed of Death, what do they carry with them? They have large Estates, a great Retinue, fine Houses, rich Cloaths; but don't they leave all this by dying?

DO we read in the Gospel, that the wicked rich Man was seen amidst the Flames, cloath'd in Purple and fine Linnen? Had he in Hell, when he begg'd a Drop of Water to refresh him, what he had in his Palace when his Table was spread with sumptuous Dainties.

THE Body, indeed, of a rich Man is wrapt up in very fine Linnen, is embalm'd, is put in a fine Sepulchre; but are not these Ornaments, and these Honours only for a senseless Carcass? The Soul of the Dead has no Part in them: What does it signify to the Soul that her Body is wrapt in the finest Linnen, and embalm'd with exquisite Perfumes, while she is tor-
tur'd

tur'd in Flames, and suffers dreadful Pains.

NOTHING hardly can shew better how far the Folly of Women goes in Dress and Extravagance than Saint *Ambrose* does, when he says ; Women are pleas'd with Chains, provided they are Gold : They don't think themselves loaded when the Load they carry is precious. They love even Wounds to have Gold set in their Ears, and Pearls hang there.

BUT Pearls are heavy, and the richest Habits don't always keep off the Cold : They sweat under Pearls, and freeze under Silks ; yet they delight themselves with the Thought that these Ornaments cost a great deal, and Extravagance makes that esteem'd which Nature dislikes.

I DON'T deny, continues the St. but that these precious Stones with which Women deck themselves have an agreeable Lustre, but after all they are nothing but Stones.

T H E S E

THESE Stones, in fine, which Art polishes in spite of Nature, teach us in some Manner that there is a great deal more rough in us that we ought to try to polish than there is rough and ragged in Stones.

S^T. *Jerom* seems to employ all his Eloquence in the Elogium of the illustrious *Paula*, address'd to the Virgin *Eustochium*, the worthy Daughter of such a Mother.

AFTER having said at first that if all the Limbs of his Body were turn'd into Tongues, he could say nothing equal to the Virtues of the holy and venerable *Paula*; he thus goes on, She was noble by Blood, but much more so by her Sanctity; her great Riches made her before considerable, but the Poverty of Christ made her much more famous. She prefer'd *Bethlehem* to *Rome*, and left gilt Palaces to live in obscure Cottages.

LET us not afflict ourselves for the Loss of so compleat a Person; but let us thank God that we had her, or rather

ther that we now have her ; for all Things are alive to God, and all that returns to the Lord is reckon'd of his Family.

S H E that while she liv'd in *Rome* was hardly known to any one out of *Rome*, while she conceals herself in *Bethlehem* is admir'd both by *Barbarians* and *Romans*.

F O R what Nation is there that don't come to the holy Land ? And what Man is there who hath found any Thing in the holy Land more to be admir'd among Men than *Paula* ?

S H E conceal'd herself, but did not live in Obscurity ; in shining Glory she deserv'd it ; that Glory which as a Shadow follows Virtue, and follows as much those who despise her, as she flies from those who run after her.

S T. *Jerom* highly raises the Birth of *Paula*, who was descended from the *Graccus's* and the *Scipio's* ; and that of her Husband, who was deriv'd from *Aneas* and the *Julius's* ; Then he adds, We don't say this as if these Advantages of Nature and Fortune were
any

any Thing great to those who have them, but because they are admirable in those who set no Value on them.

THE World admires Persons distinguish'd by these, but we praise these who for the Love of the Saviour despise these Distinctions of Honour; and it always happens that while we set so little Esteem upon Persons of Titles and Dignities, we greatly value the same Persons when they come to strip themselves of them.

AFTER the Death of her Husband, she griev'd so, that she was like to die herself. She so devoted herself to the Service of God, that it seem'd as if she wish'd the Death of her Husband.

SHE carefully sought after the Poor in all the Town, and thro' a holy Jealousy thought it was a Loss to her if the Sick and Hungry receiv'd Comfort from any Hand but hers.

SHE stripp'd her Children to Cloath the Members of Christ; and when her Neighbours told her of it, she said to them that she would leave her Family

a much larger Inheritance, to say, the Mercy of Christ Himself.

SHE could not bear long the Compliments, and the Visits which her Birth and Rank in the World expos'd her to; the Honours that were paid her troubled her, and she was extremely impatient to fly from the Praises that she receiv'd from all Sides.

THE Love of Solitude made her forget her House, her Children, her Family, her Riches, and all worldly Affairs: She without ceasing, sigh'd after the Desarts, and long'd to go alone and unattended; we may say to the Hermitage of the *Anthony's* and the *Paul's*.

THE Description of her Embarkment for the holy Land is the most ingenious and most affecting in the World.

SHE went to the Water-side, says St. *Jerom*, follow'd by her Brother, all her Relations, her Children themselves, who try'd to keep back their good Mother. They had now set sail, and the Ship was ready to go out of the Port,

Port, little *Toxotus* her Son stretch'd out his Hands to her, and affectionately wept. *Rufina*, who was Marriageable wept bitterly, without speaking a Word; pray'd *Paula* with her Tears to stay at least 'till she was Married; but *Paula* without shedding one Tear, lifted her Eyes to Heaven, stifling the Love of her Children with her Love of God; she almost forgot that she was a Mother, that she might be only a Servant of Jesus Christ: All her Bowels were moved, and as if she was torn from herself, she was in a Sort of Agony of Grief: In this more wonderful than all Mothers, that while she had the greatest Tenderness, she knew how to conquer it.

WHEN a Man falls into the Hands of Enemies, and is made their Slave, nothing is then more Cruel, nothing Harder to a Father and Mother than to be separated from their Children. Here the Strength of Faith carried her beyond the Rights of Nature: What do I say? *Paula* earnestly desir'd this Separation, she bore it with Joy, despising

spising the Love of her Children
through a greater Love of God.

EUSTOCHIUM only, who
was the Companion of her Retreat,
and comforted her, made her amends
for all.

WHEN the Ship was in the Sea,
all those who were Aboard with her,
look'd back upon the Shore, as they
went from it; she alone turn'd her
Eyes another Way, lest she should see
what she could not look upon without
Grief.

It must be own'd, that never Mo-
ther lov'd her Children in such a Man-
ner; she gave them all before her De-
parture, disinheriting herself on Earth
to find a Heritage in Heaven.

THRO' Impatience to see the Ho-
ly Places, she was carried thither as it
were upon the Wings of Faith; in
vain the Ship fled with a favourable
Wind, it went always too slow for her;
the Winds themselves seem'd to be tar-
dy, whatever haste was made, she
thought they were slow.

As soon as she was arriv'd, she visited all the Places of the *Holy-Land* with so much Fervour and Devotion that she was unwilling to leave the first that presented themselves, unless out of an ardent Desire to see others.

SHE wept so for small Faults, that one would have thought she was guilty of the greatest Crimes.

WHEN we advis'd her to save her Eyes, and keep them for the Reading of the Holy Gospels, 'tis just, said she, that I disfigure a Face, at least with my Tears, that I have so often beautified with Paint, against the Orders of God. After having pleas'd the World and a mortal Spouse, I now would only please Jesus Christ.

SHE did not seek the Conversation of the Great, yet she did not despise those who were full of their Fortune, and lov'd the Glory of the World: If she saw a poor Person, she succour'd him; if she saw a rich Man, she exhorted him to do good; she was only excessive in Liberality.

IN her Sicknesses she did not spare herself at all, and in this only she appear'd inconsistent, that while she was so good natur'd to others, she was severe to herself.

AFTER all these Praises, the Protestation that St. *Jerom* makes of his speaking exactly Truth, is a new Turn in the Praise of his Heroine.

I TAKE Jesus Christ to witness, that I neither invent, nor heighten any Thing, that I speak nothing but the Truth, as one *Christian* ought to do when he speaks of another; that is to say, that I write a History, and don't make a Panegyrick. In fine, that the Vices and Imperfections of *Paula* are the Virtues and Perfections of others.

UPON the Subject of her Death, he adds, that they came in Crowds to her Funeral, from all Parts of *Palestine*; that the Hermits left their Cells, and the Virgins their Retirements, insomuch that, that Person was thought Impious and Sacrilegious who did not pay the last Duties to a Woman so Virtuous and Holy.

L

UPON

UPON the Preparations that are generally made for a great Feast, Saint *Ambrose* pleasantly says; If I may say so, this is not preparing an Entertainment, 'tis making a Battle and a Massacre, there is so much Blood shed on all Sides.

THE same Father, in another Place, seriously declaims against the luxurious Table of the Rich. How many Persons Lives does it cost to please your Taste? Your vitious Appetites, your Intemperances are fatal to Men. One Man was drown'd in the Sea in seeking after a Fish, or Oysters for your Table; another has kill'd himself with Cold in hunting for you in the Heart of Winter. It was a Rich Man who caus'd the Head of *John Baptist* to be brought upon his Table; and found out no other Way to reward a Dancer, but killing a holy Poor Man.

S T. *Austin* agreeably confounds those Men of the World, which will believe nothing but what they see. I

I DON'T see, says a *Libertine*, how can I believe? Is your Soul visible? The Saint answers to him; Since then only your Body is seen, why don't some Body bury you? This Answer astonishes him, and he presently replies, you very well know that I am not dead, and that I yet live. But how do I know that you are alive while I don't see your Soul? You know it, you answer me, because I speak, because I walk, because I act.

O! Fool, you would have me own that you are alive by the Actions of your Body, and you will not acknowledge the Creator by the Actions of the Creature.

WHAT *St. Cyprian* says upon Idolatry seems to me well imagin'd. 'Tis according to him, the Mother of all Shews, and all Plays, to draw the *Christians* to fall into the Net. This flatters them, this seduces them by the Pleasures of the Eyes and Ears; and it is an Artifice of the Devil, who knowing that Idolatry would strike

Horror if it appear'd all naked, has mix'd it with Shews and Diversions, to make it Amiable.

A M B I T I O N, says *St. Bernard*, is the Mother of Hypocrisy; it loves Darkness, and can't bear the Light: Indeed, it carries its Views to the most exalted Things, but fears to be seen; and we ought not to wonder at that, for it compasses its Ends only by hiding itself, and flying from the Eyes of Men. In Effect, the more we seek after Glory the less we come to it, when we are seen to seek it. In fine, what is less Glorious than to appear Covetous of Glory, especially among the Ministers of Christ.

T H E same Father adds in the same Place.

M E N have not so far lost all Shame, that they esteem and honour Ambition when it has the Impudence to shew itself all Naked and without a Mask, especially in an old Man, and in a Priest, whom this Boyish Vanity becomes so much the less, as his Age and
Character

Character require more Wisdom and Sanctity.

THIS also is a beautiful Thought of *St. Bernard's*.

AMBITION, thou Punishment and Rack of the Ambitious! how dost thou by torturing all Men please all, even please them at the same Time that thou tormentest them.

MINUCIUS FELIX says upon the *Atheists* and *Libertines*, that sometimes appear Rich in Goods and Honours; Poor Wretches! they are only rais'd on high to fall the lower; these are Victims that are fatten'd and crown'd to have their Throats cut.

WHAT Saint *Gregory Nazianzen* makes the Mother of the *Maccabees* do and say, when they were under the Hands of the Executioner, is in the Sublime.

HER Heart was divided between Joy and Grief she was overjoy'd to see the noble Courage and Disposition of her seven Sons, but she was kill'd with Fear, to think

the Rage of the Executioner, and the Excess of the Torments. In these different Passions she went, she came to animate her Children; she fought together with them; she gather'd up the Drops of their Blood, and the Pieces of their Bodies; she herself presented one Son to the Executioners, she prepar'd another for the Combat; she cry'd to them all, Courage, my Sons, Courage, brave Combatants, who are in the Body almost pure Spirits; one Moment more and we have the Victory: The Executioners may tire, that is the only Thing that I am afraid of; one Moment more and I am the happiest Woman in the World. But, perhaps, you are sorry to leave me; I will not leave you, I promise you, I don't hate my Children so as to go from them.

WHEN they had all seven suffer'd Martyrdom, and she seeing them dead, had nothing more to fear: Then holding up her Head, with her Heart full of Joy, as a Conqueror at the *Olympian Games*, she cry'd; Holy Father, illustrious
Eleazar,

Eleazar, who first fought, I thank you for having receiv'd the Fruits of my Bowels, and that I am become the most Glorious of Mothers; I have nothing left in the World, I have consecrated all to God, my Treasure, my Hopes, the Comfort of my old Age. I am well recompenc'd, my dear Children, for all the Cares of your Education, by seeing you combat like Men of Virtue, and all come from the Battle Victorious. I look upon your Executioners as my Benefactors, and there is nothing ought to hinder me from going to thank the Tyrant for reserving me to be the last Victim of his Rage.

I WILL not tear my Hair, I won't scratch my Face, I won't tear my Garments, I won't make lamentable Cries, I won't fly the Light, I won't shut myself in dark and subteraneous Places, I won't let the Mourners come, who may be Companions of my Grief, I will not expect any Comforters; I won't eat my Bread in Grief, I won't mix it with my Tears; this

belongs to weak and cowardly Mothers, which are Mothers only by the Flesh, and whose Children are dead in a common Manner : As for you, my dear beloved Sons, you are not dead to me ; you were consecrated to God in dying, and by that you live more than ever. What have I to do but to follow, and to die as you ? Pray, cruel King, join me to my Children, mingle my Blood with theirs, unite the Flesh of a Body wither'd with Age to that flourishing with Youth ; at least, mingle our Ashes, and don't envy the same Tomb to those who have the same Spirit, and the same Faith.

S T. *Chrysostom*'s Thought upon the *Maccabees* when they went to the Combat, is noble, plain as it is.

THESE brave Defenders of the Law of God, upon the View of the Enemy, and upon the Point of fighting, give not great Shouts, nor sing warlike Airs, as some People do ; nor do they play upon the Flute as other Armies do, but they implore the Help
of

of God, for whom they fight, and this animates them to the Battle.

THE holy Priest of *Marseilles* shews a good deal of Eloquence in declaiming against the Vices of *Christians*.

WHERE is our *Christianity*? We seem to receive the Sacrament of Salvation, only to sin afterwards with more Wickedness and Impiety: The Altar is left for the Theatre; vain ridiculous Shews are prefer'd to the holy Mysteries celebrated in the Churches: The Minister of Jesus Christ, the Dispenser of the divine Word is left to go to hear a Comedian, and a Buffoon. We love, we esteem all the Follies, and all the Trifles of the World, we are only indifferent to God, and set no Value upon Him.

SALVIAN said before, speaking of the *Barbarians* and *Idolaters*, in Comparison with the *Christians*: Can one say of these Infidels, where is the Catholick-Religion that they profess? Where are the Precepts that oblige them to live in

Piety and Innocency? Can it be said of them, they read the Gospel, and yet are Immodest; they hear the Apostles and give themselves up to excess of Wine; they follow Jesus Christ and rob the Goods of another; they have a Holy Law, and live an irreligious Life?

THIS can't be said of the *Heathens*, but justly may of *Believers*: We should judge of a *Sect* by its *Followers*, *Christ* is dishonour'd, and the *Law* is curs'd in the *Persons* of bad *Christians*. If their *Religion* was good, say the *Infidels*, they would be good themselves; their corrupted *Manners* shew plain enough that their *Prophets* preach *Licentiousness* and *Disso- luteness*, that their *Apostles* teach only a wick- ed *Doctrine*; that the *Gospel* they read, teaches them the *Sins* that they do; they would live holy *Lives* if *Jesus Christ* had given them *Rules* of *Holiness*. For how can a *Master* that is *Holy* have *Disciples* so *Vicious*? See how our *Life* is a *Reflection* upon *God*, whom we profess to adore; and see also that *Christians* are so much worse, because they ought to be better. The *Holy Name* that they bear serves only

only to make them more Guilty and more Impious.

S T. *Austin* is wonderful in Subjects where the Heart has Part, and which relate to the Passions.

MEN love different Things, says this Father ; and when any one enjoys what he loves, he is thought Happy : But true Happiness don't consist in enjoying what is lov'd, but in loving what ought to be lov'd. Several are more Miserable in possessing the Objects of their Love than in not possessing them ; they are Miserable thro' the Love of wicked Things, and more so by the Enjoyment of these Things themselves. God does us a Favour when he refuses us what we love against his Will, but he punishes us, he in a terrible Manner revenges himself, when he gives us our wicked Desire.

S T. *Jerom* says, comparing the World to the Sea ; Don't you trust Appearances, don't imagine ever to be
in

in Safety. Tho' this Sea be sometimes as calm and even as the Water of a Pond, tho' the *Zephyr* that blows upon it scarcely ruffles the Waves: This Surface so smiling and even, hides horrid Mountains; This great Calm is a Tempest.

NOTHING can be said more agreeable, nor more true.

Y o u Labour for a Time, says St. *Austin*, and you will be an Eternity in Rest; your Trouble is short, your Happiness will have no Bounds; your Sufferings are of a short Duration, your Joy will always endure. If your Resolution is shaken in the Height of your Affliction, turn your Eyes towards *Calvary*; see what Christ suffer'd for you, innocent as he was. Whatever Ills you endure, you are not brought to undergo the Outrages that were done him, to those Buffetings, to that ignominious Robe, to that Crown of Thorns. In fine, you are not brought to the Cross, since Men are no more punish'd by that: The
Death

Death of a God has made that a Subject of Glory, and to cease to be an Instrument of Punishment ; it has pass'd from the Place of Torments to the Forehead of Monarchs : If Christ does so much Honour to the Instrument of his Death, what does he not reserve for those who believe on him and love him ?

WHEN you reflect upon the Rewards that wait on you, says the same Father, you will think all your Troubles nothing ; you will be astonish'd that so great a Salary is given you for so little Labour. For in short, to come to Eternal Rest, should require Eternal Labour ; to enjoy a Happiness without Bounds, a Man ought to suffer for a whole Eternity : But if you suffer Eternal Ills, how can you obtain Eternal Felicity ? Of Necessity your Sufferings must be limited by Time, that you may possess infinite Happiness. But the Miseries that lead to Eternal Happiness may be long : What will a thousand Years, a hundred thousand Years be in Comparison to Eternity ?

Eternity? There is no Proportion between what is Finite, and what is not; yet God would not only have our Sufferings confin'd by Time, but also have them short. The longest Life of Man is of little Duration: Tho' you should be all your Life loaded with Miseries and Grievs, tho' you should languish even to Death in a Prison, or in a Hospital; tho' you should suffer every Moment all that Hunger and Thirst can make you, it will always be true to say at the End, that you have suffer'd but a little while.

S. T. Paulin speaking of *Job*, wittily says, while he was upon the Dunghil he was not attack'd; his low Estate left him nothing more to raise Envy; for when a Man is in the lowest Place, he may rise again, but he can fall no lower.

WHAT *St. Jerom* says to *Heliodorus* upon the last Judgment to perswade him to a retir'd and penitent Life is very Eloquent.

Y O U

You are delicate, my Brother, if
 you think to enjoy yourself here with
 the World, and afterwards to reign
 with Christ. That Day will come,
 you will see the Day when your mor-
 tal and corruptible Body will be free
 from Corruption, and cloath'd with
 Immortality. Then the Earth with
 all her People, at the Sound of the
 Trumpet, will be seiz'd with Fear,
 and you will be full of Joy. At the
 Approach of the Lord, that terrible
 Judge of the Living and the Dead, all
 the Earth will sound with doleful Cries.
 Monarchs that were formerly so
 powerful will tremble without a
 Train and Attendance before the Tri-
 bunal of Christ. *Plato* will appear
 there with his Disciples like an Ideot;
Aristotle's Arguments will be then use-
 less. But as for you, now a poor
 Rustick, then full of Joy, you will say;
See my God, who was crucify'd for me; see
my Judge, who was wrapt in Swadling-
Cloaths, and cry'd as a Child in a Manger.
This is the Son of a vile Mechanick and of
a poor Woman, who earn'd her Living.
This

This is he, who in the Bosom and Arms of his Mother, fled into Ægypt, to avoid, as much God as he was, the Anger of a Man; this is he who was crown'd with Thorns, and cover'd with Purple Rags; this is that Sorcerer, that Samaritan, who was possess'd with a Devil. See Jews, the Hands that you have pierc'd: Observe, Romans, the Side that you open'd, examine a little if it is the same Body that you said his Disciples took away by Night.

SEE, my Brother, what my love of you hath oblig'd me to say to you, that one Day you yourself may be a Witness, and enjoy the Good that we labour and suffer now for.

THE Satyr that *Chrysostom* makes upon the Hypocrites who seek only the Applause and Esteem of Men even the most Wicked, is fine and poignant.

Is not this, in a Manner, to affront Virtue, not to follow her for herself? You affect to appear a good Man that the Wicked may admire you, and seek after the Enemies themselves of
Virtue

Virtue to be Spectators of your Virtues : This is certainly to act as a Man who would be Chaste, not because he would live according to the Rules of Chastity, but to please the Immodest. You would not have thought then of embracing Virtue if you had not a Design of pleasing her Enemies; she who deserves so much more Admiration in that her very Enemies cannot refuse her their Praises.

St. Maximus briskly attacks the Debauches and Follies which were practiced in his Time on the Calends of *January*.

A MAN, says he, forgetting his own Sex disguises himself like a Woman, and affects all the Air, all the Ways, all the Softness of a Woman, as if he was sorry that he is a Man. What Extravagance, what Frenzy, adds the Saint, is this, that Persons form'd by the Hand of God, should delight themselves in taking the Shape of Animals, of Savage Beasts, and of Monsters? Is not this a Piece of Extravagance beyond

beyond the most excessive Folly to see Men daub and disfigure their Faces with the most nasty and frightful Things that can be imagin'd? That Face which God has beautified with his own Hands, and adorn'd with all natural Graces.

THAT is one of the beautiful Places of St. Eucher's Epistle to *Valerian*, where he says; *Let us divorce the World, this deceitful World, which we can't trust in whatsoever Situation we are: The Great are no more secure here than the Small, the low Fortunes are almost always oppress'd, and their Abjection is their Ruin; high Fortunes are tottering, and always ready to fall by their own Height. Examine all the Conditions of Life, there is no Repose to be expected either at the Bottom, or at the Top; great Misfortunes are unavoidable to both Estates, the Lowest is expos'd to Contempt, the Highest to Envy.*

S T. Jerom makes a great Elogium of *Titus Livius* in a few Words; After
he

he says that Persons of Quality came from the Extremity of *Spain*, and from the nethermost Part of the *Gauls*, to see this famous Historian, whose Stile is so pure, so flowing, so natural, and so noble; he adds; Those who had no Curiosity to see the *Roman* Magnificence, were drawn by the Reputation of this one Man alone. In that Age it was a Thing never heard of, and very wonderful, to see Strangers who were come into the Capitol of the World, and Admirers too of that superb Town, seek after something besides *Rome* in *Rome* itself.

WHAT St. Bernard writes to a Nun to persuade her not to leave her Monastery, may be reckon'd among the strong and agreeable Thoughts. She was a young Lady of an excessive Devotion, and who not contented with the Holiness of her State, was willing to retire to the Middle of á Desert to live there alone, or rather to bury herself there alive. *You are*, says he, to her, *either one of the foolish Virgins, if*
you

you are a Virgin, or else one of the Wise Ones ; if you are of the Number of the foolish Virgins, Solitude is of no Service to you, Society is fittest for you ; but if you are of the Number of the Wise, others want your Company, and you are necessary to improve Society.

THIS is a very judicious Reflection of *St. Austin.*

DON'T let us loose the Time of Mercy ; let not that precious Time pass without our making a good Use of it. Judgment will come one Day, then there will be Repentance, but a vain and fruitless Repentance : The Wicked will repent, says the Wise-Man, and they will say, groaning in their extreme Affliction, *What has Pride profited us ? Or what good hath Riches with our Vaunting brought us ? All those Things are pass'd away like a Shadow.* Let us say now, every Thing passes away as a Shadow ; Let us this present Hour say it usefully, lest we then say in vain, every Things passes away.

W H A T.

W H A T E V E R Happiness is enjoy'd in this World, says *St. Chrysostom*, a Man is not always sensible that he is Happy : Should a miserable Slave on a sudden be set on a Throne after he has long groan'd in Chains, he will, indeed, taste great Pleasure the Beginning of his Reign, but his Joy will lessen in Time ; at last he will be us'd to his Fortune, and Use by Degrees will take away from him the Sense of it. The Happiness of the Holy is different, the more that is possess'd the more 'tis perceiv'd : We are never us'd to that, and so far is the Joy from diminishing, that it always increases.

A C H R I S T I A N, according to *St. Jerom*, is a strange Composition. There is nothing more happy ; the Kingdom of Heaven is promis'd him : There is nothing more miserable, he is every Hour in Danger of Death and Destruction. There is nothing stronger, he is victorious over the Devil ; there is nothing weaker, he is conquer'd by the Flesh.

T H E S E

T H E S E Antitheses which are well grounded, are agreeably play'd with, and yet not frivolously.

S T. *Austin* abounds with Thoughts where the Imagination has as much Share as the Understanding, and which are entirely proper to make beautiful Devices.

U P O N these Words of *David*, *The Wicked shall consume away like Smoke*, Smoke, says the Holy Teacher, in going up makes a great Cloud, but the thicker and larger this Cloud is, the less Consistency and Substance it has, and for this Reason also it soon disperses and vanishes; so that even its Greatness is what most destroys it.

T H I S is the true Symbol of the Vanity and Decay of Human Greatness.

S E E another which not unhappily shews us how Tribulation is useful and salutary.

A B U N C H of Grapes when it is upon the Vine is entire in all its Beauty, but nothing flows from it: When its
put

put into the Press, trod upon, and squeez'd, we seem to injure it, but such an Injury is not without Benefit: On the contrary, if it was not wounded in this Manner, it would be Barren, it would produce nothing good.

UPON the Subject of Preachers, who vile and miserable in Appearance, illumine Men with the Light of Faith, and especially impress the Fear of the Judgments of God upon them: The same Father having said that those Evangelical Ministers are the flying Clouds spoken of in Scripture, thus explains his Thought.

SEE a thick dark Cloud that conceals something in its Bosom, Lightnings and Thunder come out of it: Out of a Thing that you despise, comes something that will make you tremble.

ONE of the Reasons that *Tertullian* brings to prove the Resurrection of our Bodies is beautiful and plausible. What! shall not this Flesh rise again, which God himself has made according

ing to his own Image, and which he has animated with his own Breath. He will not leave the Master-Piece of his Hands eternally in the Dust of the Grave ; the Object of the most tender Care of his Providence, the Chief of visible Things, that his Power has made out of Nothing; Heir of the Goods with which he has enrich'd Heaven and Earth ; that which fights for him, and which gives Testimony of his Gospel, even upon Wheels and in Fires. In fine, the Priestess of his Religion, and the Sister of his Son Jesus Christ.

S T. Bernard's Thought upon the Excellency of Humility, and the Baseness of Pride, is exquisite. Humility, says he, must be a very glorious Thing, since Pride itself puts it on not to be despis'd: Pride must be of itself something Deform'd and Shameful, since it dares not shew itself naked, and it is forced to appear in a Mask.

T H E R E

T H E R E is a good deal of Beauty in what St. *Jerom* writes to one of his Friends that neglected him a little, and had not writ to him a pretty while; *If you love me write to me I beg you ; if you are affronted, write to me nevertheless; it will be a great Comfort to me for the Trouble of being parted from you only to receive the Letters of a Friend, tho' discontented and angry.*

H E says to another, who was not less negligent of sending him News. *You say to me seemingly for an Excuse, what the professedly Idle generally say, that you have nothing to write to me, but you ought to write even this to me, that you have nothing to write.*

H E then wittingly complains of the Negligence of another of his Friends, to whom he had writ several Letters, and whom he had only heard speak of. He complains to such a Degree of him, as to say in a lively and ingenious Manner ; *Believe me, if the Temper which ought to be kept in writing did not stop me, I would in my Resentment*
M say

say such severe Things, that you would quickly answer me in a Passion ; but because it is Human to be angry, and Christian to give no Affront, I come to my Temper again, and I again Conjure you to love him who loves you.

THE Fathers sometimes shew Wit, even in their highest Sentiments of Piety ; witness what *St. Austin* says to God. What am I, to you Lord, that you command me to love you, that you are angry with me, and threaten me with the greatest Ills, if I fail in this ? Is it then a small Ill to me, not to love you ?

NOTHING can be thought more elegant ; as nothing can be thought more noble than what *Saint Paulin* says in a Movement of Devotion, writing to one of his Friends.

LET the Orators adorn themselves with their Eloquence, the Philosophers with their Wisdom, the Rich with their Treasures, Kings with their Power and Grandeur : Christ is to us a rich Possession, and a glorious Kingdom : we find Wisdom in the
Folly

*Folly of the Gospel, Strength in the Weakness
of the Flesh, Glory in the Shame of the
Cross.*

ST. *Maximus* says upon the good Thief, that Faith makes Thieves Innocent, and Infidelity makes Apostles Criminal ; this is, adds he, a great, a wonderful Faith, which believ'd that Jesus Christ upon the Cross was more glorify'd than punish'd.

THE Funeral Elogium which St. *Gergory Nazianzen* makes of his Brother *Cesarius* has fine Strokes of Praise, which may vie with what *Tacitus* says of his Father-in-Law *Agricola*.

How great soever the Dignities were that he always receiv'd, he deserv'd greater in the Opinion of the Emperors, and of those who next to the Emperors held the first Places in the Empire ; but what distinguish'd him the most, was that the Glory and Pleasures that surrounded him, did not give him the least Stain, either in the Nobleness of his Thoughts, or in the

Purity of his Manners. Full of the Honours of the World, he look'd upon the Advantage of being a *Christian*, and bearing that Name as the first of his Dignities, and the most Glorious of his Titles; he reckon'd even all the rest as a frivolous Thing, a Bauble, a mere Trifle.

THE Reproaches that *St. Austin* makes to a young Man of Wit, who lov'd Poetry, and the World yet more than That, are full of Life and Strength.

I F your Verses, says he to him, should be irregular, and not very exact, if the Quantity of them is not nicely observ'd, if the Cadence of them is not very harmonious, and the Unevenness of the Measure should offend the Ear, you would be asham'd of it, and would not loose a Moment before you corrected and repolish'd them; you would not leave them 'till they were exact. But your Life is very irregular, and very little conformable to the Laws of your God; you neglect your own Disorder, and you take no notice of it, as if

if you valu'd yourself less than you do a vain Sound of Words ; and that there is less Evil in offending God by the Corruption of your Manners, than in offending the Ears of Grammarians by a wrong Arrangement of Syllables.

THE St. cries out then upon what Lucentius had writ to him in Verse, that he only waited for his Command to go into the right Way, by putting himself under his Conduct.

WO to me, if I don't order you, if I do not compel you to it. If I do not command it of you, if I don't conjure you to it, by all the Instances possible ; but if you shut your Ears to my Voice, open them to your own, open them to your own Verses ; hear yourself, you that are the hardest, the cruelest, and deafest of Men.

WHAT does it signify to me, that you have a Tongue of Gold while you have a Heart of Iron ? In what Verses, or rather in what Lamentations shall I be able to mourn for these Verses, in which I see what a Soul, what Wit I can't gain, or consecrate to God.

TERTULLIAN thinks finely when he says of God; *His infinite Greatness discovers him and conceals him at the same Time to the Mind of Man; and the Height of Impiety is, that the Wicked will not acknowledge him, who can't be unknown to them.*

THE same well shews how far the Divine Omnipotence goes, by saying, that nothing is impossible to God, but what he has no Will to do.

S T. *Austin's* Thought upon the Happiness of Man is ingenious, and the most Just in the World.

HAPPY the People who have God for their Lord, and for their Portion. All Men love Happiness; they are willing to be Wicked, but they are not willing to be Miserable: You ask why this Man commits a Theft, 'tis to avoid Hunger that pinches him, 'tis to get out of the Necessity he is reduc'd to; so that he is wicked for fear of being Unhappy, without considering that he is yet more Unhappy because he is Wicked. Yet when you are
Happy

Happy you are doubtless better than when you are Miserable ; therefore a Thing worse than you cannot make you better : You are a Man, Gold, Silver, all those other sensible Objects, that you so earnestly seek, are less valuable than Man. Seek that which is better than you, in order to become better than you are. What is this Object but your God ? After having given you all created Things, he reserves himself for you : Ask something else of him, if you can find any Thing better.

ST. *Basil's* Homily upon a Martyr call'd *Gordius*, who was an Officer in the Army, is a Master-Piece of Eloquence. Nothing is more lively, or more affecting than the Description that he gives at first of a cruel Persecution rais'd against the Faithful ; but nothing is more Grand, nor more Beautiful, than what the Saint says after that.

THIS generous Centurion seeing the Tempest coming, left the Army,
M 4 and

and condemn'd himself to a voluntary Banishment. After having renounc'd Honours, Pleasures, and all the Conveniencies of Life, his Neighbours, and his Friends he withdrew into a Desert, unknown to Men, being perswaded that it would be more pleasant for him to live among Savage Beasts, than with Idolaters, Enemies of Christ.

BEING a long Time exercis'd in all the Practice of Repentance and Piety, to prepare himself for the Tryal, he at last one Day came out of his Retirement, when the People had a Shew given them in Honour of Mars; he entred the Crowd, got to the Theatre, and mounted aloft, with an intrepid and brave Air, which gave as much Surprize, as the frightful Figure that he made, for he had matted Hair, a very long Beard, a pale Face, a wither'd Skin, no Flesh upon his Bones, the Habit of a Hermit and a Penitent, which inspir'd a certain sacred Horror. As soon as he drew the Eyes and Attention of every Body, he cry'd out; *See here those who did not seek me, have found*

found
did n
self
who
I am
that
Chri
taken
your
that
the
out f
oners
the b
Whee
prepa
enoug
I
ing
Her
takes
to go
ecuti
Divi
you?
envy
more

found me; I present myself to those who did not ask me. Then addressing himself to the Governor of the Town, who was present at the Horse-Races; I am return'd, says he, to declare to you that I do not value your Edicts, and that Christ is the only God that I adore. I have taken this Opportunity, adds he, when your Fury is hottest against the Christians, that you may not spare me. At these Words the Emperor in a great Rage cry'd out from his Seat, Bring the Executioners, let the the Scourges, the Iron-Combs, the boyling Oyls, the Wooden Horses, the Wheels, the Fires, the Savage Beasts be prepar'd: Such an exorable Fellow can't be enough tormented, nor kill'd too soon.

I SHALL loose a great deal according to my own Reckoning, reply'd the Hermit, if one of these Punishments takes away my Life, and I should not be able to go thro' all for Christ. Come then Executioners, continues he, inflam'd with Divine Love, why do you stay? Who stops you? Mince my Body into Pieces, don't envy me the Crown that I wait for: The more Torments that you make me suffer,

*the more you will increase my Resompence
and my Glory.*

ST. *Basil* relates then how all the Town that was met together, ran from the Theatre to the Place of the Martyrdom of *Gordius*, and he finishes his Elogium thus,

WE have seen a shew to Day, which no other, however great can equal; and which process of Time can never abolish: For as the more we look upon the Sun, the more we admire it, and by reviewing it, don't find it the less Luminous, nor the less Beautiful: So the Memory of the Martyr which we celebrate after so many Years is only more fresh in our Minds, and will only be more flourishing in all Ages to come.

AC C O R D I N G to *St. Bernard*, Perseverance is as an Image of Eternity, Eternity is given alone to that, or rather, this gives a Man to Eternity.

TH E Thought is of the sublime Sort, and of the Nature of those
which

which *Longinus* calls Great and Noble.

S T. *Chrysologue* makes in a few Words, the Panegyrick of a holy Bishop, who bore the Name of the Chief of the Apostles, and whose eminent Qualities made him very famous.

ALL those says he, who inhabited the most retir'd Solitudes, and liv'd in the middle of Desarts, without any Conversation with Men, came out of their Retirements, not to see the Age, and the Shews of the Age, but to see this wonderful Man, whose Reputation had reach'd even them.

THEY learn'd, these Hermits learn'd by seeing him, that it is more difficult to combat the World, in the midst of the World, but that it is also more glorious, for what Rewards, after the Combat is over, are reserv'd for those who have fought with the World, if these Hermits who have not fought at all deserve to be crown'd.

T H E

THE Idea that St. *Austin* gives of the Happiness of the Saints, is the only Idea that can be had of it.

RAISE your Desires and Thoughts above all that you have ever seen and all that you can imagine. Imagine in your Thought the beautifullest Things of the World, the most Magnificent, and the most Charming, and then reject all this and say, this is not what God has prepar'd for those who love him, for if it was I could not conceive it.

DESIRE then some other Good, and what Good? The Good of all Good, the Source of all Good, a Good that can have nothing added to its Essence, but the Good itself; for when you say a good Field, a good House, a good Tree, a good Body, you have added something every Time that you have said Good: The simple and pure Good is that which makes all other Things Good. This is properly the Joy of the Lord, which we shall contemplate. If you find any Pleasure
in



in the Things that are call'd Good, and which are not Good of themselves, because they are changeable and transitory, what Delights will you not taste in the Contemplation of an unchangeable and eternal Good !

UPON the Persecution that Saint *Jerom* suffer'd for engaging *Paula* and *Melania*, those two famous Roman Ladies, to choose a retir'd Life, he says, with a holy Pride ; *I thank my God that I am worthy to be hated by the World.*

THE same says to St. *Austin*, whom the Enemies of the Church persecuted. Take Courage, your Name is famous in Rome, the *Catholicks* reverence and admire you as the Restorer of the antient Faith, and what is more glorious, all the *Hereticks* abhor you.

THESE Thoughts shew a fine Genius, and a great Soul.

ST. *Bernard* says of himself, what more truly may be said of certain Monks that are dispers'd about in the World,

World, and who hardly keep any Thing of their State but the Habit.

My Life hath something Monstrous, and I am a sort of Chimera of my Age, being neither Clergyman, nor Layman, for I long ago have left off the Practice and Manners of a Monk, without leaving off the Habit.

THE same Father says in another Place, upon occasion of the Ecclesiasticks who put on a profane Air of Life, and dress like Men of the World.

THIS sort of Dress so Nice and Gallant, plainly shews the Corruption of their Manners. How comes it that Men consecrated to the Service of God, and the Worship of Altars, choose to be of a Religious Profession, and appear of another? To see how they dress themselves, one would think they were Soldiers; but to see their Revenues would make one believe that they belong to the Church. Yet they are neither one, nor t'other in their Conduct; for they neither go to War as Cavaliers ought to do, and they

they don't preach the Gospel as Clergymen should.

IT is in a Manner to deny that there is a God, says *St. Zenon of Verona* to go to measure the Divinity by Ideas merely Human.

WE can't pay Homage to God worthy of him, adds this Father, if we believe that God is oblig'd to our Understanding for the Esteem we have of him.

THOSE proud Philosophers that know God, and did not glorify him as God, who receiv'd so many good Things from him, and did not thank him for them. Those Sages of the World are become Foolish and Senseless, says *St. Austin*, their Mind is in Error, and their Heart is full of Darkness. Do you think that this Error, this Blindness, is a small Punishment to them? If a Man in committing a Theft should lose an Eye, all the World would say that God has thus severely punish'd him. A Sinner loses the Eye of

of the Soul, and yet God is thought to take no notice of him.

UPON Occasion of *Judith*, who to execute the Enterprize that Heaven inspir'd her with, put off her Widows Weeds, and adorn'd herself with every Thing that could Improve her Beauty, *St. Jerom* speaks in these Terms; *I see the Sword in her Hand, I see her Hand all stain'd with Blood, I know the Head of Holofernes, taken from the midst of the Enemy: A Woman conquers Man, and Modesty triumphs over Immodesty.* Immediately quitting her Ornaments, she resum'd her Mourning, which made her worthy of the Victory, and which is preferable to all the Ornaments of the Women of the World.

UPON what *Trajan* answer'd *Pliny*, Governor of *Asia*, concerning the *Christians*; that these Sort of Men ought not to be search'd after, but ought to be punish'd when they are discover'd. *Tertullian* cries out; *O! confus'd and perplex'd Judgment, which necessarily de-*
stroy

troys itself. The Emperor forbids searching after the Christians, as if they were innocent, and he commands them to be punish'd, as if they were guilty: He is Merciful and Cruel at the same Time; he connives at and condemns all at once. How comes your own Judgment to witness against yourself? If you judge that we ought to be punish'd, why don't you let search be made after us? if it seems to you that we ought not to be search'd after, why don't you declare us Innocent?

THIS Reasoning is as strong as it is delicate, and what makes it better is, that *Pliny* had sent to *Trajan*, that he had heard nothing of the *Christians*, unless that they would not sacrifice to the Gods; in other Respects, that they liv'd in exact Discipline; that their Manners were pure, that they expressly forbid Murder, Adultery, Lying, Perfidiousness, and other Crimes.

S T. *Austin* gives a fine Idea of God, when he says to him in a pious Emotion.

TOU

YOU love, Lord, but you love without Trouble and Passion; you are jealous, but you are not sensible of the Uneasiness of Jealousy. You repent yourself, but your Repentance is not attended with Grief; you make yourself angry, and yet are always unruffled; you change your Works, but not your Designs; you are never Poor, and yet you take Pleasure in Gains; you are never Covetous, and yet you require Interest for the Talent you give us.

ALL these Antitheses are well grounded, and are not what are call'd Points, or Puns.

THE Fathers have very beautiful Thoughts upon the Afflictions that God sends us.

HAPPY the Servant, says *Tertulian*, whom God undertakes to correct, and with whom he vouchsafes to be angry.

ST. Austin says something stronger and more tender, upon the same Subject; Let him use all the Severities he pleases towards us, he is yet our Father.

ST.

S T. Gregory calls these Paternal Severities, Torments of Mercy: And he adds, he torments and loves at the same Time.

NOTHING can be said upon this Subject more delicate, or more solid. These three, or four short Expressions well weigh'd, and well digested, are very proper to make us bear great Grievs; and I avow, that I myself have drawn great Helps from them, in a very sad Juncture that made my Life very bitter to me.

THEY Weave the Spiders Web, says the Prophet *Isaiah*. *Origen* applies this Passage to Men of the World, who try to compass their Ends by the most subtle and cunning Ways, and yet don't succeed the better in their Affairs.

THERE is no Work, says this Father, where there appears more Industry, and more Art, than in the Spider's Web. The Texture of the Threads so well dispos'd, and so curiously interwoven with one another, is a Master-

Master-Piece of Nature, that confounds all the Master-Pieces of Art, but it is also the Weakest and least Substantial of all Works ; a little Gust of Wind tears it, and carries it away. See what a great Fortune built with all the Cunning of Human Wisdom is, it can't support itself, and needs nothing to throw it down.

IN the Judgment of St. Jerom, there is not so bad a Writer but finds a Reader like himself.

THE Prince of Satyrical Poets among the *French* has improv'd upon this, when he said,

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

One Fool still finds a greater him admire.

ST. *Austin* perfectly explains in what pure Love consists. The Love of a *Christian* Soul, says he, is not pure if it serves God for Interest: What then shall our Services go without Reward? No, without doubt, but we shall

shall have God himself whom we
serv'd, for a Reward; he will be the Pay
of our Labours, because we shall see
him such as he is. What does our Lord
Jesus Christ say to his Disciples? *He
that Loves me keeps my Commandments; he
that Loves me, will my Father Love, and
I will Love him also.* And what will he
give him then? *And I will manifest my-
self to him.* If you don't Love at all it
is nothing; if you Love, if you sigh
after your God, if you serve him with-
out Interest, that is all that your Heart
can desire: Look after nothing besides
him, he has enough to satisfy you,
however Covetous you are, a God is
enough for you: Avarice aspires after
the Possession of all the Earth and
Heaven too; but is not he that made
Heaven and Earth of more Value than
both together?

ST. *Cbrysoftom's* Thoughts upon the
Fruits of Repentance are beautiful and
solid.

AT the Tribunal of Men, and
according to the Proceeding of the
World,

World, after your Sentence is pronounc'd, you may weep and groan in vain, your Tears and Groans will not save you from Punishment. But at the Tribunal of God, according to the Proceedings of the Church, if you weep and sigh with all your Heart, then you will annul the Sentence of your Judge, and obtain your Pardon.

THE Advice that St. Bernard gives to Pope *Eugenius*, shews him to be a Man of as much Sense as Zeal. Teare off the Veil, says he, that hides you from your own Eyes ; pluck off those Leaves which hide your Shame, but don't heal your Wound : Strip of your vain Ornaments, and all that seeming Glory that surrounds you, that you may see yourself quite naked, and as you came into the World. Did you come with those Marks of Dignity and those costly Garments ? Did you come here all shining with precious Stones, and loaded with Gold ? If you look upon all this as something without you, as a Cloud that passes away, and the

will
you
Ma
and
Ma
and
fine,
for
W
a Nu
who
Wor
H
says
profan
Head
your g
and L
Air,
Sign o
that j
Laugh
that t
gay W
Woma
God.

will soon be dispers'd, you will see in yourself nothing but a poor miserable Man, discontented with his Condition, and asham'd of his Nakedness; a Man who weeps because he is born, and murmurs because he exists. In fine, a Man born for Labour, and not for Honour.

WHAT the same Father writes to a Nun of his Time, falls upon all those who have the Spirit and Airs of the World.

HOW could you be so long call'd a Nun, says he, *who under a holy Name have led a profane Life? How can the Veil upon your Head promise Modesty, while under that, your gay and wanton Eyes shew Impudence and Lust? You walk indeed with a veil'd Air, but with a haughty one. Under the Sign of Modesty you are heard to say Words that shock it: Those immoderate Fits of Laughter, those wanton Airs in your Gate, that too nice Dress would become better a gay Woman of the World than a young Woman consecrated to the Service of God.*

To this may be added what Saint Austin says upon a very like Subject: We find there are Nuns which don't know what Rule and Discipline is, curious Women speaking of Things not becoming their State. Vain and proud, Praters, loving even elegant Eating and Wine, as much Virgins as they are. What does it signify to have a chaste Body with a debauch'd Soul? An humble and modest Married Woman is better than a haughty and proud Virgin for if she was Married she would not have a Name to be vain of, and she would have a Bridle to govern her.

MINUCIUS FELIX don't much spare the old Romans upon their Conquests, and upon their Religion. After having said, that all that they possess, and all that they adore, is the Fruit of Boldness and Injustice; that their Temples are enrich'd with the Ruin of Towns, and the Spoil of Gods themselves. He adds, the Romans are not become so powerful because they are Religious, but because they have committed Sacrileges with Impunity.

THE

THE *Invective* of *St. Ambrose* against rich Misers for being hard hearted to the Poor, and oppressing them sometimes instead of relieving them, is cutting and ingenious. You line the Walls of your Houses with the finest Tapestry, and at the same Time strip Men naked.

A POOR naked Man cries at your Door, and far from thinking to relieve him, you are only concern'd with what Sort of Marble you shall make the Pavement of your Galleries.

A MAN asks Bread while your Horses champ Gold between their Teeth.

THE People die with Hunger while the Diamond in your Ring might save the Life of a whole People.

THE Saint then says, The Poor are made Use of to search for Gold in the Bowels of the Earth, and yet Gold is deny'd them.

ST. *Jerom* speaks yet in a severer Manner upon this Subject. Gold,
N says

says he, shines throughout all your Houses, on the Walls, on the Cielings, on the Pillars; and Christ quite naked dies for Hunger in the Person of the Poor before your Door.

S T. *Jerom* happily expresses himself in *Marcella's* Epitaph, to shew how regular and unrepachable the Conduct of that *Roman Lady* was.

W H O has ever heard any Thing disagreeable of her that he could believe? Who could believe it without condemning himself at the same Time for ill Nature, without thinking himself wicked and infamous?

T H E Character of the *Pagan Widows* is well describ'd in the same Place, to raise the Merit of *Marcella* by Opposition.

T H E Y are us'd to paint, to dress in Silk, to wear Jewels, Pearl Necklaces, and rich Pendants, to have always Perfumes and Scents about them, to make them smell sweet: They mourn for their Husbands in such a Manner as if they rejoic'd, that they
are

are at last freed from Masters, and that they may look after other Husbands, whom they may command, and not whom they may obey, according as God has order'd; thus they generally chose Men so poor that they may only have the Name and Appearance of Husbands, who may be able to bear their Rivals, and may be turn'd upon the Common, if they are at all uneasy.

OUR Widow, adds *St. Jerom*, had nothing like those; she had Garments that would keep off the Cold, and not what might offend Modesty, in letting the Body be shewn instead of covering it. She could not endure Gold either in her Ring, or in her Seal; and she lov'd much better to spread it Abroad to support the Poor, than to keep it in her Coffer.

UPON *Marcella's* having a profound Knowledge of the Scripture, and in the Absence of *St. Jerom* being consulted, when there was any Dispute rais'd about some hard Passages, he says, as she was very prudent, and

perfectly knew what the Philosophers call the Art of Decorum, she answer'd with so much Modesty, that what was her own she was far from taking the Honour of it herself, she attributed it to me, or to some other; so that she made herself a Disciple and Scholar in the very Things that she taught, and was a Mistress of.

CHRISTIAN Humility is a great Mystery, says *St. Austin*: God is above all Things of the World; exalt yourself up, and you will not come nigh him, humble yourself and he himself descends down to you.

St. Chrysologue elegantly treats of the Death of *St. John Baptist*.

AFTER having said, That he who was above Men, and equal to Angels, was given up to the Power of an immodest Woman, and a Dancer, he cries out: *What, Herod, you commit Adultery, and cause John Baptist to be imprison'd? Do you judge in that Manner upon the Tribunal of Justice, you that*
are

are a Criminal yourself? Do you thus in the Place of the Revenger of Innocence, persecute it? Tell me, I pray you, where is the Order of Things? Where is Modesty? Where is the Reputation of a Judge? But what do I say, where is God? Where is Man? Where is Equity? Where is Law? Where are the Rights of Nature? Herod, all the Things of the World are confounded when you pronounce Judgment, and give out an Order.

THE Head of the Saint is brought in a Charger, what a Sight is this! Herod's Palace is chang'd into a bloody Amphitheatre, his Table into a Circus full of Carnage, the Guests become Spectators, the Dishes objects of Horror, the Feast a Massacre, the Wine there is turn'd into Blood, Herod's Birth-Day is chang'd into a Day of Mourning and Death; the Instruments of Musick there are nothing but sad mournful Dirges.

THAT is not a young Woman that comes into the Hall, it is a Savage Beast, she don't come to dance, but to destroy; she who appears and dances is more a Lyonsess and Tygress than a Woman. They are not

human Locks that hang upon her Shoulders and Neck, but the Hair of a furious Beast. When in the Dance she bounds from the Ground, and shews her handsome Shape, 'tis only Fury that gives her such a Majestick Air.

T H E R E is not, perhaps, a more lively, nor more ingenious Description in all the Profane Authors than this.

H O W greedy is Covetousness, says St. *Austin*, the Savage Beasts keep themselves in the Bounds that Nature prescribes, they don't do Violence, they don't devour but only when they are press'd with Hunger, they leave their Prey when they are satisfy'd. The Avarice of the Rich is only unsatiable; this rakes, this always devours and nothing can satisfy it.

S T R A N G E Evil, says St. *Jerome*, the World falls to decay, and destroys itself Daily; Sin alone remains in us without ever destroying itself: This Town, so Famous, so Illustrious, the Capitol of the World was ruin'd by

one

one Fire. There is no Land, no Country where the *Roman* Citizens are not seen fugitive and wretched. The Temples formerly Venerable for what they had sacred and great, are almost all reduc'd to ashes; nevertheless we have yet a Love for the Riches of the Earth; we live as Persons that perhaps may die to Morrow, and we build as if we were to live in this World for ever.

SEE how *Tertullian* defines Beauty. It is the Happiness of the Body, an additional Perfection which sets off God's Work, and is as the rich Garment of the Soul.

AND what he says after upon the ill Use of Beauty itself, is not less agreeable, nor less ingenious.

THE Pride that generally attends Beauty, don't become *Christian* Women: They ought not to glory in the Advantages of the Flesh, but in the Advantages of the Mind: Or if a *Christian* glories in his Flesh, let it be when 'tis torn for the Love of Christ

upon Wooden-horses, and upon Wheels, and it suffers patiently, that the Spirit which animates it, may be crown'd in it; and not that it may attract the Eyes, and the Sighs of young Men.

H E draws a very reasonable Conclusion from thence, that the Women who have no Beauty ought not to be much troubled that they are not handsome, and that those who have, ought to neglect so worthless and dangerous a Quality.

H E don't content himself, in short, to exhort them to despise the Graces of the Body; he forbids them Ornament and Dress, because that all these fine and fashionable Habits do often only serve to corrupt Purity.

H E says that without these Helps Beauty has hardly any Charm, or Power, and it seems to be disarm'd; that on the contrary, if Beauty is wanting, Dress alone gives it in some Manner.

EVEN the old Women, adds *Tertullian*, run after Pleasures, when they leave off plain and modest Cloaths, as if

if D
whic
ting

T
mak
some
it.

M
restr
upon
conq
Won
the I

S
a be
St. J
Jude
and
you
obse

T
nerv
Mat
Tho
Place

if Dress lighted up Passions in them, which the Coldness of Age had extinguish'd.

THE Comparison that *St. Austin* makes between *Adam* and *Job*, has something pleasant and ingenious in it.

MAN was overcome in the Terrestrial Paradise, but was victorious upon the Dunghil. There the Devil conquer'd Man by the Help of the Woman; Man here conquers both the Devil and the Woman.

ST. *Jerom* in two Expressions gives a beautiful Elogium of the Epistles of *St. James*, *St. Peter*, *St. John*, and *St. Jude*, when he says, they are short and long at the same Time, short, if you count the Words; long, if you observe the Thoughts.

THIS may be said of all concise and nervous Discourses, which are full of Matter, and where there are almost more Thoughts than Words, such as are some Places in *Titus Livius*, *Salust*, and *Tacitus*.

THE St. says also, that the Revelation of St. John has as many Mysteries as Words.

ST. *Austin* makes use of a powerful Motive to disarm a Man who breath'd nothing but Vengeance.

YOU that are a *Christian* desire to be reveng'd while Christ yet is not.

ST. *Cyprian* says almost the same Thing, but in a greater and nobler Manner: What is the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, and how far does his Patience go? He is ador'd in Heaven, and is not yet reveng'd on Earth.

HE in another Place reminds a Man who runs furiously to Vengeance, that he himself to whom Vengeance belongeth is not yet reveng'd.

THE Motive that St. *Paulin* gives upon the same Subject, is as strong, and as engaging.

TO return one Injury with another, is to revenge like a Man; but to revenge like God, is to love even our Enemies.

ALL

ALL the Rich have slept their Sleep, says St. *Austin*, and all the Men whose Hands were mighty have found nothing ; they have lov'd present Things, and the Love of present Things has laid them asleep. They are become like a Man who dreams in his Sleep that he has found a Treasure ; all the Time he is asleep he is Rich, his dreaming causes his Wealth ; when he awakes, he becomes Poor again. If Sleep falls upon him when he is laid down upon the Earth, for want of a Bed, he has then what his miserable Condition refuses to let him have : He sees himself in his Dream, on a sudden laid upon a rich soft Bed ; while the Illusion lasts, he is Rich, he is a great Lord ; when 'tis ended, his Happiness is ended likewise.

THIS is the Image of the Happy Men of the Age. The Passions which they nourish in their Heart cause an agreeable Sleep, while that lasts they possess great Riches, and great Places ; but this Sleep lasts but for a little Time ;
Life

Life passes away, and when the Day of Eternity opens their Eyes, they find nothing in their Hands; all their Fortune is fled as a Dream, of which nothing remains but a confus'd Remembrance, with the Trouble that they were Happy only in Imagination, and now are really Miserable.

W H A T is more pathetick and cutting than St. *Jerom's* Invective on *Sabinian*, that unworthy Deacon, who attack'd a Virgin in the holy Places.

Y O U enter, says he to him, O thou worst Wretch! you enter with an abominable Design into that holy Cavern where the Son of God was born, and where the Truth flourish'd out of the Bosom of the Earth: Are you not afraid that the Infant should cry out from his Manger? That the Mother of the Lord should see and observe you? The Angels sing, the Shepherds run, the Stars shine, the Wise-Men adore, *Herod* is alarm'd, all *Jerusalem* is troubl'd, and you enter the Abode of the Virgin, to surprize and seduce a Virgin.

I A M.

I AM afraid, Wretch as I am, I am in Horror to lay before your Eyes the Enormity of your Crime: All the Church resounds the adorable Name of Christ; and the Tongues of different Nations make a Concert of Praise in the Honour of God; and you at the Entrance of the Place itself, where once was the Manger of the Lord, and which now is an Altar, you are studying Love-Letters.

WHAT Abomination is this! I can go no farther, my Tears will not let me speak any more; Indignation and Grief stop my Voice. Where is *Cicero*, or *Demosthenes*, those Rivers, those Torrents of Eloquence? O great Orators, you would both have been in this Case mute: Here is a Thing happen'd which no Eloquence can explain, a Crime is seen which no Player dares to represent, no Buffoon dares to counterfeit, and no Poet dares to describe.

WRETCH, when you was found with this Virgin in the holy Place, were not your Eyes darken'd? Did not your Tongue lose the Use of Speech?

Speech ? Did not your Arms fail you ?
Did not your Heart tremble ? Could
you stand upon your Feet ?

THE Saint speaks then of *Sabinian's*
Letters, and after having said, that
the Angel who kept the Stable of *Beth-*
lehem discover'd all this Conversation
of Gallantry ; he cries out, How my
Eyes were profan'd with reading your
Letters ! How does the Day in which
I read these lewd Letters deserve to be
curs'd ! How soft, how obscene are
the Expressions ! How could a Deacon
say this ? What do I say ? How could
he know these Sort of Things ?
Wretch, where have you learn'd such
Language, you who boast so much
that you was brought up in the
Church ?

I EXHORTED you, pursues the
Saint, to repent in Sackcloth and Ashes,
to retire to Solitude, to implore the
Mercy of God with continual Tears ;
but this had but an ill Effect : I am
become your Enemy for telling you
the Truth.

IN

IN short, the Ill that you speak of
me gives me no Trouble; for who
don't know, that a Man who acts like
you, can praise nothing but Vice.
What grieves me, is that you don't
grieve for yourself, that you are not
sensible that you are dead, that like
the Gladiators, you adorn yourself for
your own Funeral.

YOU are dress'd in fine Linnen,
you wear Rings upon your Fingers,
you clean your Teeth with Powder,
you adjust in form those few Hairs
that you have on your Autumnal Pate;
you use Perfumes to scent yourself,
you go to Baths, you appear in the
Streets and Publick Places clean and fine
as one of the *Beau-Monde*, whose Head is
full of a foolish Passion, and whose whole
Study is the Art of Complaisance.
Wretch that you are, turn to the Lord,
that the Lord may turn to you; let
Tears run a little from your Eyes;
amidst all those Ornaments that feed
that Self-Love, and make you so pretty
and amiable in your own Eyes, know
well that you are Poor, full of Wounds
and

and Naftiness, and have more to complain of than Beggars who live upon Alms.

S T. Bernard, to justify what Christ says himself of his Yoke, speaks thus,

CANNOT that truly be call'd light, that far from loading and pressing down, comforts and supports? I am studying if there is any Thing to be met with in the World like this Burden; and I find that the Feathers of Birds are of this Nature: Wonderful Work of Nature! Where there is most Quantity, there is the less Weight.

S T. Austin has the same Thought, and *St. Bernard* may have copy'd it.

THERE is a Burden that loads and is heavy, that of Christ comforts and is light, it resembles Feathers; for if you take the Feathers off a Bird you take a Weight from it, and the more of this Weight you take away the less able he is to raise himself from the Ground: He can't fly because you have taken away his Load, give him his Load again and he will

will not fail to fly; such is the Burden of Christ.

THE Thought is ingenious, and yet true.

TERTULLIAN proving the Existence of God, by the inward Movement that makes us name, implore, and thank him upon a thousand Occasions, has this beautiful and famous Expression: O Evidence of Soul naturally *Christian*. She don't look upon the Capitol, but Heaven, when she speaks thus.

ST. Austin's Expression upon the Threat'nings of God to the Sinner, has something that pleases and stings.

GOD spares him in threat'ning him, he defers to punish him, he holds his Hand ready, he bends his Bow, he says he is going to strike; would he say this so loud, if he was willing to do it?

ST. Chrysologue makes an excellent Parallel between the Death of poor *Lazarus*

Lazarus, and that of the wicked rich Man.

WHAT Revolution, what Change is this, says that Father? The Angels carry the poor Man to Heaven; Hell swallows up the Rich. The happy Death of the poor Man extinguishes all the Delights, and all the Glory of the Life of the Rich, tarnishes all the Splendor, and all the Pomp of his Funeral. Why do we let ourselves be dazzled by Appearances? Why do Funeral Poms impose upon us? At the Funeral of a rich Man, a numerous Crowd of Servants and Slaves all in Mourning, with Faces fallen with Grief, and Eyes bath'd in Tears go before the Body. An innumerable Multitude of Angels carries the poor Man in Triumph, with melodious Concerts, and Songs of Joy.

GOD is never more provok'd with us, says St. *Jerom*, than when he appears least so, his greatest Anger is not to shew his Anger.

S T.

St. Paulin says upon the same Subject; the Goodness of the Sovereign Father of Men is so great that even his Anger proceeds from his Mercy, and he don't chasten but to pardon.

St. Austin has Thoughts and Sentiment worthy of him upon the Eternal Beautitude.

I HAVE ask'd one Thing of God, and I shall not rest 'till I have obtain'd it, that is to stay all the Days of my Life in the House of the Lord, to see him, and to be Happy in seeing him. Never fear of being satiated. Infinite Beauty has such great Charms, that one is never tir'd with seeing it, tho' it is always before the Eyes. This View don't satisfy, or rather it does satisfy, and it does not at the same Time. For if I was to say that you would not be satisfy'd there would be Hunger: If I should say you would be satisfy'd, there would be Distaste. I don't know how to express myself, but God has wherewithal to satisfy those who do not find proper Expressions.

sions for it; and who thinks he can give them more than they can conceive.

THE Author of a Book attributed to Saint *Austin* well assumes the Spirit of that Father in saying.

TASTE and see how Good the Lord is; who can explain to us that unspeakable Goodness? You, even you, blessed Spirits, who have experienc'd it, can't make us Mortals to comprehend it, who have tasted nothing like it. In vain 'tis said to us that there is nothing sweeter than Honey; if we have never tasted it we don't know what is said to us; one Drop of it upon the Tongue will make us perceive its Sweetness better than the most eloquent and polish'd Discourses can.

'TIS something Great to be a *Christian* and not to appear so, says Saint *Austin*.

THE same Father upon that gives very wise Advice to a *Christian* Virgin, for the Rule of her Manners. DON'T

DON'T affect, says he to her, to appear so devout, nor more humble than you ought, for fear that in flying Glory, you seem to seek after it: For several Persons who hide their Charity and their Fasts from the Eyes of the World, desire to please even because they are not solicitous to please. And it happens I don't know how, that we desire Praise when we shun it. An affected Negligence, or an affected Nicety don't become a *Christian*.

TERTULLIAN in his Apology reproaches the *Heathens* with an Air of Rallery concerning what their Books say of their Gods. That these Gods fought with one another, on the Side of the *Trojans*, or the *Greeks*, like Wrestlers and Gladiators; that *Venus* was wounded by the Stroke of an Arrow from a Man's Hand; that *Mars* stay'd three Months in Irons, and expected to have dy'd so; that *Jupiter*, by the Help of a certain Monster was guarded from the same Violence, that the other Gods would have done him: After

After having added several other such Adventures, and more ridiculous than these, taken out of the Poets and Philosophers, and entirely unworthy of the Divinity; he thus concludes, I don't know but your Gods have more to complain of you than they have of the *Christians*.

How wonderful are the visible Works of God! says *St. Austin*; What Beauty, what Magnificence, what Variety is there in the Heavens, and the Stars, in the Forests, and in the Fields, in the Animals, and in the Plants! What Pleasure is it to see the Earth in the Spring painted with so many divers Flowers, the Air Peopled with an infinite Number of Birds, which have different Feathers, and different Songs? What a Sight is the Sea, with so many different Colours, sometimes in a Rage, sometimes in a Calm? Always beautiful, and sometimes so much the more Beautiful, in that it has something pleasing in its Agitation, without giving Terror.

How

How many excellent Viands has Providence prepar'd us against Hunger! How many different Tastes has he put in these Viands to raise the Appetite, without the Help of Cooks! How many Remedies are there in Nature to preserve and to restore Health! How agreeable is the Vicissitude of Day and Night; How wonderful is the Order of Seasons so regular, and so constant! And yet all these Things are only the Comforts of the Miserable, and not the Rewards of the Happy.

S. T. Jerom, to set off little Things in the Service of God, uses a very noble Comparison.

As the Wisdom of the Creator is not only admirable in the Heaven and the Earth, in the Sun and in the Sea, in Elephants and Lyons, but even in Worms and Flies, and in all those sorts of little Animals, the Bodies of which we know better than the Names: Thus a Soul devoted to Christ, equally applies herself to small and great Things, and signalizes herself

self as much in the one as the other being perswaded that there must be an Account given even for every idle Word.

SALVIAN pathetically describes the Disorders of the *Christians of Africk*, whom adverse Fortune made more Licentious and Foolish, instead of making them more Regular and Wise.

Who could imagine an Evil so great? The *Barbarians* were in Arms about *Carthage*, and the *Believers* of the Town foolishly spent their Time at the Plays of the Circus, and at the Shews of the Theatre. Without the Town there was nothing seen but Massacre and Slaughter; within the Town nothing but Debauchery and extravagant Joy. The Noise of Battles, and the Noise of Plays confounded, as it were, one another. The Voice of the Dying was mingled with that of the insensible Spectators: One could hardly distinguish the Groans of the People that were kill'd in Battle from

from the Acclamations of the People in the Circus.

W H A T did such mad and wicked People do then but oblige God, who, perhaps, was not willing to ruin them, oblige him, I say, almost against his own Will entirely to destroy them.

T O shew that every one has a Right to fight and pursue the Enemies of the Prince and State, *Tertullian* has an Expression full of Energy. Every Man is a Soldier against the Criminals that are guilty of High-Treason, against the Enemies of the Publick-Good.

- W E ought to fear nothing so much as the Evil that we ourselves are the Cause of in following our Lusts. God has created us good Servants, says *St. Austin*, and we create very bad Masters in our Hearts. We deserve to be Slaves to our disorderly Passions, and to groan under the Tyranny of Masters that we make ourselves, since we will not live under the Obedience of him who made us.

O

I N

IN shaking off the Yoke of the Lord, we don't deliver ourselves from Slavery. Sinners in vain seek Liberty and Independance, they will always be Slaves: And all that they will gain by being unwilling to submit themselves to God, is that they will not serve a good Master.

IN vain a Man renounces the Pomp of the World, and the Luxury of Dress; he is not by that deliver'd from the Tyranny of the Passions. Lust, according to St. Jerom, reigns as much under Frieze as under Silk. This don't fear the King's Purple, nor despise the Beggar's Rags.

THE Expression here makes the chief Beauty of the Thought.

WHAT St. Bernard says to encourage a lazy Christian to go through Troubles, has something plain and grand in it.

WILL you still murmur, and say, *I have of a long Time suffer'd, I can no longer bear such a Load of Ills.* What you

you suffer lasts but for a Moment ; what you hope for after your suffering, is Eternal. Why do you count Days and Years ? Time passes away, and Pain with it ; but the Glory that follows Trouble does not pass away : This gives all itself, and all at once ; this gives itself for Eternity. In this World, sufficient for every Day is the Evil thereof ; and what we shall suffer to Morrow we don't feel to Day ; but we shall be recompenc'd for all our Labour in that Day which is not to be succeeded by another : 'Tis in that Day, and not in those Days that the Crown of Righteousness which I wait for shall be given me. One Day alone in your House, .O my God, is better than a Thousand any where else.

THE Bitterness of Life is tasted Drop by Drop, but the Sweets of Paradise are Torrents that in a Manner drown and overflow the Heart of Saints : These are Rivers of Glory and Peace, according to the Language of the Holy Spirit ; Rivers which diffuse, but not exhaust themselves ; which

keep an eternal Course; Waters always living, always full. This Recompence of the Righteous is a Weight of Glory: 'Tis not a glorious Palace, or a glorious Garment that is promis'd them, but Glory itself. 'Tis not something that gives Joy, 'tis Joy itself, perfectly pure and unmix'd.

WE may fall into Vice even by the Way of Virtue, St. *Paulin* ingeniously says. If we don't keep a just Measure we shall be in danger of being proud because we are humble.

A MAN can't be too much upon his Guard not to give any Liberty to his Eyes. St. *Bernard* shews this in two famous Examples, in *Eve*, *Adam's* Wife; and in *Dinah*, *Jacob's* Daughter.

HE says upon the Subject of *Eve*, from those Words of *Genesis*, *The Woman saw that the Tree was good for Food, and beautiful to look upon.* Why do you look with so much Pleasure and Attention upon what is Mortal to you? Why do you cast your Eye so often there?

there? To what purpose do you think to look upon that which is not permitted you to eat? I cast my Eyes there, say you, but I don't reach my Hand thither; I am not forbid to look upon this Fruit, I am only forbid to eat of it; can't I look where I please? Has not God made me Mistress of my own Eyes? Don't deceive yourself here, replies the Saint, if 'tis not precisely a Sin to look, 'tis an Occasion of Sin; 'tis a Sign of the Fault that you have done, in not watching enough upon yourself; 'tis the Cause of the Fault that you will commit through want of Vigilance and Pre Caution. For while you amuse yourself in this Manner, the Serpent subtilly glides into your Heart; he speaks soft Expressions to you, he seduces your Reason by his Flatteries, he by his Lies takes from you Fear, by assuring you that you shall not die. You greedily drink the Poison that will destroy you; and this Poison will make you bring Wretches into the World that will perish like yourself.

As to *Dinah*, who came out to see the Women of the Country where she was with *Jacob*, and who pay'd so dear for her Curiosity, *St. Bernard* thus bespeaks her ; What Occasion was there for your seeing these foreign Women ? Though you saw them innocently and without harm, you was not seen so yourself : You curiously observe, but was yourself observ'd with more Curiosity. Who could ever believe that this curious Idleness, or idle Curiosity could be of such fatal Consequences to you, to yours, and to the Enemies themselves ?

If we agree with *St. Austin*, the most deform'd Vices have a deceitful Appearance, and some Shadow of Beauty that counterfeits the divine Perfections. For Pride imitates Greatness and Nobleness, while you alone, O my God, are infinitely Great, and rais'd above all Things. What does Ambition seek but Honours and Glory ? But you alone deserve to be honour'd, you only are eternally Glorious. Cruelty would make itself fear'd, but what ought to be fear'd but God alone, whose

whose Power nothing is able to escape. Avarice would possess a great many Things, but you, Lord, you possess all.

THEN the holy Doctor adds, all those who deviate from you, my God, and who set themselves up against you, imitate you in an irregular and criminal Manner; but while they imitate you in this Manner, they shew that you are the Beginning and Creator of all Things; so that a Man can't wander entirely from you without retaining, even in his Error, some Traces and obscure Marks of your divine Beauty.

To keep himself from Sin, a Man ought to fly the Shadow of it, and avoid the least Opportunity for it. Grievous Sins, whose Enormity is manifest and sensible, are sometimes less dangerous, according to *Tertulian's* Remark, than little Liberties that are taken in the Conversation of the World; because that a virtuous Soul is struck with Horror at a gross Vice, and resists an Evil that flies in her Face;

Face ; but she is not always guarded against small Faults that don't strike at first, and whose Malignity is not at all perceiv'd : She don't forbid herself Things that seem in a Manner permitted, and for this Reason, she ought to be more cautious, and so much the more to fear Danger, as it is said there is none to fear.

W H A T a beautiful Sight is it for God, says *Minucius Felix*, to see a *Christian* engag'd with Grief, when he bravely bears the Threatenings of Tyrants; the Cruelty of Executioners; the Violence of Punishments ; when he stands up against Kings and great Men of the World with a free and magnanimous Air ; when he yields to God alone, to whom he belongs. In fine, when Victorious over himself and others, he with a noble Pride insults the Judge, who has pronounc'd Sentence of Death against him.

A T the Sight of a God crucify'd and dying upon the Cross, *St. Austin* has

has an Expression that leaves a great deal to be imagin'd.

SEE here a wonderful Sight, my Brethren, a very wonderful Spectacle; if Impiety sees it, 'tis a Subject of Ridicule, if Piety views it, 'tis a great Mystery.

TERTULLIAN, whose Thoughts are always strong, and sometimes strain'd too far, has a bold Thought upon the same Subject, which at first startles the Mind, and seems false, but conceals a great Mystery, and is true at the Bottom. *The Son of God is dead*, says he; this belongs to the Power of Faith, because that it appears absurd, and Reason can in no wise account for it. *The Son of God is risen again after he was buried.* This is certain and not to be doubted, because this is naturally impossible.

THE true Sense of these profound and mysterious Words is this, the Death of the Son of God being the Effect of infinite Love, and beyond the Rules of human Prudence, which must think it ridiculous that a God should die, and that an innocent Per-

son should be put to Death to save a Criminal; nothing makes this Mystery more worthy of Faith, than because it appears less reasonable in the Opinion of Men. As the Resurrection of Christ surpasses all the Powers of Nature, and must be the Work of a Power all divine: 'Tis certain that this Person both God and Man, hath taken again a new Life, because a Resurrection is naturally impossible.

THE same *Tertullian* says in another Place, speaking of Baptism, in which by two Drops of Water, Man is regenerated, Sin blotted out, and Death destroy'd. 'Tis a very wonderful Thing, and it ought to be believ'd the more, as it is so very surprizing that one can hardly believe it. For is it not just that the Works of God should be above all that we admire, and should cause in us such Surprise and Extacy that should put us besides ourselves. We are surpriz'd and astonish'd at them, but 'tis because we believe them. The Infidels admire at them and

and don't believe them. Don't they also look upon the Works that are plain and little in Appearance as small and vain Things, and the great Works as impossible?

HE says again in another Place, that God is never greater than when Man thinks him little, as if a Mystery was so much more a Divine One, as Man finds less Reason and Propriety in it.

THIS is what made St. Zenon of Verona say, *That the Property of God is to work wonderful Things beyond human Understanding, and hardly credible.*

THE same Zenon shews admirably well the Necessity of Christian Hope.

WITHOUT Hope every Thing languishes among Men. Arts are neglected, no Virtues are exercis'd: Take away Hope, all perishes, all dies. What does a Scholar do with a Master that teaches him, if he Hopes nothing from his Study? Why does the Pilot expose his Vessel to Tempests at Sea, if he does not expect to arrive to Port? Why does the Soldier de-
spise

Spise, not only the Rigours of Winter, and the Heat of Summer, but his own Life also, but because he is animated with the Hope of Glory? Why does the Labourer scatter his Grain, if he does not Hope the recompence of his Labour in a plentiful Harvest? Why does the Christian believe in Christ, if he don't Hope one Day to possess the eternal Happiness that Christ has promis'd him.

UPON the Tyrants, who persecuted the Church in its Birth, dressing the Martyrs in Garments dipt in Brimstone, and setting Piles round about them, to burn them alive by little and little; *Tertullian* cries out, *All that you have done is vain, we conquer by dying, this is the Ornament of our Victory, 'tis our Robe of State; the Pile of Wood where our Bodies are reduc'd to Ashes, is our triumphal Chariot.*

ST. *Austin's* Remark upon the Exactness of Men to speak correctly, and the Negligence in the Regularity of their Life, has Sense and Elegancy in it. S E E

SEE Lord, says this Father, how the Sons of Men carefully observe the Rules that they have receiv'd from their first Masters of Grammar about Letters and Syllables; and how they neglect the Laws that they have receiv'd from You, about the Discipline of Manners, and eternal Salvation: So that he who has but a little Knowledge and Tincture of the Latin Tongue, he who professes the Knowledge of it, or to teach it to others, if contrary to what the Grammarians prescribe, he pronounces Omo without aspirating the first Syllable, he gives greater Offence to those who hear him, than if violating the divine Laws, he should hate a Man to death, who is a Mortal himself.

THE holy Doctor carries the same Thought farther, and puts it in full Light, when he says to God; How profound and unsearchable are thy Judgments, thou God of Glory and Majesty, thou who dwellest in the highest Heavens, thou who alone art Great, and who according to the immoveable Law of thy Justice, to punish brutal Passions blindest those that let themselves be led by them. When a
Man

Man, who seeks the Reputation of Eloquent, speaks before a Judge in the Presence of a numerous Assembly against an Enemy, that he hates even to Death: He takes Care that he does not Murder one Word in the Languages he speaks, but he don't care what he says in his study'd Malice to murder his Enemy.

T H E R E is a Turn in the Latin Words, that can't be so well kept in our Language.

SYNESIUS, Bishop of Cyrene, a Philosopher and a Man of Wit, who in his Stile, according to *Photius*, joins the Pleasant with the Sublime, gives excellent Lessons to the Emperor *Arcadius* for his good Government.

PHILOSOPHY, says he to him, is necessary for a young Prince, either to prevent the Disorder of his Passions, or to stop them when they fly out, and are most violent: 'Tis Wisdom which must reduce the Passions to that just Medium which Reason requires, and which is proper to Virtue. For, if a Man is not upon his Guard, Virtues will easily degenerate into Vices,

so

so nig
Tyr
Rash
lity
mag
Arro
phy
with
T
betw
rema
solut
over
they
Auth
the
man
Tro
com
his I
and
that
such
B
bou
thin
Plea
the

so nigh do Vices and Virtues border : Tyranny is as nigh to Monarchy, as Rashness is to Courage, and Prodigality to Magnificence : So that the magnanimous Man will become Proud, Arrogant, Unjust, Cruel, if Philosophy don't rule him by keeping him within the Bounds of Virtue.

THE Difference that *Synefius* makes between a Tyrant and a King is very remarkable ; They both have an absolute Power, a Sovereign Command over a great Number of Subjects, but they don't make the same Use of their Authority and Power : He that seeks the Good of those whom he commands, who would suffer Labour and Trouble himself, that no Ill should come to them : Who hazards all, even his Life, that they may live in Peace and Safety ; who watches and labours that they may be free from Trouble ; such a One deserves the Title of a King.

BUT he who abuses his Power, is boundless in Luxury ; who has nothing in View but his Interests and Pleasures, who thinks that he sits upon the Throne only to satisfy his Passions
with

with Impunity, and to oppress his People; who pretends his Subjects are only made Slaves to serve him, and to please his extravagant Fancies and Desires; who, in fine, thinks more of eating up his Flock than of feeding them, this is what I call a Tyrant.

STNESIUS after having advis'd the Emperor to make himself a little Popular by shewing himself from Time to Time to his Soldiers, cries out; *What Empire is better establish'd, and whose Foundation is more solid and sure than his, who is guarded by the Love and Good-Will of his People? What private Man is in more Safety, and has less to fear, than a Prince who is not fear'd himself, but all his Subjects Fears are for him.*

HE adds, *That an Emperor who is never seen at the Head of his Armies, and whom the Defenders of the Empire don't know but by his Pictures, is the unworthiest Thing in the World.*

HE says in the same Work, *That the true Character of Royal Dignity is to do Good to all the World; and that a King*

ought

ought to resemble the Sun, which being the Source of Light, never ceases to shine, and to spread his Rays over all the Earth.

IN fine, he ends his Discourse with Plato's Wish, which was not obtain'd, to see Kings become Philosophers, or Philosophers become Kings. *Would Heaven was pleas'd that I might see in you Philosophy united to the Regality, none then shall ever hear me discourse of the Art of Governing.*

ALL the Splendor of Birth is nothing in the Eyes of God, in Comparison to Virtue and Righteousness : Thus the Nobility of *Noah* was valu'd in Scripture, according to St. Chrysostom's Remark upon those Words of Genesis, *But Noah found Grace in the Eyes of the Lord. These are the Generations of Noah, Noah was a just Man and perfect in his Generations, and Noah walk'd with God.*

SEE, says the Saint, a Manner of Genealogy uncommon and entirely new, for the Scripture saying at first, This is the Generation of Noah : It seems to
raise

raise our Attention, as if it would go up even to the antient Patriarchs, and give us a Catalogue of all his Ancestors, of their honourable Titles, and of their good Actions; as if it was going to relate to us, who his Father was, and how he came into the World, and such like Things as Genealogists are us'd to say. But leaving all this, and taking another Method; this says, Noah was a just Man and perfect, Noah walk'd with God. Is not this a wonderful Generation! He was a Man: See the Holy Spirit makes the Name common to Nature, enter into the Praise even of a just Man; for as other Men drown'd in the Pleasures of Sense have in a Manner lost what belongs to a Man, he alone among so many kept the Character and Image of a Man; and in truth a Man only keeps the Image of a Man, when he is Reasonable and Virtuous, when he commands his Passions, and obeys his God.

THOSE that are Slaves to Vice, and Enemies to Virtue, don't deserve to be call'd Men; if we believe this from God Himself, who gives such the Name of Flesh, of Earth, and of Beasts, because they

they
mal
alw
also
befor
one
These
T
Noa
Just
conta
that
whom
Virtu
to sa
exerci
Man;
consist
fre,
Age,
genera
the le
Script
ST
Thou
ness.
lity of

they have only carnal, terrestrial, and animal Affections. My Spirit shall not always strive with Man, for that he also is Flesh. The Earth was corrupt before God, they were as fed Horses, every one neigh'd after his Neighbour's Wife. These are the Asps, Dogs, and Vipers.

THE Scripture to shew the Birth of Noah to advantage, adds the Quality of Just to that of Man. The Name of Just contains in it all Sorts of Virtues; and that you may the better conceive that he whom the Scripture praises, was at the Top of Virtue, this then stiles him Perfect, that is to say, that he fulfill'd all the Duties, and exercis'd all the Virtues that become a good Man; he omitted nothing, he was not inconsistent to himself in any Thing. In fine, he was perfect above the Men of his Age, and in a Time when Corruption was general, when there was no Mark of Virtue left upon the Earth. See what the Scripture calls the Generation of Noah.

S. T. Ambrose has almost the same Thought upon the same Place of Genesis. Virtue, says he, is the true Nobility of a virtuous Man; for as the Merit
and

and Glory of Ancestors is what distinguishes and illustrates Families, so Virtues ennoble great Souls, and increase their Splendor.

S T. *Austin* makes the two Officers of *Theodosius's* Court make beautiful Reflections, who being at *Treves* with the Emperor, one Day went out to walk about the Town, and in their Walk read the Life of *St. Anthony* which they found by Chance in a Cottage.

I N reading they perceiv'd themselves both inflam'd with the Love of God, and in this inward Emotion to leave the World, one spoke thus to the other.

T E L L me, I pray you, what do we think to come to by all this Trouble that we give ourselves? What do we seek after? What End do we propose to ourselves in the Execution of our Posts? Can we hope for any Thing more than to obtain the Emperor's Favour? And what is more uncertain, or more dangerous than the Favour itself of a Prince? Thro' how many Dan-
gers

gers
And
When
I shou

T
Mor
fine

T
since
with
repre

and
that
inger

H

who
and to

and

Time

thems

somet

flicted

which

sure,

Disea

Pity!

gers do we arrive to a greater Danger?
And besides, when shall we arrive to that?
Whereas, if I would be a Friend of God,
I should be so from this Moment.

THESE Thoughts are not only
 Moral and Christian, they are just and
 fine in their Sense and Expression.

THE same Father after having
 sincerely confess'd that he was charm'd
 with the Sights of the Theatre, which
 represented his own Miseries to him,
 and which kept up the impure Fire
 that he was inflam'd with, asks an
 ingenious and witty Question.

HOW comes it, says he, that Men
 who attend Shews are willing to be mov'd,
 and to be afflicted with looking on sorrowful
 and tragical Things, which at the same
 Time they would not be willing to suffer
 themselves; but they are willing to suffer
 something, since they are pleas'd to be af-
 flicted with what they see; but their Grief,
 which arises from this, causes their Plea-
 sure, and their Joy. What is this, but a
 Disease of the Mind, a Folly worthy of
 Pity!

TERTULLIAN exerts himself in decrying what is made the Subject of Luxury, and exposing Dress, which Women so passionately love.

WHAT is Gold and Silver, says he? A Piece of Earth, glorious doubtless for having lost the Name of Earth in the Fire, after it has made the Wicked condemn'd to the Mines for their Crimes, to groan and curse the Metals which they are oblig'd to dig out of it. A Piece of Earth which comes out of the Furnace, where 'tis put as it were to torture, makes the Ornament, the Delight and Glory of the Women of the Age.

HE says then, That precious Stones, which dispute with Gold for Value, and which agree with Gold to augment our Pride, are after all, nothing but little Flints, and little Abortions of the Earth; that which Ambition makes Men Fish for in the most distant Seas, is rather a vicious Excrecence that is form'd in the Inside of Oysters, than a precious Treasure: That, what are call'd Pearls are only a gross Substance, hard and round, which sticks to these

these St
the Na

H B

Sacr

of Lux

Value a

mon, a

gions; t

native C

Among

cause G

have gr

are cha

Dungeo

Riches ;

the more

increases

Men ha

make Go

T H

Nazian

tion of

the Gov

to perv

piety ar

Virtue a

these Shells, and which owes all its Value to the Name that is given to it.

H. thus concludes, to finish his Satyr upon what is made the Subject of Luxury; *All these Things have only Value and Charm because they are uncommon, and because they grow in foreign Regions; they are not so much esteem'd in their native Country. Plenty always injures itself. Among some certain barbarous People, because Gold grows among them, and they have great Quantity of it, the Criminals are chain'd with Gold in the Prisons and Dungeons, the Wicked are loaded with Riches; so that the Richer they become the more guilty they are, and their Plenty increases in Proportion to their Crimes: Men have found out at last the Secret to make Gold hated.*

THE Dialogue that St. Gregory Nazianzen relates in the Funeral Oration of St. Basil the Great, between the Governor which try'd all he could to pervert him, shews well the Impiety and Boldness of one, and the Virtue and Wisdom of the other.

WHAT

W H A T Reason have you, says the Governor, at the first, calling Basil by his Name, without treating him yet as a Bishop, what Reason have you to dare to resist the Emperor with so much Obstinacy, and to rebel alone against his Orders? What do you pretend by this Discourse, answers the Saint, and why do you talk to me in this Manner? It is, replies he, because you don't follow the Religion of the Emperor, while all others follow it. My true Lord forbids me to do it, replies St. Basil, and I have not minded to adore any created Thing, because I am created myself by God, and am oblig'd by the Law that I profess, to become in some Manner a God myself, or at least to resemble him. And we, says the Governor, what do you think that we are? Nothing at all, replies the Saint, when you order what is contrary to Reason and Piety. But the Governor said again, Don't you think that it would be for your Honour to come over to our Side, and to be associated to such Men as we are? You have indeed great Power, answers St. Basil, you are considerable Persons, but you are
not

not
 nour
 as m
 and
 distin
 T
 more
 him
 great
 you f
 repli
 me?
 you t
 I can
 inter
 know
 in a
 Good
 Punij
 Deat
 en me
 don't
 Gove
 that I
 nor to
 to loo
 worn-

not above God: It will certainly be honourable for me to be associated to you, but as much as it is for some Persons who obey and reverence us; for 'tis not Dignity that distinguishes Christians, but Faith.

THE Governor more mov'd, and more provok'd at these Words, rais'd himself from his Tribunal, and in a great Fury said to St. Basil; *What don't you fear my Power? Why should I fear it, replies the Saint? What shall come of me? What have I to suffer? What have you to suffer, said the Governor? what I can inflict? And what is your Power, interrupts the Saint? I beg you let me know. I can, then said the Governor, in a violent Rage, spoil you of your Goods, send you to Banishment, lay great Punishments upon you: In fine, put you to Death. If you have any other Thing to threaten me with, do it; for all that you have said don't affect me at all. How, said the Governor? Because, answers the Saint, that Man is not expos'd to Proscriptions, nor to the Loss of Goods, who has nothing to loose, unless you want this tatter'd and worn-out Garment that I wear, or these*

P few

few Books which are all my Riches. As for Banishment, I don't know what it is, who am not confin'd to any Place, and have all the Earth before me, or rather know that all the Earth belongs to God, and I am a Stranger and Traveller upon it. What can Torments do to me who have hardly any Body, and that without any Flesh? As to the Rest, Death will be a Favour to me, I shall by that be more with God, for whom I live, and fullfil my Ministry. What do I say? The greatest Part of me is already dead, and my Soul long ago has taken her Flight towards God, as if she had broken her Chains.

THE Governor astonish'd at such Discourse, quite beside himself, says, No Man ever talk'd to me with so much Liberty and Assurance: Perhaps so, answers St. Basil, because you never talk'd with a Bishop before, for if you had met with one in the same Juncture, he would have spoke to you as I do. Lastly, he goes on; Upon other Occasions we are mild and peaceable, we are even so little and humble, that we dare not stand up, I don't say against a powerful Emperor, but
against

against
Interests
are att
count a
only G
edg'd S
they ar
For thi
ings, or
your Cr
our S
able to
able to
wicked
W
adds,
for, h
knowi
the Sa
ing W
spect
imme
spoke
we are
is abor
the mo
the mo

against the lowest of Men. But when the Interest of Heaven is concern'd, when we are attack'd upon our Religion, we then count all other Things for nothing, we have only God before our Eyes; Fires, Thaw'd Swords, Savage Beasts, Iron Nails, they are our Delight, far from frightening us. For this Reason don't spare either threatenings, or Insults; use all your Power, and all your Cruelty, against us. Know, Emperor, our Situation. Nothing will ever be able to conquer us, and you will never be able to make us consent to a Doctrine so wicked as yours.

WHAT St. Gregory Nazianzen adds, gives a noble Image of St. Basil; for, he says, that the Governor, not knowing what to do more, sent back the Saint, not with hard and threatening Words, but with Marks of Respect and Submission; and going immediately to find the Emperor, he spoke to him in these Terms; My Lord, we are conquer'd, the Bishop of Cesarea is above our Caresses and Threatenings; the most study'd Discourses don't soften him, the most cruel Torments can't subdue him;

without doing an open Violence to him, we must never expect that he will yield.

LACTANCTIUS agreeably ridicules the *Romans*, who put the most courageous of their Captains in the Number of their Gods; and thought there was no other Way to Immortality but by leading of Armies, pillaging of Provinces, ruining of Towns, massacring of People, or bringing them to Slavery.

How great is their Error, says he? The more Men they have afflicted and spoil'd, the more they have put to Death, they believe themselves the more Noble and Illustrious. Dazzl'd with the Appearance of false Glory, they give the Name of Virtue to their greatest Crimes. I had rather, adds he jeering, they would make Gods for the Slaughter of Beasts than for the Massacre of Men. Their Deifying would not be so bloody and cruel. See! If one Man cuts the Throat of another, he is look'd upon as a Murderer, as a profane and wicked Person;

son;
receiv
Gods:
if he
human
Rivers
God,
into H
HE
admira
IF
Immo
stroy a
Immo
Blood,
wou'd
be an
Will t
World
cise no
selves:
• TH
the Sin
which
of the
says,

son; he is not thought worthy to be receiv'd into the Assembly of the Gods: If he has kill'd Millions of Men, if he has overflow'd the Fields with human Blood, if he has stain'd the Rivers with it, he is admitted as a God, not only into the Temple, but into Heaven.

HE concludes this Reasoning with admirable Thoughts.

IF 'tis this, says he, that makes us Immortal, I had rather die than destroy an infinite Number of Men: If Immortality can't be acquir'd but by Blood, where shall we be if all Men wou'd live in Peace? Will there no more be any Person worthy of Heaven? Will there be no more Virtue in the World, because that Men will exercise no more Cruelties among themselves?

• THE same Father to shew that the Simplicity of Stile in the Scripture, which is so short and exact, is worthy of the Divine Majesty, admirably says, God has spoken as a God ought

to speak, and as the Sovereign Judge of all Things ought, to whom it belongs not to prove, but to pronounce the Truths that he would teach Men.

SANTHOMAS *John Chrysostom* infinitely raises Sufferings when he says; It is more glorious to be a Prisoner for Christ, than to be an Apostle, than to be a Teacher, than to be an Evangelist. He who loves Jesus Christ is sensible of what I say: He who passionately loves God, and is inflam'd with his Love, knows what is the Value of a Martyr's Chains; he would like better to be chain'd in a Dungeon for Christ, than to be rais'd to the highest Heavens. His Prison, his Irons, his Torments, his Death, all this seems more Honourable to him, and more Magnificent than to sit upon the twelve Thrones of *Israel*, than to have a Place among the Angels, than to be one of those blessed Intelligences which govern the Celestial Globes, or which wait before the Throne of God.

AND

A
Gain
for h
of a
T

Place

I F

three

bylon,

What

that

Death

Resur

pecta

I say,

to the

Answe

Reco

W

racles

lieve,

St. A

Worl

T

unde

sion

AND tho' his Sufferings are no Gain to him, suffering only great Ills for him that he loves, will be instead of a great Recompence to him.

THE same Father says in another Place in the same View.

IF any one should have said to the three Children in the Furnace of *Babylon*, What do you hope for in dying? What do you expect from these Fires that surround you, and from the Death that threatens you? (For the Resurrection then was not the Expectation of the Faithful.) If any one, I say, should have us'd this Language to them, this would have been all the Answer given by them, 'tis a great Recompence to us to die for God.

WHOEVER yet requires Miracles and Prodigies to make him believe, is a great Prodigy himself, says *St. Austin*, not to believe when all the World believes.

THE holy Doctor would have us understand, that the World's Conversion by the Ministry of twelve poor
P. 4 Fishers,

Fishers, without Address, without Eloquence, without Power, is the greatest of all Miracles; and nothing proves more the Truth of our Religion, than such an extraordinary Change made on a sudden, in spite of all the Contradictions of the Wise and great Men of the Age.

HE plainly means farther, that it is ridiculous and very strange, to stand out against the Truths of the Faith, when the most sublime Genius's, and the best Heads in the World submit to it with the Docility of a Child.

THERE is Wit in what St. Jerom says to *Nepotian*, upon those Persons who were worth nothing themselves before, but make their Fortune by the Way of a Religious, or Ecclesiastick State. Some, says he, are richer in a Monastery than they are in the World; and we see Ecclesiasticks, that under a poor Christ, possess Goods which they did not possess under a rich and deceitful Satan; so that the Church groans to see them full of Riches, whom the World

World
serabl

I

Saint

medi

have

The

and

secut

Proh

selve

but I

such

Law

Avan

elude

Feof

Ordi

great

we f

pels.

I

foun

own

C r

of E

Dist

World look'd upon before but as Mi-
serable, wanting all Things.

I AM asham'd to say, adds the
Saint, that only Priests of Idols, Co-
medians, and debauch'd Women,
have a Right of inheriting Estates :
The Law only forbids it to Monks
and Priests ; and it was not the Per-
secutors of the Church that made this
Prohibition, but *Christian* Princes them-
selves. I don't complain of the Law,
but I complain that you have deserv'd
such a Law. The Pre-Caution of the
Law is altogether wise and severe, yet
Avarice is not restrain'd by it. We
elude, we impose upon the Laws by
Feofments of Trust ; and as if the
Ordinances of Emperors were of
greater Weight than those of Christ,
we fear the Laws, and despise the Gos-
pels.

THIS Father says then, to con-
found certain Ecclesiasticks under his
own Name ; I that was born in a poor
Cottage, where I had hardly a Morsel
of Bread to live upon, have now a
Distaste for all the most exquisite
P. 5. Dishes.

Diffies: I know all the Sorts, and all the Names of Fishes; I know in what Sea, and upon what Shore, good Oysters are taken; I distinguish the Provinces by the Taste of Birds; the Rarity and Dearness is what pleases me in Viands, to such a Degree, that for an elegant Meal I delight to undo myself.

PURE LOVE, which has been so much spoken of, and which is now hardly mention'd, is describ'd by St. Bernard, in a fine and ingenious Manner.

THIS Love satisfies itself, it pleases by itself, and for itself, it is its own Merit and Recompence; and as it seeks no other Reason beyond itself for loving, it aims at no other Advantage in loving; all the Profit that it hopes, is to love. I love because I love, I love that I may love.

THAT Thought which is esteem'd to be so strong and just among those of *Raschal*, concerning what Side a Man ought to take in Matters of Religion,

is.

is taken from *Arnobius*, who expressly says, That good Sense would make a Man embrace *Christianity*, where there is every Thing to be hop'd by receiving it, every Thing to be fear'd and to be lost in rejecting it: And he adds this Argument to convince an *Infidel* and *Libertine*.

As the Things to come are of such a Nature that they can't be made present by any Anticipation of Time, is it not more conformable to good Sense and right Reason, of two uncertain Things, whose Expectation is doubtful, rather to believe that which gives us Hope of some Good, than that which leaves us none at all? For we are not expos'd to any Peril, we have no Damage to fear, if what is promis'd us may fail and don't come to pass; whereas it would be the greatest of Ills, and the greatest of Losses, for us to discover by Time, that what was taught us, proves not to be a Fable, nor a Lie.

ARNOBIVS then cries out with as much Delicacy as Zeal, addressing him-

himself to opinionated *Libertines*; What do you say, ignorant Men, who deserve our Compassion and Tears? What, are not you afraid that the Things that give you Occasion to laugh, and which you only despise, should perhaps prove True and Real? Don't it, at least, come into your Mind, or rather don't you doubt a little that you shall one Day know too late, what you now with so much Malice and Obstinacy refuse to believe; and that a useless Repentance will be the Punishment that you will Eternally suffer for not believing.

NOTHING, perhaps, is more to the Glory of those brave Defenders of the Faith, who have had the Happiness to die for it, and to sign it with their Blood, than what *St Chrysostom* says upon *St. Julian*, who having brav'd the Executioners, Fires, Savage Beasts, and all the Punishments, was shut in a Sack, thrown into the Sea, and presently thrown up again by the Sea itself.

G O D

GOD shares the holy Martyrs with us, says that Father, he takes the Souls to himself, and leaves us the Bodies; that their sacred Bones which we keep upon our Altars might be eternal Monuments in the Church of their Virtue, and powerful Motives to imitate them. For if the View of the Sword, the Buckler, and the Cuirass of an Hero, inspires the greatest worldly Coward with Courage, and makes him breathe nothing but War; what Sentiments, what Ardour ought we to have while we see, not the Arms, but the Body of a Saint, who was worthy to be cruelly tormented for the Name of Christ.

S T. *Bernard* makes a Panegyrick upon the *Christian* Faith in a few Words.

F A I T H, says this Father, is not subject to Error, it don't know what it is to be deceiv'd, blind as it is, it perceives, it knows what it can't see, it goes even beyond the Bounds of human Reason; it goes farther than
Nature

Nature and Experience, by knowing what the one can't do, and what the other can't teach.

S T. *Chrysostom* uses a very happy Comparison to shew us that our Prayers have not Power to go up to Heaven unless they come from an humble and contrite Heart.

W A T E R, says he, that runs on a plain and even Ground flows on and never dashes up, but that which is confin'd in narrow Channels, flies up as swift as an Arrow : 'Tis the same with the Heart of Man, which diffuses itself among low and terrestrial Things, and breaks and dissipates itself with Pleasure ; whereas Grief confines it, and pushes it up towards Heaven.

T H E same Father says in the same Place, that true Humility consists in being very deserving, and hardly esteeming ourselves ; and to be properly humble, is to have great Merit without Pride. He then says, That modest Vice is better than proud Virtue, because that Modesty covers in a Manner

Man
Vanit
tue.

T
quen
Relig
man
that

Wor
in hi

H

that

coun

Bar.

ject

tatio

the

bea

,

Mi

Th

a N

am

wi

W

the

Manner the Deformity of Vice, but Vanity tarnishes all the Lustre of Virtue.

THE vain Ornaments of Eloquence don't become the Truths of Religion, and an Evangelical Workman ought to take care not to affect that Sublimity and Elegance in his Words, which a profane Orator minds in his.

HE ought to leave, says *Arnobius*, that Pomp, and those Graces of Discourse to the Academy, and to the Bar. In grave and important Subjects, which are not made for Ostentation and Shew, one should think of the Things that are said, and not how beautifully they are said.

'Tis the Property of a weak and trivial Mind, adds he, to seek for Pleasure in a Thing that is most Serious; and when a Man has to do with the Sick, to amuse himself, and to delight them with the Sweetness and Harmony of Words, instead of healing them by the Virtue of his Remedies.

IN

IN the Judgment of St. *Bernard*, the Holy Scripture ought to be read in the same Spirit that it was written, and can't be understood but by the same Spirit ; for there is as much Difference, ingeniously says the Saint, between the true Study and the bare Reading of the sacred Books, as there is between the familiar Conversation that a Man has with an old Friend, and the indifferent Discourse that one holds with an unknown Stranger in the Way; or between an Alliance riveted by long Custom, and a Civility done by Accident.

WHAT St. *Austin* says upon almost the same Subject, is not less beautiful, nor less true.

IF there was nothing in Scripture but what was clear and easy to be understood, we should not be so eager to search out the Truth there, nor have so much Pleasure in finding it.

SEEMING Misery, according to *Lactantius*, is true Happiness among
Christians

Christians. We can't be Happy in this present Life, says he, but when we less appear to be so, and that is, when flying the Charm of Pleasures, and devoting ourselves only to Virtue, we live in Pains and Misery, which serve to exercise and strengthen Virtue itself.

ACCORDING to this learned Disciple of *Arnobius*, and the skilful Master of *Crispus*, the Son of *Constantine*; A Man that would come to the Truth, ought always to join Piety and Wisdom together. If we believe him, Men generally deceive themselves, either in embracing Religion, without consulting Wisdom, or in giving themselves up intirely to Wisdom without thinking of Religion, though one without the other can't be true, or useful.

THOSE Thoughts are true and solid, this is lively and poignant. He speaks of *Heathen* Philosophers who with a severe and modest Outside, read publick Lessons of Modesty and Continence, and who in private liv'd in the foulest Debauchery. They are, says

he, Eloquent to their Shame ; the beautiful Expressions which they use to preach up Virtue, and to set it off, retort upon themselves ; these are so many Reflections that they say, so many Outrages that they put upon themselves,

H E adds, that they by that endeavour to hide their Filthiness, and to authorize it in some Manner, as if they would appear decently to Sin.

S T. *Jerom* excels in Elogiums. That of a Virgin named *Afella*, is one of the most Beautiful of the Sort. See here some Strokes of it.

S H U T up in a very little narrow Cell, she travell'd in Mind thro' the vast Spaces of Paradise.

T H E hard Barth was, indeed, the Place where she always said her Prayers, and where she took her Rest. The most severe Abstinences were only Diversion to her ; Fasting was instead of Nourishment to her.

A L L the Severities of Repentance neither alter'd her Health, nor her Temper ; sound in Body, sounder in Mind,

Mind, she made Solitude her delight: She found amidst the Hurry and Tumult of a great Town the Retirement and Quietness of Hermits.

NOTHING was more agreeable than what was severe in her; nothing was more severe than what she had that was agreeable in her. Her Sweetness, her Gaiety had something wise and serious; her Wisdom, her Gravity had something sweet and gay. The Paleness of her Face did not shew either Vanity, or Ostentation, it was only a Sign of her Mortification, of her Continence.

HER prudent, measur'd, short Discourse had something of Silence, and her ingenious Silence was as good as a Discourse.

SHE neglected Dress and Ornament, and when she was oblig'd to appear well, she did not affect too much Nicety.

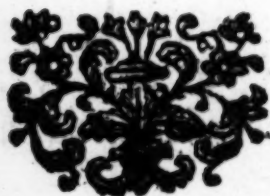
IN fine, in a Town of Magnificence, of Looseness, and Pleasure, where it was a Sign of Poverty to appear with an Air of Plainness, and a modest
Re-

Retinue ; she carried herself with such an equal and uniform Conduct, that the Good prais'd her, and the Wicked durst not speak ill of her ; that the Widows and the Virgins imitated her, and the Married reverenc'd her ; that the loose Women fear'd her, and the Priests admir'd her.

THESE, and all other Thoughts in this Collection are Proof enough, in my Opinion, that Piety and Wit are not incompatible. Thus I may say, in General of those Fathers of the Church, which I have cited, what *St. Jerom* says himself of *Tertullian*,

WHERE do we see more Learning, or more Elopquence, more Solidity, and more Delicacy, than in their WRITINGS?

F I N I S.





A
TABLE
OF
MATTERS.

A.

PAGE



BELARD, his Portrait by
St. Bernard. 68

Abraham, his Elogium. 7

— By what Means he
made himself well-pleasing

to God.

173

Adam

A T A B L E

P A G E

<i>Adam</i> compar'd with <i>Job</i> .	273
<i>Adversity</i> , sometimes makes Men more wicked and unwise.	288
<i>Affectation</i> don't become a <i>Christian</i> Woman.	285
<i>Afflictions</i> , Thoughts of the Fathers upon them.	258
———— See Sufferings.	
<i>Agnes</i> , Elogium of St <i>Agnes</i> .	117
<i>Alms</i> , the Advantage of them.	166
<i>Ambition</i> , what it is, and how 'tis asham'd to appear naked.	220
———— how far it goes.	143
<i>Ambrose</i> , St. his Affection for his Brother.	99
<i>Antioch</i> , a young <i>Christian</i> Lady of <i>Antioch</i> , who escap'd from a Bawdy-House; her History and Sentiments.	77
<i>Apocalypse</i> , what St. <i>Jerom</i> says of it.	274
<i>Apostate</i> , see <i>Julian</i> the <i>Apostate</i> .	
<i>Apotheosis</i> , of the <i>Romans</i> , very ridiculous and absurd.	315
<i>Arcadus</i> , Lessons to him how to govern well.	302
<i>Arnauld</i> of <i>Bresse</i> , his Character by St. <i>Bernard</i> .	195
<i>Assella</i> , a <i>Christian</i> Virgin, her Elogium.	329
<i>Athanasius</i> , St. his Elogium.	48
<i>Austin</i> , St. his Good Nature.	134
———— The	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

—— The Pleasure he took in the Diversions of the Theatre.	309.
—— what will make a Convert after his Example.	205

B.

B <i>Aptism</i> , its Virtue.	298
<i>Barlham</i> , his Martyrdom and Elogium.	28
<i>Bar</i> , the Disorders of it.	5
<i>Basil</i> , St. Dialogue between him and the Governor, who try'd to pervert him.	311
<i>Beatitude</i> , St. <i>Austin</i> 's Sentiments upon the Eternal Beatitude.	283
—— what it is.	284
<i>Beauty</i> , its Definition.	271
—— the ill Use made of it, and what generally attends it.	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Bethlehem</i> oppos'd to <i>Rome</i> .	40
—— the Stable of <i>Bethlehem</i> condemns the Extravagance of the Rich.	124
—— profan'd by an immodest Deacon.	276
<i>Blasphemer</i> , a beautiful Reflection upon the Blasphemers not being punish'd at <i>Antioch</i> .	168
<i>Blindness</i> , Spiritual B. the Punishment of Pride and Impurity.	255
	<i>Car-</i>

A TABLE

C.

PAGE

C ardinals, their Character by St. Bernard.	50
Cesarius, Brother of St. Gregory Nazianzen, his Funeral Elogium.	243
Charity describ'd.	148
— stronger than Maternal-Love.	214
Chartreuse, a Compliment to the Prior of the Great Chartreuse.	183
Chastity defin'd and prais'd.	113
Christ, why the Evangelists relate his Flight into Egypt.	63, 121
— Silence in his Passion very Mysterious.	75
— what Man's Heart is his Heart.	12
— what every Man owes to Him.	125
— what distinguishes us in his Service.	164
— what is odious to Him.	206
— a Model and Motive to Patience.	228
— how his Yoke is Light.	280
— upon the Cross, what Sort of Spectacle.	296
Christian, the Name how odious.	177
— who have no Mark of their Christianity.	13
— Virtue	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— Virtue despis'd among them.	196
— Character of them.	61, 237
— Character of the <i>Christian</i> Philosophers.	114
— Discourse of some <i>Christian</i> Soldiers who serv'd <i>Julian</i> the Apostate.	154
— accus'd at the Tribunal of <i>Heathens</i> , how different from other Criminals,	160, 176
— are Philosophers, or Philosophers <i>Christians</i> .	185
— their Vices how enormous	225
— condemn'd unjustly.	256
— in Torments.	296
<i>Christianity</i> , what engages us to make an open Profession of it.	167
— what engages to embrace it.	179 318
<i>Comparisons</i> , beautiful.	27, 40, 86,
87, 189, 227, 275, 287.	
<i>Covetous</i> , their Folly.	74, 142, 156
— Picture of one insatiably covetous.	87
— Invektive against them for their Cruelty to the Poor.	265
— Character of Covetousness.	180
<i>Cross</i> , Sign of it more upon the Forehead than in the Heart.	8
— we should not be asham'd of it.	168.

Q

— how

A T A B L E

P A G E

<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	how honourable.	229
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	what the Saints find it.	243

D.

D	Amon, Disciple of Pythagoras, he and Pythias compar'd with a young Lady of Antioch by St. Ambrose.	81.
	Dancing, don't become young Christian Women.	35
	Death, equals all Men.	169.
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	what it is compar'd to Life.	146.
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	what Effect it has.	162
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	supplying the Place of the Preacher.	184
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of the Son of God justify'd.	297
	Description, of Homer.	182
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of Abelard.	68
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of Arnould of Bresse.	195
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of Charity.	184
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of a Clergyman loose and debauch'd.	254, 319
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of Herodias.	269
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of Julian the Apostate.	128
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of a Nun, a profane Coquett.	263
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of a Prelate unlike the Apostles.	58
<hr style="width: 100%; border: 0.5px solid black;"/>	of a Widow pretending Grief.	152
	Dinah,	

of MATTERS,

PAGE

<i>Dinah</i> , how her Curiosity cost her dear.	294
<i>Dress</i> , how that of Women of the World is contrary to <i>Christianity</i> .	41
<i>Dyonisius</i> , the Tyrant, derided his Gods,	157

E.

E cclesiasticks, what certain of them are.	254
<i>Eleazar</i> , his glorious Death.	32
<i>Elijah</i> , persecuted by <i>Jezabel</i> .	38
Elogiums of divers Persons.	
—— of St. <i>Athanasius</i> .	48
—— of the Patriarch <i>Abraham</i> .	7
—— of St. <i>Agnes</i> .	117
—— of <i>Affella</i> , a Christian Virgin.	329
—— of St. <i>Barlaam</i> , Martyr.	34
—— of <i>Cesarius</i> , Brother of St. <i>Gregory</i> <i>Nazianzen</i> .	243
—— of the Emperor <i>Gratian</i> .	187
—— of the Martyr <i>Gordius</i> .	247
—— of <i>Gorgonis</i> , Sister of St. <i>Gregory</i> <i>Nazianzen</i> .	9
—— of St. <i>Honoratus</i> .	48, 64
—— of <i>Judith</i> .	256
—— of the <i>Maccabees</i> .	197
—— of <i>Marcella</i> , a Roman Lady.	266
—— of <i>Mark</i> , Priest and Martyr.	69
Q 2	—— of

A T A B L E

	PAGE
— of the Emperor <i>Valentinian</i> .	187
— of <i>Nepotian</i>	22, 167
— of the Patriarch <i>Noah</i> .	305
— of <i>Paula</i> , a Roman Lady.	210
— of <i>Satyrus</i> , Brother of St. <i>Ambrose</i> .	99
— of Count <i>Thibault</i> .	37
— of the Emperor <i>Theodosius</i> .	64
— of <i>Melunia</i> , a Roman Lady.	122
<i>Epistles</i> of St. <i>James</i> , <i>John</i> , <i>Peter</i> , and <i>Jude</i> , prais'd by St. <i>Austin</i> .	273
<i>Eternity</i> , why a Sin committed in a Moment is eternally punish'd.	129
<i>Eve</i> , what St. <i>Bernard</i> says of her about looking on the forbidden Fruit.	292
<i>Extravagance</i> , what the Subjects of it are.	310
— of Women, condemn'd by the Fathers of the Church.	41, 95
— of Prelates, condemn'd by St. <i>Ber-</i> <i>nard</i> .	58
— of the Rich of the World, re- buk'd by St. <i>Bernard</i> .	123
<i>Eyes</i> , we can't be too cautious not to give any Liberty to our Eyes.	292

F.

F <i>Aith</i> , want of it towards God.	141
— Violence of it.	30
— Power over the Elements.	207
— what	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— what it does in regard to the Wicked.	243
— what a <i>Christian</i> is without it.	318
— Elogium of it.	324
<i>Feast</i> , a Picture of <i>Herod's</i> after the Death of <i>John Baptist</i> .	123
— what a great <i>Feast</i> is.	218
<i>Flavian</i> , the eloquent Discourse of that holy Bishop to the Emperor <i>Theodosius</i> .	90
<i>Flesh</i> , its Merit rais'd by <i>Tertullian</i> .	131
<i>Fortune</i> , what high <i>Fortune</i> is subject to.	6, 260
— the Fall of a great <i>Fortune</i> .	194
<i>Friendship</i> , Description of it.	163
— Sentiments of it.	97
— requires that we should write to our Friends.	241
— of God; easy to be acquir'd.	309

G.

G lory, we ought to fly Vain-glory the more Virtuous we are, and why.	20
— like a Shadow.	211
— sought after sometimes by flying it.	285
God, above our Ideas.	255
Q 3	— beauti-

A T A B L E

P A G E

— beautiful Idea of G.	257
— how to have an Idea worthy of him.	185, 21
— how he is in all Things.	157
— what he is.	<i>ibid.</i>
— <i>Tertullian's</i> Thought about God.	246
— sometimes forgets his Kindness and Patience	28
— what the Design of his Anger.	75
— how his Anger should be avoided.	115
— when he appears greatest.	299
— Unhappiness of those who don't be- lieve him, and hope for nothing from him.	141
— Difference between God and Idols.	157
— Patience towards Sinners in some Manner does him an Injury.	160
— Difference between him and the great Men of the World.	172
— what he does to try our love.	173
— how the Wicked imitate him.	294
— what he is upon his own Account, and what upon ours.	194
— nothing inconsiderable in his Service.	206, 287
— a plain and natural Proof of his Ex- istence.	281
— Threat'n-	

of MATTERS

PAGE

— Threat'nings, to what they tend.	<i>ibid.</i>
— when he is most provok'd against us.	282
— Works, wonderful.	286
<i>Gods, False</i> , ridicul'd by the Fathers. 8, 17,	26, 69, 285
— mock'd by <i>Dyonisius</i> the Tyrant.	157
— the Weaknesses attributed to them by <i>Homer</i> .	182
<i>Goods</i> , of the Earth unworthy of our Love and Care.	148
<i>Gordius</i> , Hermit and Martyr, his Elogium.	247
<i>Gorgonia</i> , her Elogium.	9
<i>Grammar</i> , Rules of it more observ'd than those of the Gospel.	300
<i>Gratian</i> , his Elogium.	187
<i>Great</i> , how their Fortune is fatal to the rest of Men.	30
— on their Death-Bed.	208, 169
— Unhappiness of them.	6
— what we aim at by courting the Great.	308
<i>Greatness of Soul</i> , in what <i>Christian</i> Great- ness consists.	60

A T A B L E

H.

P A G E

H <i>Appiness</i> , in what it consists.	227, 246
— of Saints, how powerful to alleviate all the Troubles of this present Life.	228
— Nature of it.	237, 291
— not to be explain'd.	284
— Idea that <i>St. Austin</i> gives of it, the only one we can have of it.	252
<i>Hell</i> , Thoughts of it proper to alleviate all the Hardships of a religious Life.	21
<i>Hermits</i> , that don't stick to their State.	57
— Definition of a Hermit.	144
<i>Herod</i> , Difference between him and <i>St. John Baptist</i> .	31
— Injustice and Cruelty to the holy Innocents.	60
— unworthy of Pardon.	178
<i>Herodias</i> , how far her Wickedness went.	97
— how she pleas'd <i>Herod</i> .	122
— her Joy at the Death of <i>John Baptist</i> .	140
— what she is.	269
<i>Homer</i> , his Portrait by <i>St. Austin</i> .	182
<i>Honoratus</i> , his Elogium.	48
<i>Hope</i> , we only are without it towards God.	141
— Ne-	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— Necessity of <i>Christian Hope</i> .	299
<i>Humble</i> , what the humble in Heart is.	12
<i>Humility</i> , its Effects in regard to God and Man.	<i>ibid.</i>
— Excellence of it.	162, 240
— what Mystery in it.	268
— in what it consists.	325
<i>Hypocrite</i> , his Protrait.	68
— <i>St. Chrysostom's</i> Invektive against Hypocrites.	232
— what Hypocrisy is, and what it produces.	186

I.

I <i>Dolatry</i> , what it is in <i>St. Cyprian's</i> Judgment.	219
<i>Injustice</i> , seeming, in God when he don't punish enormous Crimes.	11
— of the Rich towards the Poor.	141
<i>Innocents</i> , the holy Innocents Behaviour towards their Executioners.	12
— persecuted unjustly by <i>Herod</i> .	60
— Elogium of them.	120
<i>Infancy</i> , why the Son of God took all the Weaknesses of human Nature, even those of Infancy.	171
<i>Intention</i> , makes an Action good, or bad.	172

A T A B L E

P A G E

<i>John Baptist, his Character oppos'd to Herod's.</i>	31
— consulted by the <i>Publicans</i> in the Desert, and why.	55
— his Death eloquently handled.	138.
	268.
— why he appear'd after his Death at <i>Herod's Table.</i>	178
<i>Job, what St. Paulin says of him.</i>	230
— compar'd with <i>Adam.</i>	273
<i>Judas, why the Traytor punish'd himself.</i>	62
<i>Judith, what St. Jerom says of her.</i>	256
<i>Judgment, the last Judgment how terrible.</i>	230.
— on the Day of Judgment Repentance will be useless.	236
— pass'd on the <i>Christians.</i>	256
<i>Julian the Apostate, describ'd by St. Gregory Nazianzen.</i>	128.
— a bitter Invektive against him.	167

K.

K <i>ings, ought to resemble the Sun.</i>	304.
— Difference between a King and a Tyrant.	303
— how miserable the Condition of Kings.	6
— what	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— what they ought to be	305
— in Safety when lov'd.	304
— what their Favour is.	308
Knowledge, of ourselves.	262.

L.

L <i>Azarus</i> , why his Body was cover'd with Wounds.	54
— Parallel of his Death, and the wicked rich Man's.	281
Letter, of St. <i>Cyprian</i> to <i>Donatus</i> much prais'd by St. <i>Austin</i> .	1
— Correspondance by Letters agreeable among Friends.	241
— — infamous Letter of a certain Deacon.	276
<i>Libertines</i> , what certain are who would pass for strong Heads.	86
— their false Reasoning.	140
— confounded by St. <i>Austin</i> .	219
— what <i>Minucius Felix</i> says of them.	221
Love, of God pays our Debts.	89
— of Subjects the Security of Princes.	304
— Error of human Love.	97
— Self-Love is found in every Thing.	131
— what God does to prove it.	173
— how it should be purify'd.	205
— of	

A TABLE

PAGE

— of God commanded.	242
— maternal surmounted by Charity.	215
— of ill Things, what the Effects.	227
— pure, in what it consists.	260, 321
<i>Lust</i> , — is insatiable.	87, 270
— the Ill a Man does himself by following his Lust.	289.

M.

M <i>Accabees</i> , their Behaviour going to the Combat.	224
— their Martyrdom, and Courage in Torments.	125
— Martyrdom of their Mother.	57
— her Courage at the Sight of her Son's Torments.	125
— her Sentiments and Expressions.	221
— <i>Judas Maccabeus</i> , his glorious Death.	32
— Elogium of the <i>Maccabees</i> .	197
<i>Magdalen</i> , her Repentance and Tears.	82
— what we must do by her Example to be converted.	205
<i>Malachy</i> , describ'd when dead.	116
<i>Malchus</i> , his Narrative to St. <i>Jerom</i> .	173
<i>Man</i> , Men more Beasts than the Beasts themselves.	15
— wicked, to what compar'd.	189
— — — — — godly,	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— godly, worse to offend than an other.	183
— his Misery.	263
— what every Man is against Traytors.	289
<i>Mark</i> , Priest and Martyr, his Elogium.	69
<i>Marcella</i> a Roman Lady, her Epitaph.	266
<i>Martyrs</i> , their Courage.	207, 128.
— Triumph.	300
— Relicks,	324
<i>Martyrdom</i> , its Virtue.	122, 131
<i>Melania</i> , a Roman Lady, her Elogium.	122
<i>Modesty</i> , its Elogium.	133
— triumphs in all Places.	177
— see Chastity, Virginity.	
<i>Monks</i> , Character of certain.	254
— that make their Fortune.	319
<i>Murder</i> , what makes it innocent.	2
<i>Mysteries</i> , the more we know of those of Religion, the less we comprehend them.	50
— some make a great Mystery of what others greatly ridicule.	297
— clear'd up.	ibid.

Nepotian

A TABLE

N.

PAGE

N epotian, his Epitaph and Elogium.	22, 167
Nero, what <i>Tertullian</i> says of him to the Honour of the <i>Christian</i> Religion.	88
Noah, his true Genealogy according to Scripture.	305
Nun, what <i>St. Bernard</i> wrote to a Nun of an excessive Devotion.	235
— with the Spirit and Airs of the World.	263, 264

O.

O LD Debauchees, ridicul'd for living like young Ones.	29
Opportunity, avoid the least that may lead to Evil.	145, 296
Origen, what was said of him.	167

P.

P aradise, see Beatitude.	
Passions, we are not happy when we possess the Object of our Passions.	227
— they follow us in every Thing.	290
— what	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— what is necessary to regulate them.	302
— see Lust.	
<i>Patience</i> , Motives to it.	229, 291
<i>Paul</i> , the Apostle, why he was rapt up to the third Heaven.	16
<i>Paul</i> , the Hermit, compar'd with the rich Men of the Age.	168
<i>Paula</i> , a Roman Lady, her Elogium.	210
<i>Perfection</i> , in what it consists.	47
<i>Perseverance</i> , in what it consists.	250
<i>Peter</i> , St. his Repentance.	71
— the Virtue of his Tears.	<i>ibid.</i>
<i>Peter</i> , Bishop, prais'd by St. <i>Chrysologus</i> .	251
<i>Philosophers</i> , Character of a Christian Philosopher.	62
— what they ought to be.	305
— Hypocritical.	328
<i>Plato</i> , his Wish about Philosophers and Kings.	305
— his Saying inferior to St. <i>Paul's</i> :	90
<i>Pleasures</i> , what those of the World produce.	52
— what they are.	40
— happiness of not knowing them.	144
<i>Poetry</i> , St. <i>Austin's</i> Reproach to a young Man, who lov'd regular Poetry, and liv'd a disorderly Life.	244
<i>Poor</i> , Example of great Charity to them.	212, 267
— <i>Laza-</i>	

A T A B L E

P A G E

— <i>Lazarus</i> compar'd with the wicked rich Man	281
<i>Prayer</i> , with what Spirit a <i>Christian</i> ought to pray:	147
— made in Common, how powerful.	30
— Qualities of it.	323
<i>Praise</i> , of an Apostelick Legate.	109
— contempt of it.	190
— new Turn of it.	217
— sought when we seem to fly it.	284
— see Elogium.	
<i>Preacher</i> , his true Praise.	149
— Symbol of him.	232
<i>Prelates</i> , Character of them by <i>St. Bernard</i> .	58
<i>Pride</i> , when most horrid.	98
— Baseness of it.	240
— don't become <i>Christian</i> Women.	271
<i>Pythias</i> , Disciple of <i>Pythagoras</i> , he and his Friend <i>Damon</i> compar'd with a young Woman of <i>Antioch</i> by <i>St. Ambrose</i> .	81

R.

R <i>allery</i> , Idolaters rally'd about their False Gods.	8, 17, 26, 69, 285
— by <i>Minucius Felix</i> .	17
— by <i>Lactancius</i> .	315
<i>Relapse</i> , Character of Sinners who relapse into	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

into Sin.	53
<i>Religion</i> , what Part a wise Man ought to choose in the Affair of Religion.	322
— what proves the Truth of it.	319
— don't require the vain Ornaments of Eloquence.	326
— right Way to true Religion.	328
— see <i>Christianity</i> , Faith.	
<i>Repentance</i> , want of it provokes God more than the Sin itself.	75
— its Efficacy.	72
— defer'd 'till Death.	67
— when there will be no more Room for it.	236
— its Fruits,	261
— Exhortations to it.	278
<i>Resemblance</i> , perfect, that there was between St. <i>Ambrose</i> and his Brother <i>Satyrus</i> .	150
<i>Resurrection</i> , Reason for that of the Body drawn from the Flesh itself.	239
— of the Son of God clear'd.	297
<i>Retreats</i> , some in War better than Con- quests.	32
<i>Riches</i> , only serve to condemn the wicked Rich.	54
— wicked rich Man compar'd with poor <i>Lazarus</i> .	281
— Extravagance of the Rich reprov'd.	218, 96
— their	

A T A B L E

P A G E

— their Injustice towards the Poor.	265
— they can't go into Heaven with their Treasures.	159
— compar'd with the Poor in the Grave.	169
— their Covetousness insatiable.	141
— their Happiness but Illusion and Dream.	275
<i>Rome</i> compar'd to <i>Bethlehem</i> .	40
— its Fall.	107
— Consuls of <i>Rome</i> taken from the Plough.	165
— Greatness of <i>Old-Rome</i> upon what founded.	264
<i>Romans</i> , ridicul'd about their Apotheosis.	8, 315

S.

S abinian, St <i>Jerom's</i> Invektive against him.	276
<i>Saints</i> , we now rejoice at their Deaths.	28
<i>Satyrus</i> , Brother of St. <i>Ambrose</i> , regretted by all the World.	99
<i>Scripture</i> , Stile of it worthy of God.	316
— with what Spirit it should be read	327
<i>Sentiments</i> , of St. <i>Ambrose</i> upon his Brother's Death.	98
— of	

of MATTERS.

P A G E

— of <i>St. Austin</i> upon the Death of one of his Friends	134
— noble, of <i>St. Jerom.</i>	237
<i>Sea</i> , Picture of it in Little.	286
— a Symbol of the World.	227
<i>Shews</i> , Cruelty of the antient <i>Shews</i> . 2, 3.	38
— how immodest they were.	98
— how contrary to the Spirit of <i>Christi-</i> <i>anity.</i>	7
— begg'd by the People of <i>Treves</i> at a wrong Time.	110
— why we love to be mov'd at those we are Spectators of.	309
<i>Silence</i> , why our Lord was silent in his Passion when accus'd.	75
<i>Sin</i> , what is Man's Happiness in regard to it.	74
— why it is eternally punish'd.	129
— subsists when other Things decay.	270
— obliges God against his Will to punish it.	289
<i>Skill</i> , in what that of the Men of the World consists.	10
— in Business, compar'd to the Industry of the Spider.	259
<i>Solitude</i> , Advantages of it. 33, 145, 153,	165
— Love of it.	213
	Son

A TABLE

PAGE

<i>Son Prodigal</i> , the Reason why he should return to his Father.	204
<i>Soul</i> , Excellence and Value of it.	132
— naturally <i>Christian</i> .	281
<i>Sun</i> , in what respect the Symbol of God.	194
— should be a Model to a King.	305
<i>Sufferings</i> , Blessedness of them under <i>Chri-</i> <i>stianity</i> .	130
— how useful.	238
— how honourable.	317
<i>Sympathy</i> , wonderful between two Brothers.	99
— between two Princes.	188

T.

<i>Tears of Repentance</i> , how salutary.	72
— have their Pleasure.	130
<i>Thecla</i> , St. her Martyrdom.	175
<i>Theodosius</i> , his Goodness in pardoning In- juries.	64
<i>Thibault</i> , Count, Elogium of him.	37
<i>Thoughts</i> , fine and strong.	11, 124
— delicate. 56, 63, 75, 131, 138, 167, 182, 204, 256, 300	
— strong and agreeable.	16, 17
— just. 21, 57, 143, 152, 168, 183	
— agreeable. 27, 28, 42, 74, 52, 60, 170	
— proper	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— proper to make Devices.	238
— plausible.	62, 239
— noble and sublime.	32, 130, 154, 168, 242, 250
— strong.	141, 167, 108, 257
— plain and natural.	41, 74, 56, 168
— bold.	84, 314, 167
— ingenious and a little too refin'd.	136, 164, 309
<i>Titus Livius</i> , Elogium of him by <i>St. Jerom.</i>	234
<i>Tribulation</i> , how useful.	238
— see Afflictions, sufferings.	
<i>Tyrant</i> , his Character.	303

V.

V AIN <i>Glory</i> , why virtuous Persons ought to avoid it.	20
— is found in every Thing.	285
<i>Valentinian</i> , Emperor, his honourable Death.	188
— Elogium of him.	189
<i>Vanity</i> , of the Honours and Riches of the Age.	189
— Symbol of the Vanity of human Great- ness.	238
<i>Vengeance</i> , a powerful Motive to renounce it.	274
<i>Vices</i> ,	

A T A B L E

P A G E

<i>Vices</i> , when they deceive most.	205
— have a beautiful Out-side.	294
— may fall into Vices by the Way of Vir- tue.	292
— what sort of Vice is better than Vir- tue.	325
<i>Violence</i> , there is a Violence pleasing to God,	30
— that great Sinners do to God.	71
<i>Virginity</i> , how defin'd by St. Cyprian.	112
— admir'd by wild Beasts.	175
<i>Virtue</i> , despis'd among <i>Christians</i> .	196
— is the true Nobility.	116
— may lead to Vice.	292
— and Vices border one upon another.	305

W.

W icked Men, their false Reasoning.	140
Widows, Pagan, their Character.	266
— pretending Grief.	152
Wit, what St. Paulin wrote to a Wit of his Time.	170
Woman, innocent, accus'd of Adultery, her History.	191
— Victorious over Man.	42
Women of the World describ'd in Oppo- sition.	9, 273
— vanquish'd by the Devil.	273
— their	

of MATTERS.

PAGE

— their Contests with Saints.	37
— their Extravagance.	41
— how dangerous they are.	38
— their Artifices to appear handsome.	41, 84
— naturally love Dress.	204
— nothing worse than a wicked Woman.	98
— Reputation of a Woman, a tender Thing.	134.
— certain Women great Comedians.	152
<i>World</i> , what passes in it shew'd to <i>Donatus</i> by <i>St. Cyprian</i> .	1
— Decay and false Splendor of it.	18, 270
— Honours of it given indifferently to Good and Bad.	108
— an Image of the Men of it whose Fortunes seem happy.	152
— Favour of it odious to Christ.	206
— compar'd to the Sea.	227
— Perfidiousness of it.	234
— overcome in the midst of it.	251
<i>Word</i> , Effect of the first Word God pronounc'd.	74
<i>Writer</i> , <i>Bad</i> , what he finds like himself.	260

Y.

Y O K E of <i>Christ</i> , to what compar'd	280
— what	

A TABLE, &c.

PAGE

— what is gain'd by shaking off the
Yoke of the Lord. 290

Z.

Z Enephon, his Thought upon the Ma-
jesty of God. 185

